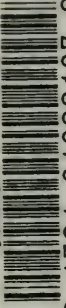



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THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS HEYWOOD.

WITH  
A LIFE OF THE POET,  
AND  
REMARKS ON HIS WRITINGS  
BY  
J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.

VOL. I.



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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

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OF  
THE FIRST VOLUME.

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FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA.  
THE FAIR MAID OF THE WEST. PART I.  
THE FAIR MAID OF THE WEST. PART II.



THE  
FIRST AND SECOND PARTS  
OF  
KING EDWARD IV.

HISTORIES  
BY  
THOMAS HEYWOOD.

REPRINTED FROM THE UNIQUE BLACK LETTER FIRST  
EDITION OF 1600, COLLATED WITH ONE OTHER  
IN BLACK LETTER, AND WITH THOSE OF  
1619 AND 1626.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,  
BY BARRON FIELD, ESQ.

“If I were to be consulted as to a Reprint of our Old English Dramatists,  
I should advise to begin with the collected plays of HEYWOOD.”

CHARLES LAMB.



LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

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1842.

LONDON :  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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The following plays are interesting not only in themselves, but inasmuch as they run parallel with certain parts of Shakespeare's historical series. We have either seen or heard of no fewer than five editions of them; but they are all now so scarce, that the modern reader may be said to have here, for the first time, an opportunity of comparing the similar scenes of the Duke of Gloucester's hypocrisy and cruelty, in the two writers. He will doubtless come to the conclusion of the late Charles Lamb, that Heywood was but a *prose* Shakespeare; but he will remember that these plays are meant only to be "histories," not comedies or tragedies; that plot and poetry are not essential to them; and he will close even this specimen with a conviction that Thomas Heywood was a very practised and clever playwright, as (to be sure) the writer or assistant in two hundred and twenty plays, and an actor, to boot, could scarcely fail of being.

Perhaps Shakespeare would not have left untouched so pathetic a tragedy as that of Jane Shore, if he had

not seen it so well handled by Heywood. Steevens has this note on "Richard the Third:"—

"In the books of the Stationers' Company, June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry: 'An enterlude intituled the tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is shown the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the smotheringe of the two princes in the Tower, with the lamentable end of Shore's wife, and the contention [conjunction]<sup>a</sup> of the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke.' This could not have been the work of Shakespeare, unless he afterwards dismissed the death of Jane Shore, as an unnecessary incident, when he revised the play."

In the "True Tragedy of Richard the Third," which was acted before Shakespeare's play of that title, and which is reprinted (though incompletely) in Boswell's edition of the great poet, there are a few poor scenes in which Jane Shore appears, but her end or death is not exhibited.

King Edward the Fourth, too, would have made a character worthy of Shakespeare's pen; and though our great poet would doubtless have surpassed Heywood in the tragedy of the Shores, yet he could not well have excelled him in the manner in which he has dramatized the old ballad of the King and the Tanner of Tamworth. So dramatically, indeed, is this done, that the late Mr. Waldron made a two-act piece of it, under the title of "The King in the Country," and it was acted at Richmond and Windsor, in 1788, after the return of the very different King George the Third from Cheltenham.

And yet perhaps Shakespeare saw the difficulty and

<sup>a</sup> Weber's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. i. p. 148, and Collier's Shakespeare, vol. v. p. 343.

delicacy of representing on the stage a starved woman—a situation, however pathetic in reality, which even the taste of Rowe, more refined than that of Heywood, was not able to make probable to the theatrical spectator. Rowe professed, in his questionable tragedy of “Jane Shore,” to imitate Shakespeare; but to imitate Shakespeare is more easily talked of than done: he has only borrowed a scene from Shakespeare’s “Richard the Third,” and has been much more indebted to Heywood’s “Edward the Fourth.”

A writer in the “Retrospective Review”<sup>b</sup> says, that this play is “a long and tedious business,” but praises the scenes and characters of the Shores. These I am inclined to think equal in execution (as they resemble them in story) with those of the same author’s “Woman kill’d with Kindness,” which the Retrospective Reviewer extols so highly. He adds, that “the author has made ‘Richard III.’ a very vulgar villain.” Some of his “asides” are certainly gross; but they are scarcely worse than the following, in the third part of “King Henry the Sixth,” whoever wrote it:—

“*Glos.* And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang’st,  
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

(*Aside.*) To say the truth, as Judas kissed his Master,  
And cried *All hail!* whenas<sup>c</sup> he meant *All harm!*”

If the reader will refer to Dr. Percy’s Reliques and Ritson’s “Antient Popular Poetry,” he will see how Heywood has improved upon the old ballads of the King

<sup>b</sup> Vol. xi. p. 126.

<sup>c</sup> This is one word, and had better be so printed: it means little more than *when*, just as *whereas* is often used for *where*, and *vice versa*.

and the Barker, or Tanner, of Tamworth; and this episode is not unartistically woven into the story of the first part of our plays. Indeed, it comes more naturally in, than the tale of the Shores, which goes through both parts.

I have only to add that the Shakespeare Society is indebted to the constant kindness of Lord Francis Egerton for this reprint, from a copy supposed to be unique, of the earliest and (as is generally the case) the best edition of these plays. It is in black letter, and dated 1600. There are two other black letter editions, without dates, but certainly later than this, because the word "God" is frequently changed in them into "Cock," in evasion of the statute of the 3 Jac. I., which had passed since 1600. And this may account for the absence of dates to these editions, which may have been intended to render a breach of the act of parliament more difficult of proof. We are no defenders of any violation of the third commandment; but we confess that the substituted word appears to us more profane than the original. Mr. Collier dates these two gothic-letter copies 1605 and 1613; and to him I am indebted for the collation of the edition of 1626 with one of them, and with that of 1619. These black letters appear to have proceeded from a different font of types from that of 1600, but the title-pages are wanting in our copies. The editions of 1619 and 1626 are in Roman letter, and by the same printer with that of 1600, Humfrey Lownes, and the last is in the title-page called "the fourth impression;" but we thus make it the fifth. At any rate, the *Biographia Dramatica* is wrong in supplying

the want of a date, to the black letter edition it cites, with "1599," and Langbaine is more correct in saying "16—." The following entry in the *Biog. Dram.* may be accurate, but there was also a play called "Jane Shore," by Chettle and Day, acted at the Rose Theatre in 1602:—

"231. The Life and Death of Master Shore and Jane Shore his wife, as it was lately acted by the Earle of Derby his servants. Entered on the Stationers' book, Aug. 28, 1599. This play is mentioned in the 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' and appears to be the second part of Heywood's 'Edward the Fourth.'"

The fullest account of Thomas Heywood is in the last edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. vii. p. 217; and the latest notices of the author will be found in the respective introductions to his "Apology for Actors," reprinted by this Society, and to his "Marriage Triumph," by the Percy Society.

## ERRATA.

- Page 11, line 15, *dele* the apostrophe.  
,, 39, ,, 24, for *Tamsworth* read *Tanworth*.  
,, 78, ,, 30, for *ma* read *may*.  
,, 87, ,, 14, for *kings* read *king's*.  
,, 158, ,, 10, add *and untrussed*.  
,, 163, ,, 31, for *told* read *sold*.  
,, 166, ,, 13, for *parators* read *paritors*.  
,, 180, ,, 7, for the second *specch* read *passage*.  
,, 191, ,, 19, for *trait'rous* read *traitorous*.

THE FIRST AND  
SECOND PARTES OF KING EDWARD  
THE FOURTH.

containing

His mery pastime with the Tanner of Tamworth,  
as also his loue to faire Mistrisse Shoare,  
her great promotion, fall and miserie,  
and lastly the lamentable death  
of both her and her hus-  
band.

Likewise the besieging of London, by the Bastard  
Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of  
the same by the Lord Maior and  
the Cittizens.

As it hath diuers times beene publicly played by the  
Right Honorable the Earle of Derby his  
seruants.

Imprinted at *London* by F. K. for *Humfrey Loewes* and  
*John Oxenbridge.* 1600.

PART I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.<sup>a</sup>

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

LORD HOWARD.

SIR THOMAS SELLINGER.

SIR HENRY MORTON, Vice-Admiral of the Isle of Wight.

The Captain of the same.

SIR HUMPHREY BOWES. } two Justices.

ASTON.

The Master of St. Katharine's Hospital.

Lord Mayor of London. }

SHORE.

JOSELIN. } Citizens.

EMERSLEY.

Recorder of London. }

FALCONBRIDGE. } Rebels. { SMOKE.

SPICING. }

{ CHUB.

HOBBS, the Tanner of Tamworth.

DUDGEON, his Man.

GOODFELLOW. }

HADLAND. } Countrymen.

GRUDGEN. }

AYRE. } Suitors. { JOCKY.

PALMER. }

{ RUFFORD.

A Miller.

The Queen.

The Duchess of YORK.

JANE SHORE.

Mrs. BLAGUE.

Widow NORTON.

NELL, HOB'S daughter.

Apprentices, Messengers, Officers, Soldiers, Huntsmen,  
Watermen, &c.

Scene—ENGLAND.

<sup>a</sup> There is no list of characters in any of the old copies.



THE FIRST PART  
OF  
KING EDWARD IV.

---

ACT I, SCENE I.<sup>b</sup>

*At Grafton.*

*Enter* KING EDWARD, *the* DUCHESS OF YORK, *the* QUEEN,  
*the* LORD HOWARD, *and* SIR THOMAS SELLINGER.

*Duch.* Son, I tell ye you have done you know not what.

*King.* I have married a woman ; else I am deceived,  
mother.

*Duch.* Married a woman ! married, indeed.

Here is a marriage that befits a King !

It is no marvel it was done in haste :

Here is a bridal, and with hell to boot :

You have made work !

*King.* Faith, mother, some we have, indeed ; but ere  
long you shall see us make work for an heir apparent,  
I doubt not. Nay, nay, come, come ! God's will, what  
chiding still ?

*Duch.* O God ! that e'er I liv'd to see this day !

<sup>b</sup> The old copies are not divided into Acts and Scenes. The places are always, and the exits and entrances sometimes, unmarked. The stage directions are often either superfluous or deficient ; but I have altered them as little as possible.

*King.* By my faith, mother, I hope you shall see the night too, and in the morning I will be bold to bid you to the christening, grandmother and godmother to a Prince of Wales. Tut, mother, 'tis a stirring world.

*Duch.* Have you sent Warwick into France for this?

*King.* No, by my faith, mother, I sent Warwick into France for another; but this by chance being nearer hand, and coming in the way, I cannot tell how, we concluded, and now, as you see, are going about to get a young king.

*Duch.* But tell me, son, how will you answer this?  
Is't possible your rash, unlawful act  
Should not breed mortal hate betwixt the realms?  
What may the French king think when he shall hear  
That whilst you send to entreat about his daughter,  
Basely you take a subject of your own?  
What may the princess Bona think of this?  
Our noble cousin Warwick, that great lord,  
That centre-shaking thunderclap of war,  
That like a column propt the house of York,  
And bore our white rose bravely in his top,  
When he shall hear his embassy abus'd,  
In this but made an instrument by you,  
I know his soul will blush within his bosom,  
And shame will sit in scarlet on his brow,  
To have his honour touch'd with this foul blemish.  
Son, son, I tell you that is done by you,  
Which yet the child that is unborn shall rue.

*King.* Tush, mother, you are deceived: all true subjects shall have cause to thank God, to have their king born of a true English woman. I tell you, it was never well since we matched with strangers; so our children have been still like chickens of the half kind. But where the cock and the hen be both of one breed, there is like to be birds of the game. Hear you, mother, hear you;

had I gone to it by fortune, I had made your sons George and Dick to have stood gaping after the Crown. This wench, mother, is a widow, and hath made proof of her valour; and for any thing I know, I am as like to do the deed, as John Gray her husband was. I had rather the people prayed to bless mine heir, than send me an heir. Hold your peace, if you can see; there was never mother had a towarder son. Why, cousin Howard and Tom Sellinger, heard you ever such a coil about a wife?

*How.* My sovereign lord, with patience bear her spleen.  
Your princely mother's zeal is like a river,  
That from the free abundance of the waters  
Breaks out into this inundation.  
From her abundant care this rage proceeds,  
O'er-swoln with the extremity of love.

*Sel.* My lord, my lord, avoid a woman's humour.  
If you resist this tumour of her will,  
Here you shall have her dwell upon this passion,  
Until she lade and dull our ears again.  
Seem you but sorry for what you have done,  
And straight she'll put the finger in the eye,  
With comfort now, since it cannot be helpt.  
But make you show to justify the act,  
If ever other language in her lips  
Than "Out upon it, it is abominable!"  
I dare be hanged.

Say any thing, it makes no matter what,  
Than thus be wearied with a woman's chat.

*Duch.* Ay, ay, you are the spaniels of the court,  
And thus you fawn and soothe your wanton king:  
But, Edward, had'st thou priz'd thy majesty,  
Thou never would'st have stain'd thy princely state  
With the base leavings of a subject's bed,  
Nor borne the blemish of her bigamy.

A widow ! is it not a goodly thing ?  
Gray's children, come ask blessing of the King.

*Queen.* Nay, I beseech your grace, my lady York,  
Even as you are a princess and a widow,  
Think not so meanly of my widowhood :  
A spotless virgin came I first to Gray ;  
With him I liv'd a true and faithful wife ;  
And since his high imperial majesty  
Hath pleas'd to bless my poor dejected state  
With the high sovereign title of his Queen,  
I here protest, before the host of heaven,  
I came as chaste a widow to his bed  
As when a virgin I to Gray was wed.

*King.* Come, come, have done. Now you have chid  
enough. God's foot, we were as merry ere she came as  
any people in Christendom, I with the mistress and these  
with the maids, only we have no fiddlers at our feast ;  
but, mother, you have made a fit of mirth. Welcome to  
Grafton, mother. By my troth, you are even just come  
as I wished you here. Let us go to supper ; and in  
charity give us your blessing ere we go to bed.

*Duch.* O Edward, Edward ! fly and leave this place,  
Wherein, poor silly king, thou art enchanted.  
This is her dam of Bedford's work, her mother,  
That hath bewitch'd thee, Edward, my poor child.  
Dishonour not the princes of thy land,  
'To make them kneel with reverence at her feet,  
That, ere thou didst empale with sovereignty,  
They would have scorn'd to have look'd upon.  
There's no such difference 'twixt the greatest peer  
And the poor silliest kitchen-maid that lives,  
As is betwixt thy worthiness and her's.

*Queen.* I do confess it : yet, my lady York,  
My mother is a duchess, as you are,  
A princess born, the Duke of Bedford's wife,

And, as you know, a daughter and a sister  
Unto the royal blood of Burgundy.  
But you cannot so basely think on me,  
As I do think of these vain worldly titles.  
God from my soul my sin as far divide,  
As I am far from boasting in this pride !

*Sel.* Madam, she is the mirror of her kind.  
Had she but so much spleen as hath a gnat,  
Her spirits would startle to abide your taunts.  
She is a saint, and, madam, you blaspheme,  
To wrong so sweet a lady.

*Duch.* Thou art a minion and a flatterer.

*Sel.* Madam, but that you are my sovereign's mother,  
I would let you know you wrong a gentleman.

*How.* Good cousin Sellinger, have patience.  
Her grace's rage, by too much violence,  
Hath spent itself already into air.  
Dear madam, I beseech you, on my knee,  
Tender that loving-kindness to the Queen,  
That I dare swear she doth in soul to you.

*Edw.* Well said, good coz ; I pray thee, make them  
friends.

Why, how now, Bess, what weep<sup>?</sup> nay then, I'll chide you.  
What sudden news comes by this messenger ?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My sovereign lord, the bastard Falconbridge  
Of late hath stirr'd rebellion in the south,  
Encouraging his forces to deliver  
King Henry, late depos'd, out of the Tower.  
To him the malcontented commons flock  
From every part of Sussex, Kent, and Essex,  
His army waxed twenty thousand strong,  
And, as it is suppos'd by circumstance,  
Mean to take London, if not well defended.

*Edw.* Well, let this Phaeton, that is mounted thus,

Look he sit surely, or, by England's George,  
 I'll break his neck. This is no new evasion;  
 I surely thought that one day I should see  
 That bastard Falcon take his wings to mount  
 Into our eagle-aery. Methought I saw  
 Black discontent sit ever on his brow,  
 And now I see I calculated well.  
 Good cousin Howard, and Tom Sellinger,  
 This night we'll spend in feast and jollity  
 With our new Queen and our beloved mother:  
 To-morrow you shall have commission  
 To raise up power against this haughty rebel.  
 Sirrah, depart not till you know our pleasure.  
 You shall convey us letters back to London  
 Unto the Mayor, Recorder, and our friends.  
 Is supper ready? come by, my bonny Bess.  
 Welcome, mother; we are all your guests. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Near London.

*Enter FALCONBRIDGE with his troops, marching, SPICING,  
 SMOKE, CHUB, and others.*

*Fal.* Hold, drum!

*Spi.* Hold, drum, and be hanged!

*Smoke.* Hold, drum, hold! peace then, ho!

Silence to the proclamation.

*Spi.* You lie, you rogue; 'tis to the oration.

*Chub.* Nay, then, you all lie; 'tis to the coblication.

*Fal.* True-hearted English, and our valiant friends——

*All.* Ho! brave General, i'faith.

*Spi.* Peace there, you rogues, or I will split your chaps.

*Fal.* Dear countrymen, I publicly proclaim,  
 If any wrongèd, discontented English,  
 Touch'd with true feeling of King Henry's wrongs,  
 Henry the Sixth, the lawful king of England,

Who, by that tyrant Edward, the usurper,  
Is held a wretched prisoner in the Tower,  
If any man that fain would be enfranchis'd  
From the sad yoke of Yorkish servitude,  
Under which we toil like naked galley-slaves,  
Know he that Thomas Neville, the Lord Falconbridge——

*All.* Ay, ay! a Falconbridge! a Falconbridge!

*Spi.* Peace, ye clamorous rogues! On, General, with  
your oration. Peace, there!

*Fal.* Pitying King Henry's poor distressèd case,  
Arm'd with his title and a subject's zeal,  
Takes up just arms against the house of York,  
And does proclaim our ancient liberty.

*All.* Liberty, liberty, liberty, general liberty!

*Fal.* We do not rise like Tyler, Cade, and Straw,  
Bluebeard, and other of that rascal rout,  
Basely like tinkers or such muddy slaves,  
For mending measures or the price of corn,  
Or for some common in the wild of Kent,  
That's by some greedy cormorant enclos'd,  
But in the true and antient lawful right  
Of the redoubted house of Lancaster.  
Our blood is noble, by our birth a Neville,  
And by our lawful line, Lord Falconbridge.  
Who's here that's of so dull a leaden temper,  
That is not fired with a Neville's name?

*All.* A Neville! a Neville! a Neville!

*Fal.* Our quarrel, like ourself, is honourable,  
The law our warrant.

*Smoke.* Ay, ay; the law is on our side.

*Chub.* Ay; the law is in our own hands.

*Spi.* Peace, you rogues!

*Fal.* And more: a blessing by the Word propos'd  
To those that aid a true anointed king.  
Courage, brave spirits, and cry a Falconbridge!



*All.* A Falconbridge ! a Falconbridge !

*Fal.* We will be Masters of the Mint ourselves,  
And set our own stamp on the golden coin.  
We'll shoe our neighing coursers with no worse  
Than the purest silver that is sold in Cheap.  
At Leadenhall, we'll sell pearls by the peck,  
As now the mealmen use to sell their meal.  
In Westminster, we'll keep a solemn court,  
And build it bigger to receive our men.  
Cry Falconbridge, my hearts, and liberty !

*All.* Falconbridge and liberty ! &c.

*Smoke.* Peace, ye slaves ; or I will smoke ye else.

*Chub.* Peace, ye slaves, or I will chub your chaps ; but indeed thou mayest well smoke them, because thy name is Smoke.

*Smoke.* Why, sirs, I hope Smoke, the smith of Chepstead, is as good a man as Chub, the chandler of Sandwich.

*Spi.* Peace, ye rogues ; what, are you quarrelling ? and now list to Captain Spicing.

You know Cheapside : there are the mercers' shops,  
Where we will measure velvet by the pikes,  
And silks and satins by the street's whole breadth :  
We'll take the tankards from the conduit-cocks  
To fill with ipocras and drink carouse,  
Where chains of gold and plate shall be as plenty  
As wooden dishes in the wild of Kent.

*Smoke.* Oh, bravely said, Ned Spicing ! the honestest lad that ever pund spice in a mortar. Now speaks Captain Smoke.

Look, lads ; for from this hill ye may discern  
The lovely town which we are marching to :  
That same is London, lads, ye look upon :  
Range all arow, my hearts, and stand at gaze,  
As do the herds of deer at some strange sight,



Or as a troop of hungry travellers,  
 That fire their eyes upon a furnish'd feast.  
 Look how the Tower doth 'tice us to come on,  
 To take out Henry the Sixth, there prisoner :  
 See how Saint Katharine's smokes ; wipe, slaves, your  
 eyes,

And whet your stomachs for the good malt-pies.

*Chub.* Why, then, belike I am nobody. Room and  
 avoidance, for now speaks Captain Chub.

No sooner in London will we be,  
 But the bakers for you, the brewers for me.  
 Birchin lane shall suit us,  
 The costermongers fruit us,  
 The poulters send us in fowl,  
 And butchers' meat without control :  
 And ever when we sup or dine,  
 The vintners freely bring us in wine.  
 If anybody ask who shall pay,  
 Cut off his head and send him away.  
 This is Captain Chub's law, whosoever say nay.

*Fal.* Bravely resolv'd ? So march we forward all,  
 And boldly say, good luck shall us befall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—London ; Guildhall.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, SHORE, and JOSSELYN, in their  
 velvet coats and gorgets, and leading staves.*

*Mayor.* This is well done. Thus should good citizens  
 Fashion themselves as well for war as peace.  
 Have ye commanded that in every street  
 They hang forth lights as soon as night comes on ?  
 Say, cousin Shore ; that was referr'd to you.

*Shore.* We have, my lord. Besides, from every hall  
 There is at least two hundred men in arms.

*Mayor.* It cheers my heart to hear this readiness.

Let never rebels put true subjects down.  
 Come when they will, their welcome shall be such,  
 As they had better kept them further off.  
 But where is Master Recorder? his advice  
 Must not be wanting in these high affairs.

*Shore.* About an hour ago, and somewhat more,  
 I left him fortifying the bridge, my lord;  
 Which done, he purposèd to meet you here.

*Mayor.* A discreet painful gentleman he is,  
 And we must all of us be so inclin'd,  
 If we intend to have the city safe,  
 Or look for thanks and credit with the King.  
 I tell ye, masters, aged though I be,  
 I, for my part, will to no bed this night.

*Jos.* Why, is it thought the Bastard is so near?

*Mayor.* How mean ye, Master Josselin, by near?  
 He neither comes from Italy nor Spain;  
 But out of Kent and Essex, which you know  
 Are both so near, as nearer cannot be.

*Jos.* Nay, by your patience, good my lord, a word.  
 Simple though I am, yet I must confess,  
 A mischief further off would, and so forth;  
 You know my meaning. Things not seen before  
 Are, and so forth. Yet, in good sadness,  
 I would that all were well; and perchance  
 It may be so. What! were it not for hope,  
 The heart, and so forth. But to the matter:  
 You mean and purpose; ay, I am sure ye do.

*Mayor.* Well, master Josselin, we are sure ye mean well,  
 Although somewhat defective in your utterance.

*Jos.* Ay, ay, my lord Mayor, I am, you know,  
 Willing, ready, and so forth; tut, tut, for me, ha, ha!  
 My mansion is at Ham, and thence, you know,  
 I come to help you in this needful time,  
 When rebels are so busy, and so forth.

What, masters? age must never be despis'd.  
You shall find me, my lord, still, and so forth.

*Enter URSWICK, the Recorder.*

*Shore.* My lord, now here comes Master Recorder.

*Rec.* Good ev'n, my good lord Mayor. The streets are  
chain'd,

The bridge well mann'd, and every place prepar'd.

Shall we now go together and consult

What else there is to be determin'd of?

*Mayor.* Your coming, Master Recorder, was the thing  
We all desired; therefore, let us consult.

And now what say ye, if with half our power

We issue forth and give the rebels fight?

*Rec.* Before they do provoke us nearer hand.  
There were no way to that, if all be pleas'd.

What's your opinion, Master Josselin?

*Jos.* Good sooth, my lord Mayor and Master Recorder,  
You may take your choice; but, in my conceit,

Issue if you will, or else stay if you will.

A man can never be too wary, and so forth.

Yet, as to issue will not be the worst,

Even so to tarry. Well, you may think more on't,

But all is one; we shall be sure to fight,

And you are wise enough to see your time;

Ay, ay, a God's name.

*Rec.* My lord,

Accept his meaning better than his counsel.

*Mayor.* Ay, so we do, or else we were to blame.

What if we stop the passage of the Thames

With such provision as we have of ships?

*Rec.* 'Tis doubtful yet, my lord, whether the rebels  
Purpose that way to seek our detriment.

Rather, meseemeth, they will come by land,

And either make assault at London Bridge,

Or else at Aldgate, both which entrances  
Were good they should be strongly fortified.

*Jos.* Well said, master Recorder. You do. Ay, ay,  
I ye warrant.

*Rec.* As for the other, the whole companies  
Of Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, and the rest,  
Are drawn together, for their best defence,  
Beside the Tower, a neighbour to that place,  
As on the one side it will clear the river,  
So on the other, with their ordinance,  
It may repulse and beat them from the gate.

[*A noise within.*]

*Mayor.* What noise is this? provide ye suddenly,  
And every man betake him to his charge.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Shore.* Soft; who is this? How now, my friend, what  
news?

*Mes.* My master, the Lieutenant of the Tower,  
Gives ye to understand he hath descried  
The army of the rebels.

*Rec.* Which way come they?

*Mes.* From Essexward; and therefore 'tis his mind  
You guard both Aldgate well and Bishopsgate.

*Mayor.* Saint George, away! and let us all resolve  
Either to vanquish this rebellious rout,  
Preserve our goods, our children, and our wives,  
Or seal our resolution with our lives. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Before the Gates of London.

*Enter FALCONBRIDGE, with SPICING and his Troops.*

*Fal.* Summon the City, and command our entrance;  
Which, if we shall be stubbornly denied,  
Our power shall rush like thunder through the walls.

*Spi.* Open your gates, slaves, when I command ye.

[*SPICING beats on the gates, and then enter the Lord Mayor and his associates, with the Apprentices, on the walls.*

*Mayor.* What's he that beats thus at the City gates,  
Commanding entrance as he were a king?

*Fal.* He that will have releasement for a King,  
I, Thomas Neville, the Lord Falconbridge.

*Spi.* Ho, sirrah, you clapperdudgin, unlock, unbolt!  
or I'll bolt you, if I get in. Stand you preaching, with  
a pox?

*Mayor.* We have no warrant, Thomas Falconbridge,  
To let your armed troops into our city,  
Considering you have taken up these arms  
Against our sovereign and our country's peace.

*Fal.* I tell thee, Mayor, and know he tells thee so,  
That cometh armèd in a king's defence,  
That I crave entrance in King Henry's name,  
In right of the true line of Lancaster.  
Methinks that word, spoke from a Neville's mouth,  
Should, like an earthquake, rend your chainèd gates,  
And tear in pieces your portcullises.  
I thunder it again into your ears,  
You stout and brave courageous Londoners;  
In Henry's name, I crave my entrance in.

*Rec.* Should Henry's name command the entrance here,  
We should deny allegiance unto Edward,  
Whose true and faithful subjects we are sworn,  
And in whose presence is our sword upborne.

*Fal.* I tell thee, traitor, then thou bear'st thy sword  
Against thy true undoubted king.

*Shore.* Nay, then, I tell thee, bastard Falconbridge,  
My lord Mayor bears his sword in *his* defence,  
That put the sword into the arms of London,

Made the lord Mayors for ever after knights,  
 Richard, depos'd by Henry Bolingbroke,  
 From whom the house of York doth claim their right.

*Fal.* What's he that answers us thus saucily?

*Smoke.* Sirrah, your name, that we may know ye here-  
 after.

*Shore.* My name is Shore, a goldsmith by my trade.

*Fal.* What! not that Shore that hath the dainty wife?  
 Shore's wife, the flow'r of London for her beauty!

*Shore.* Yes, rebel, ev'n the very same.

*Spi.* Run, rascal, and fetch thy wife to our General  
 presently, or else all the gold in Cheapside cannot ran-  
 som her. Wilt thou not stir when I bid thee?

*Fal.* Shore, listen: thy wife is mine, that's flat.  
 This night, in thine own house, she sleeps with me.  
 Now, Crosby, lord Mayor, shall we enter in?

*Mayor.* Crosby, the lord Mayor, tells thee, proud rebel,  
 no.

*Fal.* No, Crosby? shall I not? Thou doating lord,  
 I cram the name of rebel down thy throat.  
 There's not the poorest rascal of my camp,  
 But if he chance to meet thee in Cheapside,  
 Upon thy foot-cloth, he shall make thee 'light,  
 And hold his stirrup while he mount thy horse,  
 Then lackey him which way he please to go.  
 Crosby, I'll make the citizens be glad  
 To send thee and the aldermen, thy brethren,  
 All manacled and chain'd like galley-slaves,  
 To ransom them and to redeem the city.

*Mayor.* Nay, then, proud rebel, pause, and hear me  
 speak.

There's not the poorest and meanest citizen,  
 That is a faithful subject to the King,  
 But, in despite of thy rebellious rout,  
 Shall walk to Bow, a small wand in his hand,



Although thou lie encamp'd at Mile-end Green,  
And not the proudest rebel of you all  
Shall dare to touch him for his damned soul.

Come, we will pull up our portcullises,  
And let me see thee enter, if thou dare.

*Fal.* Spoken like a man, and true velvet-jacket,  
And we will enter, or stick by the way.

*Enter from the postern gates, Lord Mayor, Recorder,  
and JOSSELIN, and Apprentices.*

*Mayor.* Where's Master Recorder and Master Jos-  
selin?

*Rec.* Here, my lord Mayor. We now have manned  
the walls,  
And fortified such places as were needful.

*Mayor.* Why, it is well, brothers and citizens ;  
Stick to your city as good men should do.  
Think that in Richard's time even such a rebel  
Was then by Walworth, the lord Mayor of London,  
Stabb'd dead in Smithfield.

Then show yourselves as it befits the time,  
And let this find a hundred Walworths now  
Dare stab a rebel, were he made of brass.

And, prentices, stick to your officers,  
For you may come to be as we are now.  
God and our King against an arrant rebel !  
Brothers, away ; let us defend our walls.

*First Ap.* My lord, your words are able to infuse  
A double courage in a coward's breast.  
Then fear not us ; although our chins be bare,  
Our hearts are good : the trial shall be seen  
Against these rebels on this champaign green.

*Sec. Ap.* We have no tricks nor policies of war,  
But by the antient custom of our fathers,  
We'll soundly lay it on ; take't off that will :

And, London prentices, be rul'd by me ;  
Die ere ye lose fair London's liberty.

*Spi.* How now, my flat-caps ; are you grown so  
brave ?

'Tis but your words : when matters come to proof,  
You'll scud as 'twere a company of sheep.

My counsel therefore is to keep your shops.

“ What lack you ? ” better will beseem your mouths  
Than terms of war. In sooth, you are too young.

*First Ap.* Sirrah, go to ; you shall not find it so.  
Flat-caps thou call'st us. We scorn not the name,  
And shortly, by the virtue of our swords,  
We'll make your cap so fit unto your crown,  
As sponce and cap and all shall kiss the ground.

*Sec. Ap.* You are those desperate, idle, swaggering  
mates,

That haunt the suburbs in the time of peace,  
And raise up ale-house brawls in the street ;  
And when the rumour of the war begins,  
You hide your heads, and are not to be found.

Thou term'st it better that we keep our shops.  
'Tis good indeed we should have such a care,  
But yet, for all our keeping now and then,  
Your pilf'ring fingers break into our locks,  
Until at Tyburn you acquit the fault.

Go to : albeit by custom we are mild,  
As those that do profess civility,  
Yet, being mov'd, a nest of angry hornets  
Shall not be more offensive than we will.

We'll fly about your ears and sting your hearts.

*Jos.* He tells you truth, my friends, and so forth.

*Fal.* Who can endure to be so brav'd by boys ?

*First Ap.* Nay, scorn us not that we are prentices.  
The Chronicles of England can report



What memorable actions we have done,  
To which this day's achievement shall be knit,  
To make the volume larger than it is.

*Mayor.* Now, of mine honour, ye do cheer my heart.  
Brave English offsprings, valiantly resolv'd!

*Sec. Ap.* My lord, return you back; let us alone;  
You are our masters; give us leave to work;  
And if we do not vanquish them in fight,  
Let us go supperless to bed at night.

[*Exeunt all but SPICING, SMOKE, and their crew.*]

*Spi.* Smoke, get thee up on the top of St. Botolph's  
steeple, and make a proclamation.

*Smoke.* What, a plague, should I proclaim there?

*Spi.* That the bells be rung backward,  
And cutting of throats be cried *havock*.  
No more calling of lanthorn and candle-light:  
That maidenheads be valued at just nothing;  
And sack be sold by the sallet.  
That no piddling slave stand to pick a lock, but slash  
me off the hinges, as one would slit up a cow's paunch.

*Smoke.* Let no man have less than a warehouse to his  
wardrobe. Cry a fig for a sergeant, and walk by the  
Counter like a lord: pluck out the clapper of Bow Bell,  
and hang up all the sextons in the city.

*Spi.* Rantum, scantum, rogues, follow your leader,  
Cavallero Spicing, the maddest slave that ever pund  
spice in a mortar.

*Smoke.* Take me an usurer by the greasy pouch and  
shake out his crowns, as a hungry dog would shake a  
haggis. Bar foul play, rogues, and live by honest filch-  
ing and stealing: he that hath a true finger, let him  
forfeit his face to the frying-pan. Follow your leader,  
rogues, follow your leader!

*Spi.* Assault, assault! and cry, "A Falconbridge!"

*Enter JOSSELIN on the walls.*

*Jos.* Sirrah Spicing, if Spicing be thy name, we are here for matters and causes as it might seem for the king : therefore, it were good, and so forth.

*Spi.* Open the gates ; or, if we be the picklocks, ye rogues, we'll play the mastiff-dogs amongst you. If I worry not a thousand of you with my teeth, let me be hanged in a packthread, and so forth.

*Jos.* Fond fellow, justice is to be used ; ay, marry, is it ; and law in some sort, as it were, is to be followed. Oh, God forbid else ! This our magistrate hath power as might seem, and so forth ; for duty is to be observed, and officers must be obeyed, in sort and calling, and so forth.

*Spi.* We'll talk more anon, good Master And-so-forth.

*[A very fierce assault on all sides, in which the Apprentices do great service.]*

*Enter FALCONBRIDGE, angry, with his men.*

*Fal.* Why this is to trust to these base rogues,  
This dirty scum of rascal peasantry,  
This heartless rout of base rascality.  
A plague upon you all, you cowardly rogues,  
You craven curs, you slimy muddy clowns,  
Whose courage but consists in multitude,  
Like sheep and neat that follow one another,  
Which, if one run away, all follow after ;  
This hedge-bred rascal, this filthy fry of ditches ;  
A vengeance take you all ! This 'tis to lead you.  
Now do you cry and shriek at every shock ;  
A hot consuming mischief follow you !

*Spi.* 'Swounds ! scale, rogues, scale ! A Falconbridge,  
a Falconbridge !

*Enter the Lord Mayor and his train from the gates.*

*Mayor.* Set open the gates! Nay, then, we'll sally out.  
It never shall be said, when I was Mayor,  
The Londoners were shut up in the city.  
Then cry "King Edward," and let's issue out.

*Fal.* Now, if ye be true-hearted Englishmen,  
The gates set open and the portcullis up,  
Let's pell-mell in, to stop their passage out.  
He that first enters be possess'd of Cheap!  
I give him it freely, and the chiefest wench.

*Spi.* That he can find. Let that lie in the bargain.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *continues.*

*The Lord Mayor and the Citizens having valiantly repulsed the Rebels from the city, enter FALCONBRIDGE and SPICING, and their train, wounded and dismayed.*

*Spi.* Hearest thou, general? there's hot drinking at the Mouth of Bishop's-gate, for our soldiers are all mouth. They lie like rascals, with their brains beaten out. Therefore, since we are all like to feed hogs in Hounds-ditch, let us retire our troops, and save our maimed men: or, if we issue further, we are put to the sword, every mother's son of us.

*Fal.* Art thou that villain, in whose damned mouth  
Was never heard of any word but *wounds*?  
Whose recreant limbs are notch'd with gaping scars,  
Thicker than any carking craftsman's score,  
Whose very scalp is scratch'd, and craz'd, and broken,  
Like an old mazer beaten on the stones;  
And stand'st thou now to save our maimed men?  
A plague upon thee, coward!

*Spi.* Why how now, base Thomas? 'Swounds! wert thou a bass-viol, thou art but a rascal and a rebel, as I

am, hearest thou? If I do not turn true subject, and leave thee, let me be worried with dogs. 'Swounds! dost thou impeach my manhood? Tom Neville, thou had'st as good to have damned thyself as uttered such a word. Flatly, I forsake thee; and all that love Ned Spicing, follow me! [*The rest offer to follow.*

*Fal.* Come, come, ye testy fool, thou seest me griev'd, Yet can'st not bear with mine infirmity.

Thou know'st I hold thee for as tall a man  
As any lives or breathes our English air.

I know there lives not a more fiery spirit,

A more resolvèd, valiant. A plague upon it!

Thou know'st I love thee; yet if a word escape

My lips in anger, how testy then thou art!

I had rather all men left me than thyself.

Thou art my soul: thou art my genius.

I cannot live without thee, not an hour.

(*Aside.*) Thus must I still be forc'd, against my will,

To soothe this dirty slave, this cowardly rascal.

(*Aloud.*) Come, come, be friends, ye testy firebrand!

We must retire. There is no remedy.

*Spi.* Nay, Tom, if thou wilt have me mount on the  
walls,

And cast myself down headlong on their pikes,

I'll do it. But to impeach my valour!

Had any man but thou spoke half so much,

I would have split his heart. Still beware

My valour: such words go hardly down.

Well, I am friends: thou thought'st not as thou spakest.

*Fal.* No; on my soul! thou think'st not that I did.

Sound a retreat there, I command ye, strait!

But whither shall we retire?

*Spi.* To Mile-end Green. There is no fitter place.

*Fal.* Then let us back retire to Mile-end Green,

And there expect fresh succour from our friends,

With such supply as shall ere long assure  
The city is our own. March on! Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *continues.*

*Enter the Lord Mayor, with his train, and the Apprentices.*

*Mayor.* Ye have bestirr'd ye like good citizens,  
And shown yourselves true subjects to your king.  
You worthily, prentices, bestirr'd yourselves,  
That it did cheer my heart to see your valour.  
The rebels are retir'd to Mile-end Green.

*Rec.* Where so we may not suffer them to rest,  
But issue forth upon them with fresh force.

*Jos.* My lord Mayor, diligence doth well, and so forth.  
Matters must be looked into as they ought, indeed should  
they. When things are well done, they are, and so forth;  
for causes and things must indeed be looked into.

*Mayor.* Well, sir, we very well conceive your meaning,  
And you have shown yourself a worthy gentleman.  
See that our walls be kept with courts of guard,  
And well defended against the enemy;  
For we will now withdraw us to Guildhall,  
To take advice what further must be done. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—Shore's House.

*Enter SHORE and JANE, his Wife.*

*Shore.* Be not afraid, sweetheart, the worst is past:  
God have the praise, the victory is our's.  
We have prevail'd: the rebels are repuls'd,  
And every street of London soundeth joy.  
Can'st thou, then, gentle Jane, be sad alone?

*Jane.* I am not sad now you are here with me,  
My joy, my hope, my comfort, and my love,  
My dear, dear husband, kindest Matthew Shore.  
But when these arms, the circles of my soul,  
Were in the fight so forward, as I heard,  
How could I choose, sweetheart, but be afraid?

*Shore.* Why dost thou tremble now, when peril's past?

*Jane.* I think upon the horror of the time.  
But tell me why you fought so desperately?

*Shore.* First, to maintain King Edward's royalty;  
Next, to defend the city's liberty;  
But chiefly, Jane, to keep thee from the soil  
Of him that to my face did vow thy spoil.  
Had he prevail'd, where then had been our lives?  
Dishonour'd our daughters, ravish'd our fair wives;  
Possess'd our goods, and set our servants free;  
Yet all this nothing to the loss of thee.

*Jane.* Of me, sweetheart? why how should I be lost?  
Were I by thousand storms of fortune tost,  
And should endure the poorest wretched life,  
Yet Jane will be thy honest loyal wife.  
The greatest prince the sun did ever see,  
Shall never make me prove untrue to thee.

*Shore.* I fear not fair means, but a rebel's force.

*Jane.* These hands shall make this body a dead corpse  
Ere force or flatt'ry shall mine honour stain.

*Shore.* True fame survives, when death the flesh hath  
slain.

*Enter an Officer from the Lord Mayor.*

*Officer.* God save ye, master Shore, and, mistress, by  
your leave;  
Sir, my lord Mayor sends for you by me,  
And prays your speedy presence at Guildhall.  
There's news the rebels have made head again,



And have ensconc'd themselves upon Mile-end,  
 And presently our armed men must out.  
 You being Captain of two companies,  
 In honour of your valour and your skill,  
 Must lead the vaward. God and right stand with ye!

*Shore.* Friend, tell my lord I'll wait upon him strait.

*Jane.* Friend, tell my lord he does my husband wrong,  
 To set him foremost in the danger still.  
 Ye shall not go, if I may have my will.

*Shore.* Peace, wife; no more. Friend, I will follow ye.

*Exit Officer.*

*Jane.* I'faith, ye shall not. Prithee, do not go.

*Shore.* Not go, sweetheart? that were a coward's trick,  
 A traitor's part, to shrink when others fight.  
 Envy shall never say that Matthew Shore,  
 The goldsmith, stay'd, when other men went out  
 To meet his King's and country's enemy.  
 No, Jane; 'gainst all the rebels on Mile-end,  
 I dare alone King Edward's right defend.

*Jane.* If you be slain, what shall become of me?

*Shore.* Right well, my wench: enow will marry thee.  
 I leave thee worth at least five thousand pound.

*Jane.* Marry again? that word my heart doth wound.  
 (*Weeps.*) I'll never marry, nor I will not live  
 If thou be kill'd. Let me go with thee, Mat.

*Shore.* 'Tis idle talk, good Jane; no more of that.  
 Go to my lady Mayoress and the rest,  
 As you are still companion with the best;  
 With them be merry, and pray for our good speed.

*Jane.* To part from thee, my very heart doth bleed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Mile End.

*Enter FALCONBRIDGE with his Troops, marching.*

*Fal.* Yet stand we in the sight of uprear'd Troy,  
 And suck the air she draws: our very breath

Flies from our nostrils warm unto the walls.  
 We beard her bristling spires, her battled towers,  
 And proudly stand and gaze her in the face.  
 Look on me, and I doubt not ye imagine  
 My worth as great as any one of your's,  
 My fortunes, would I basely fawn on Edward,  
 To be as fair as any man's in England.  
 But he that keeps your Sovereign in the Tower  
 Hath seiz'd my land, and robb'd me of my right.  
 I am a gentleman as well as he.  
 What he hath got, he holds by tyranny.  
 Now, if you faint, or cowardly should fly,  
 There is no hope for any one to live.  
 We hear the Londoners will leave the city,  
 And bid us battle here on Mile-end Green,  
 Whom if we vanquish, then we take the town,  
 And ride in triumph thorough Cheap to Paul's.  
 The Mint is our's, Cheap, Lombard Street, our own ;  
 The meanest soldier wealthier than a king.

*Spi.* March fair, ye rogues, all kings or capknitters.  
 Dost thou hear, Tom Falconbridge? I prithee grant me  
 one boon I shall ask thee.

*Fal.* What is it, Ned? it's hard I should deny thee.

*Spi.* Why, that when we have won the city, as we  
 cannot choose but win it, that I may have the knighting  
 of all these rogues and rascals.

*Fal.* What then?

*Spi.* What then? Zounds, I scorn your scurvy, wry-  
 mouthed "What then?" Now, a pox take me if I fight  
 a blow.

*Fal.* Why this is fine. Go to; knight whom thou wilt.

*Spi.* Who? I knight any of them? I'll see them  
 hanged first for a company of tattered ragged rascals.  
 If I were a king, I would not knight one of them.

*Chub.* What, not me, Cavallero Chub?



*Spi.* Yes, I care not if I knight thee; and yet I'll see thee hanged ere I'll honour thee so much. I care not so much for the matter; but I would not be denied my humour.

*Fal.* Why, what a perverse fellow art thou, Ned!

*Spi.* Ho, my fine Tom, my brave Falconbridge, my mad Greek, my lusty Neville! thou art a king, a Cæsar! a plague on thee; I love thee not, and yet I'll die with thee.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, Recorder, JOSSELIN, SHORE, and their Soldiers, marching.*

*Mayor.* See how rebellion can exalt itself,  
Pruning the feathers of sick discipline.

*Rec.* They think they can outlook our truer looks.

*Shore.* Mark but the scornful eye of Falconbridge.

*Mayor.* I rather think 'tis fear upon his cheek  
Deciphers pale disturbance in his heart.

*Jos.* Our coming forth hath—well, I say no more;  
But shall we take occasion, and so forth?  
Rebellion should have no respite. Oh, my lord,  
The time hath been—but all is one for that.

*Spi.* How like a troop of rank o'erridden jades  
Yon bushy-bearded citizens appear!

*Chub.* Nay; rather so many men in the moon,  
And every one a furzen bush in his mouth.

*Spi.* The four and twenty wards! now, fair befall them;  
Would any one have thought before this hour,  
There had been such increase of muddy slaves?

*Fal.* Peace, soldiers! they are resolute, you see;  
And not to flatter us, nor favour them,  
Such haughty stomachs seldom have been seen  
Imbodied in the breasts of citizens.  
How sternly in their own peculiar strength,  
Without the assistance of their ling'ring king,

Did they of late repulse us from their walls !  
 And now again how expeditiously,  
 And unexpected, they have met us here !  
 Were we more deadly incens'd than we are,  
 I would not but commend their chivalry.

*Spi.* Captain, shall we go challenge them to fight ?  
 'Sblood ! we burn daylight ; they will think, anon,  
 We are afraid to see their glittering swords.

*Chub.* Tell them, they come instead of pudding pies  
 And Stratford cakes, to make's a banquet here.

*Fal.* Soft ; give me leave ; I will devise with words  
 To weaken and abash their fortitude.

*Rec.* The bastard offers to come forth, my lord.

*Mayor.* I am the man intends to answer him.

*Fal.* Crosby !

*Mayor.* Traitor !

*All.* Traitor ! zounds, down with him !

*Fal.* Be patient : give me leave, I say, to speak.  
 I doubt not but the traitor's name shall rest  
 With those that keep their lawful King in bonds.  
 Mean time, ye men of London, once again  
 Behold my warlike colours are displayed,  
 Which I have vowed shall never be wrapt up  
 Until your lofty buildings kiss our feet,  
 Unless you grant me passage through your streets.

*Rec.* Passage, say'st thou ? That must be o'er our  
 breasts,

If any passage thou art like to have.

*Fal.* Why then upon your bodies will I tread,  
 And wade through standing pools of your lost blood.

*Shore.* We know thy threats, and reckon them as wind,  
 Not of sufficient power to shake a reed.

*Spi.* But we shook your gates not long ago,  
 And made your walls to shake like Irish bogs.

*Chub.* Ay, and so terrified ye, that not one of ye durst

come to fetch a pint of sack at the Mouth at Bishopsgate ;  
no, not for your lives.

*Jos.* Ay, but you know what followed, and so forth.

*Spi.* Et cætera ! are you there ? methinks, the sight  
of the dun bull, the Neville's honoured crest, should  
make you leave your broken sentences, and quite forget  
ever to speak at all.

*Shore.* Nay, then, look thou upon our City's arms,  
Wherein is a bloody dagger : that is it,  
Wherewith a rebel like to Falconbridge  
Had his desert, meet for his treachery.  
Can you behold that, and not quake for fear ?

*Rec.* Since when, it is successively decreed,  
Traitors with us shall never better speed.

*Spi.* Captain and fellow-soldiers, talk no more,  
But draw your meaning forth in downright blows.

*Fal.* Sound then alarum.

*Mayor.* Do the like for us,  
And where the right is, there attend success !

*Jos.* Stay, and be better advis'd. Why, countrymen,  
What is this Falconbridge you follow so ?  
I could instruct you ; but you know my mind.  
And, Falconbridge, what are these rusticals,  
Thou should'st repose such confidence in glass ;  
Shall I inform thee ? No, thou art wise enough.  
Edward of York delays the time, you say ;  
Therefore he will not come. Imagine so.  
The city's weak. Hold that opinion still.  
And your pretence King Henry's liberty.  
True ; but as how ? Shall I declare you ? No.  
What then ? you'll fight. A God's name, take your choice.  
I can no more but give you my advice.

*Fal.* Away with this parenthesis of words.  
Crosby, courage thy men, and on this Green  
Whose cause is right, let it be quickly seen.

*Mayor.* I am ready as thou canst desire.  
On then, a God's name !

[*They fight. The rebels drive them back. Then enter FALCONBRIDGE and SPICING.*

*Fal.* This was well fought. Now, Spicing, list to me.  
The citizens thus having given us ground,  
And therefore somewhat daunted, take a band  
Of Essex soldiers, and with all the speed  
Thou possibly canst make, withdraw thyself,  
And get between the city-gates and them.

*Spi.* Oh, brave Tom Neville, gallant Falconbridge,  
I aim at thy intended policy ;  
This is thy meaning ; while thou art employ'd  
And hold'st them battle here on Mile-end Green,  
I must provide, as harbinger before,  
There be not only clear and open passage,  
But the best merchants' houses to receive  
Us and our retinue. I am proud of that,  
And will not sleep upon thy just command.

*Fal.* Away, then ! I will follow as I may,  
And doubt not but that our's will be the day.

[*After some excursions, enter Lord Mayor and SHORE.*

*Mayor.* We have recover'd what before we lost,  
And Heav'n stands with the justice of our cause.  
But this I noted in the fight even now,  
That part of this rebellious crew is sent,  
By what direction, or for what intent,  
I cannot guess, but may suspect the worst ;  
And, as it seems, they compass it about  
To hem us in, or get the gate of us :  
And therefore, cousin Shore, as I repose  
Trust in thy valour and thy loyalty,  
Draw forth three hundred bowmen and some pikes,  
And presently encounter their assault.

*Shore.* I have your meaning ; and effect, my lord,  
I trust shall disappoint them of their hope. [Exit.

[After an alarum, enter SPICING with  
a Drum, and certain Soldiers.

*Spi.* Come on, my hearts, we will be kings to-night,  
Carouse in gold, and sleep with merchants' wives,  
While their poor husbands lose their lives abroad :  
We are now quite behind our enemies' backs,  
And there's no let or hindrance in the way,  
But we may take possession of the town.  
Ah, you mad rogues, this is the wishèd hour ;  
Follow your leader, and be resolute.

[As he marches, thinking to enter the Gates, SHORE  
and his Soldiers issue forth and repulse him. After  
excursions, wherein the Rebels are dispersed, enter  
Mayor, Recorder, SHORE, JOSSELIN, and a Mes-  
senger talking with the Mayor.

*Mayor.* Ay, my good friend, so certify his Grace,  
The rebels are dispersèd all and fled,  
And now his Highness meets with victory.

[Exit Messenger.

Marshal yourselves, and keep in good array.  
To add more glory to this victory,  
The King in person cometh to this place.  
How great an honour have you gain'd to-day !  
And how much is this city fam'd for ever,  
That twice, without the help either of King,  
Or any but of God and our own selves,  
We have prevail'd against our country's foes.  
Thanks to *His* Majesty assisted us,  
Who always helps true subjects in their need !

[The trumpets sound, and then enter King EDWARD,  
Lord HOWARD, SELLINGER, and the train.

*King.* Where is my Lord Mayor ?

*Mayor.*

Here, dread Sovereign.

I hold no lordship nor no dignity  
 In presence of my gracious lord the King.  
 But all I humble at your Highness' feet,  
 With the most happy conquest of proud rebels,  
 Dispers'd and fled, that now remains no doubt  
 Of ever making head to vex us more.

*King.* You have not ta'en the bastard Falconbridge,  
 Or is he slain?

*Mayor.* Neither, my gracious lord.

Although we labour'd to our uttermost,  
 Yet all our care came over-short  
 For apprehending him or Spicing either :  
 But some are taken ; others on proffer'd grace  
 Yielded themselves, and at your mercy stand.

*King.* Thanks, good lord Mayor. You may condemn us  
 Of too much slackness in such urgent need ;  
 But we assure you on our royal word,  
 So soon as we had gather'd us a power,  
 We dallied not, but made all haste we could.  
 What order have ye ta'en for Falconbridge  
 And his confederates in this rebellion ?

*Mayor.* Under your leave, my liege, we have proclaim'd  
 Who bringeth Falconbridge, alive or dead,  
 Shall be requited with a thousand marks.  
 As much for Spicing. Others, of less worth,  
 At easier rates are set.

*King.*

Well have ye done ;

And we will see it paid from our Exchequer.  
 Now leave we this and come to you,  
 That have so well deserv'd in these affairs,  
 Affairs, I mean, of so main consequence.  
 Kneel down and all of you receive in field  
 The honour you have merited in field.

[*Draws his sword and knights them.*]



Arise Sir John Crosby, Lord Mayor of London and Knight.

Arise up Sir Ralph Josselin, Knight.

Arise Sir Thomas Urswick, our Recorder of London and Knight.

Now tell me which is Master Shore.

*Mayor.* This same, my lord ;

And hand to hand he fought with Falconbridge.

*King.* Shore, kneel thou down. What call ye else his name ?

*Rec.* His name is Matthew Shore, my lord.

*King.* Shore !

Why kneel'st thou not, and at thy Sovereign's hand Receive thy right ?

*Shore.* Pardon me, gracious lord.

I do not stand contemptuous, or despising

Such royal favour of my sovereign,

But to acknowledge mine unworthiness.

Far be it from the thought of Matthew Shore

That he should be advanc'd with Aldermen,

With our Lord Mayor, and our right grave Recorder.

If any thing hath been perform'd by me,

That may deserve your Highness' mean'st respect,

I have enough, and I desire no more ;

Then let me crave that I may have no more.

*King.* Well, be it as thou wilt ; some other way

We will devise to 'quittance thy deserts,

And not to fail therein, upon my word.

Now let me tell ye, all my friends at once,

Your King is married, since you saw him last,

And haste to help you in this needful time

Made me on sudden to forsake my bride.

But seeing all things are fall'n out so well,

And there remains nò further doubt of ill,

Let me entreat you would go boot yourselves,

And bring your King a little on his way.  
How say you, my lord ; shall it be so ?

*Mayor.* Now God forbid but that my lord the King  
Should always have his subjects at command !

*Jos.* Forbid, quotha ! Ay, in good sadness : your ma-  
jesty shall find us always ready, and so forth.

*King.* Why, then, set forward, gentlemen ;  
And come, lord Mayor, I must confer with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The same.

*Enter FALCONBRIDGE and SPICING, with their weapons  
in their hands.*

*Spi.* Art thou the man whose victories drawn at sea  
Fill'd every heart with terror of thy name ?  
Art thou that Neville whom we took thee for ?  
Thou art a louse, thou bastard Falconbridge !  
Thou baser than a bastard, in whose birth  
The very dregs of servitude appear.  
Why, tell me, liver of some rotten sheep,  
After, by thy allurements, we are brought  
To undertake this course, after thy promises  
Of many golden mountains to ensue,  
Is this the greatest comfort thou can'st give ?  
Hast thou ensnar'd our heedless feet with death,  
And brought us to the gibbet of defame,  
And now dost bid us shift and save ourselves !  
No, craven ! were I sure I should be ta'en,  
I would not stir my feet, until this hand  
Had veng'd me on thee for misguiding us.

*Fal.* Opprobrious villain ! stable excrement !  
That never dream'dst of other manhood yet,  
But how to jerk a horse, until my words  
Infus'd into thee resolution's fire,



Controll'st thou me for that wherein thyself  
Art only the occasion of mishap?  
Hadst thou and they stood to't as well as I,  
The day had been our own, and London now,  
That laughs in triumph, should have wept in tears.  
But, being back'd by such faint-hearted slaves,  
No marvel if the Lion go to wrack.  
As though it were not incident to kings  
Sometime to take repulse: mine is no more.  
Nor is it for that muddy brain of thine  
To tutor me how to digest my loss.  
Then, fly with those that are already fled,  
Or stay behind, and hang all but the head.

*Spi.* Oh, prejudice to Spicing's conqu'ring name,  
Whose valour ev'n the hacks this sword has made  
Upon the flint and iron bars at Aldgate,  
Like mouths will publish whiles the city stands,  
That I shrunk back! that I was never seen  
To show my manly spleen but with a whip!  
I tell thee, Falconbridge, the least of these  
Do challenge blood, before they be appeas'd.

*Fal.* Away, ye scoundrel! tempt not my resolve.  
The courage that survives in Falconbridge  
Scorns the encounter of so base a drudge.

*Spi.* By the pure temper of this sword of mine,  
By this true flesh and blood that gripes the same,  
And by the honour I did win of late,  
Against those frosty-bearded citizens,  
It shall be tried before we do depart,  
Whether accuseth other wrongfully,  
Or which of us two is the better man.

*Fal.* I shall but quit the hangman of a labour:  
Yet, rather than to be upbraided thus,  
The Eagle once will stoop to feed on carrion.

[*They fight.*

*Enter CHUB.*

*Chub.* Hold, if ye be men; if not, hold as ye are, rebels and strong thieves. I bring ye news of a proclamation. The King hath promised that whosoever can bring the head of Falconbridge or Spicing, shall have for his labour a thousand crowns. What mean you then to swagger? Save yourselves.

*Spi.* This proclamation comes in happy time. I'll vanquish Falconbridge, and with this sword cut off his head and bear it to the King. So not alone shall I be pardoned, but have the thousand crowns is promised.

*Fal.* This rascal was ordain'd to save my life, for now, when I have overthrown the wretch, ev'n with his head I'll yield me to the King. His princely word is past to pardon me; and, though I were the chief in this rebellion, yet this will be a means to make my peace.

*Chub.* Oh, that I knew how to betray them both!

*Fal.* How say'st thou, Spicing? wilt thou yield thyself? For I have vow'd either alive or dead to bring thee to King Edward.

*Spi.* And I have vow'd the like by thee: how will these two bad contraries agree?

*Chub.* And I the same by both of you.

*Fal.* Come, sir, I'll quickly rid you of that care.

*Spi.* And what thou lovest me shall be thy share.

*Enter a Miller.*

*Chub.* Here comes a miller. Help to part the fray. These are the rebels Falconbridge and Spicing. The worst of them is worth a thousand crowns.

*Mil.* Marry, and such a booty would I have. Submit, submit; it is in vain to strive.

[*Exit FALCONBRIDGE.*]

*Spi.* Why, what art thou?

*Mil.* One that will hamper you.

But what's the other that is fled away?

*Chub.* Oh, miller, that was Falconbridge,  
And this is Spicing, his companion.

*Spi.* I tell thee, miller, thou hast been the means  
To hinder the most charitable deed  
That ever honest Christian undertook.

*Chub.* Thou canst bear me witness, I had ta'en  
That most notorious rebel, but for him.

*Mil.* But I have taken thee; and the world knows  
That Spicing is as bad as who is best.

*Spi.* Why, thou mistakest: I am a true subject.

*Chub.* Miller, he lies: be sure to hold him fast.

*Spi.* Dost thou accuse me? apprehend him too,  
For he's as guilty as any of us.

*Mil.* Come, you shall both together answer it  
Before my Lord Mayor; and here he comes.

*Enter Lord Mayor, JOSSELIN, and Attendants.*

*Mayor.* Sir Ralph Josselin, have you ever seen a  
prince more affable than Edward is? What merry talk  
he had upon the way!

*Jos.* Doubtless, my lord, he'll prove a royal King.  
But how now; what are these?

*Mil.* God save your honour!  
Here I present unto you, my Lord Mayor,  
A pair of rebels, whom I did espy  
As I was busy grinding at my mill;  
And taking them for vagrant idle knaves,  
That had beset some true man from his house,  
I came to keep the peace; but afterward  
Found that it was the bastard Falconbridge  
And this his mate, together by the ears.  
The one, for all that I could do, escap'd;  
The other standeth at your mercy here.

*Mayor.* It is the rebel Spicing.

*Spi.* It is indeed ;

I see you are not blind ; you know me then.

*Mayor.* Well, miller, thou hast done a subject's part,  
And worthily deserv'st that recompence  
Is publickly proclaimèd by the King.

But what's this other ? I have seen his face ;  
And, as I take it, he is one of them.

*Mil.* I must confess, I took them both together.  
He aided me to apprehend the rest.

*Chub.* A tells you true, my lord. I am Chub, the  
chandler ; and I curse the time that ever I saw their  
faces ; for, if they had not been, I had lived an honest  
man in mine own country, and never come to this.

*Spi.* Out, rogue ! dost thou recant for fear of death ?  
Ay, mayor, I am he that sought to cut your throat ;  
And since I have miscarried in the fact,  
I'll ne'er deny it, do the worst you can.

*Mayor.* Bring him away. He shall have martial law,  
And, at the next tree we do come unto,  
Be hang'd, to rid the world of such a wretch.  
Miller, thy duty is a thousand marks,  
Which must be shared betwixt thee and this poor fellow  
That did reveal him. And, sirrah, your life is sav'd  
On this condition, that you hang up Spicing.  
How saist thou ? wilt thou do it ?

*Chub.* Will I do it ? what a question is that ! I would  
hang him if he were my father, to save mine own life.

*Mayor.* Then, when ye have done it, come home to  
my house, and there ye truly shall have your reward.

*Spi.* Well, sirrah, then thou must be my hangman ?

*Chub.* Ay, by my troth, sir, for fault of a better.

*Spi.* Well, commend me to little Pim, and pray her  
to redeem my paned hose : they lie at the Blue Boar for  
eleven pence, and if my hostess will have the other odd

penny, tell her she is a damned bawd, and there is no truth in her score.

*Chub.* Take no thought, sir, for your paned hose. They are lousy, and not worth the redeeming.

*Spi.* There is a constable sticks in my mind: he got my sword from me, that night I should have killed black Ralph. If I had lived, I would have been meet with him.

*Chub.* Ay, sir; but here's a thing shall take an order for that.

*Spi.* Commend me to black Luce, bouncing Bess, and lusty Kate, and the other pretty morsels of man's flesh. Farewell, pink and pinnace, flyboat and carvel, Turnbull and Spittal! I die like a man.

*Chub.* Oh, captain Spicing, thy vain enticing  
 Brought me from my trade,  
 From good candles-making to this pains-taking,  
 A rebel to be made.  
 Therefore, Ned Spicing, to quit thy enticing,  
 This must be thy hope:  
 By one of thy fellows to be led to the gallows,  
 To end in a rope. *[Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—The Country.

*Enter HOBBS, the Tanner of Tamsworth.*

*Hobs.* Dudgeon! dost thou hear? look well to Brock, my mare. Drive Dun and her fair and softly down the hill; and take heed the thorns tear not the horns of my cow-hides, as thou goest near the hedges. Ha, what sayest thou, knave? Is the bull's hide down? why, lay it up again; what care I? I'll meet thee at the style, and help to set all strait. And yet, God help! it's a crooked world, and an unthrifty; for some, that have

ne'er a shoe, had rather go barefoot than buy clout-leather to mend the old, when they can buy no new ; for they have time enough to mend all, they sit so long between the cup and the wall. Well, God amend them ! God amend them ! Let me see, by my executor here, my leather pouch, what I have taken, what I have spent, what I have gained, what I have lost, and what I have laid out. My taking is more than my spending, for here's store left. I have spent but a groat ; a penny for my two jades, a penny to the poor, a penny pot of ale, and a penny cake for my man and me, a dicker of cow-hides cost me.

*Enter the Queen and Duchess with their riding rods, unpinning their masks. Hobs goes forward.*

'Snails, who comes here ? Mistress Ferris, or Mistress What call ye her ? Put up, John Hobs : money tempts beauty.

*Duch.* Well met, good fellow : saw'st thou not the hart ?

*Hobs.* My heart ? God bless me from seeing my heart.

*Duch.* Thy heart ? the deer, man ; we demand the deer.

*Hobs.* Do you demand what's dear ? Marry, corn and cow-hides. Mass, a good snug lass, well like my daughter Nell. I had rather than a bend of leather she and I might smouch together.

*Duch.* Cam'st thou not down the wood ?

*Hobs.* Yes, mistress ; that I did.

*Duch.* And sawest thou not the deer imbost ?

*Hobs.* By my hood, ye make me laugh. What the dickens ? is it love that makes ye prate to me so fondly ? By my father's soul, I would I had job'd faces with you.

*Hunts.* Why, how now, Hobs ? so saucy with the Duchess and the Queen ?

*Hobs.* Much Queen, I trow ! these be but women : and one of them is like my wench. I would she had her



rags. I would give a load of hair and horns, and a fat of leather, to match her to some justice, by the meg-holly.

*Hunts.* Be silent, Tanner, and ask pardon of the Queen.

*Hobs.* And ye be the Queen, I cry ye mercy, good M istressQueen.

*Queen.* No fault, my friend. Madam, let's take our bows, And in the standing seek to get a shoot.

*Duch.* Come, bend our bows, and bring the herd of deer. [*Exeunt.*

*Hobs. (solus.)* God send ye good standing, and good striking, and fat flesh! See, if all gentlewomen be not alike when their black faces be on! I took the queen, as I am a true tanner, for mistress Ferris.

*Enter SELLINGER and HOWARD (in green).*

Soft, who comes here? more knaves yet?

*Sel.* Ho, good fellow! sawest thou not the King?

*Hobs.* No, good fellow! I saw no king. Which king dost thou ask for?

*How.* Why, King Edward. What king is there else?

*Hobs.* There's another king, and ye could hit on him; one Harry, one Harry; and, by our Lady, they say he's the honestest man of the two.

*Sel.* Sirrah, beware you speak not treason.

*Hobs.* What, if I do?

*Sel.* Then shalt thou be hanged.

*Hobs.* A dog's death: I'll not meddle with it; for, by my troth, I know not when I speak treason, when I do not. There's such halting betwixt two kings, that a man cannot go upright, but he shall offend t'one of them. I would God had them both, for me.

*How.* Well, thou sawest not the King.

*Hobs.* No; is he in the country?

*How.* He's hunting here, at Drayton Basset.

*Hobs.* The devil he is? God bless his mastership! I saw a woman here, that they said was the Queen. She's as like my daughter, but my daughter is the fairer, as ever I see.

*Sel.* Farewell, fellow; speak well of the King.

[*Exeunt.*

*Hobs. (Solus.)* God make him an honest man! I hope that's well spoken; for, by the mouse-foot, some give him hard words, whether he 'zerves 'em not. Let him look to that. I'll meddle of my cow-hide, and let the world slide.

*Enter the King, disguised.*

The devil in a dung-cart! How these roysters swarm in the country, now the King is so near! God 'liver me from this; for this looks like a thief; but a man cannot tell amongst these court-nols who's true.

*King.* Holla, my friend! good fellow, prithee, stay.

*Hobs.* No such matter. I have more haste of my way.

*King.* If thou be a good fellow, let me borrow a word.

*Hobs.* My purse, thou meanest. I am no good fellow; and I pray God thou beest not one.

*King.* Why? dost thou not love a good fellow?

*Hobs.* No: good fellows be thieves.

*King.* Dost thou think I am one?

*Hobs.* Thought is free; and thou art not my ghostly father.

*King.* I mean thee no harm.

*Hobs.* Who knows that but thyself? I pray God he spy not my purse.

*King.* On my troth, I mean thee none.

*Hobs.* Upon thy oath, I'll stay. Now, what sayest thou to me? speak quickly; for my company stays for me beneath, at the next style.

*King.* The king is hunting hereabouts. Didst thou see his Majesty?



*Hobs.* His majesty? what's that? his horse or his mare?

*King.* Tush! I mean his Grace?

*Hobs.* Grace, quotha? pray God he have any! Which king dost thou 'quire for?

*King.* Why, for King Edward. Knowest thou any more kings than one?

*Hobs.* I know not so many; for I tell thee I know none. Marry, I hear of King Edward.

*King.* Didst thou see his Highness?

*Hobs.* By my holidame, that's the best term thou gavest him yet: he's high enough; but he has put poor King Harry low enough.

*King.* How low hath he put him?

*Hobs.* Nay, I cannot tell; but he has put him down, for he has got the crown; much good do't him with it.

*King.* Amen. I like thy talk so well, I would I knew thy name.

*Hobs.* Dost thou not know me?

*King.* No.

*Hobs.* Then thou knowest nobody. Didst never hear of John Hobs, the tanner of Tamworth?

*King.* Not till now, I promise thee; but now I like thee well.

*Hobs.* So do not I thee. I fear thou art some out-rider, that lives by taking of purses here, on Basset's Heath. But I fear thee not, for I have wared all my money in cowhides at Coleshill Market, and my man and my mare are hard by at the hill-foot.

*King.* Is that thy gray mare, that's tied at the style, with the hides on her back?

*Hobs.* That's Brock, my mare; and there's Dun, my nag, and Dudgeon, my man.

*King.* There's neither man nor horse; but only one mare.

*Hobs.* God's blue budkin ! has the knave served me so ? Farewell ! I may lose hides, horns, and mare and all, by prating with thee.

*King.* Tarry, man, tarry ! they'll sooner take my gelding than thy gray mare ; for I have tied mine by her.

*Hobs.* That will I see, afore I'll take your word.

*King.* I'll bear thee company.

*Hobs.* I had as lieve go alone. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter the two Huntsmen, with the Bows.*

*First Hunts.* Now, on my troth, the Queen shoots passing well.

*Sec. Hunts.* So did the Duchess, when she was as young.

*First Hunts.* Age shakes the hand, and shoots both wide and short.

*Sec. Hunts.* What have they given us ?

*First Hunts.* Six rose-nobles just.

*Sec. Hunts.* The Queen gave four.

*First Hunts.* True ; and the Duchess twain.

*Sec. Hunts.* Oh, were we ever so paid for our pain !

*First Hunts.* Tut ! had the King come, as they said he would,

He would have rain'd upon us show'rs of gold.

*Sec. Hunts.* Why, he is hunting somewhere hereabout. Let's first go drink and then go seek him out. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter the King and Hobs.*

*King.* Hay say'st thou, tanner ? wilt thou take my courser for thy mare ?

*Hobs.* Courser, call'st thou him ? So ill mought I fare, thy skittish jade will never abide to carry my leather, my horns, nor hide. But, if I were so mad to scorce, what boot would'st thou give me ?

*King.* Nay, boot that's boot worthy. I look for boot of thee.

*Hobs.* Ha, ha! a merry jig. Why, man, Brock, my mare, knows *ha* and *ree*, and will stand when I cry *ho*, and let me get up and down, and make water when I do.

*King.* I'll give thee a noble, if I like her pace. Lay thy cowhides on my saddle, and let's jog towards Drayton.

*Hobs.* 'Tis out of my way; but I begin to like thee well.

*King.* Thou wilt like me better before we do part. I prithee tell me, what say they of the King.

*Hobs.* Of the Kings, thou meanest. Art thou no blab, if I tell thee?

*King.* If the King know't not now, he shall never know it for me.

*Hobs.* Mass, they say King Harry's a very advowtry man.

*King.* A devout man? And what King Edward?

*Hobs.* He's a frank franion, a merry companion, and loves a wench well. They say he has married a poor widow, because she's fair.

*King.* Dost thou like him the worse for that?

*Hobs.* No; by my feekins, but the better; for, though I be a plain tanner, I love a fair lass myself.

*King.* Prithee tell me, how love they king Edward?

*Hobs.* Faith, as poor folks love holidays, glad to have them now and then; but to have them come too often will undo them. So, to see the King now and then 'tis comfort; but every day would beggar us; and I may say to thee, we fear we shall be troubled to lend him money; for we doubt he's but needy.

*King.* Wouldst thou lend him no money, if he should need?

*Hobs.* By my halidome, yes. He shall have half my store; and I'll sell sole leather to help him to more.

*King.* Faith, whether thou lovest better Harry or Edward?

*Hobs.* Nay, that's counsel, and two may keep it, if one be away.

*King.* Shall I say my conscience? I think Harry is the true king.

*Hobs.* Art advised of that? Harry's of the old house of Lancaster; and that progeny do I love.

*King.* And thou dost not hate the house of York?

*Hobs.* Why, no; for I am just akin to Sutton Windmill; I can grind which way soe'er the wind blow. If it be Harry, I can say, "Well fare, Lancaster." If it be Edward, I can sing, "York, York, for my money."

*King.* Thou art of my mind; but I say Harry is the lawful king. Edward is but an usurper, and a fool, and a coward.

*Hobs.* Nay, there thou liest. He has wit enough and courage enough. Dost thou not speak treason?

*King.* Ay, but I know to whom I speak it.

*Hobs.* Dost thou? Well, if I were constable, I should be forsworn, if I set thee not in the stocks for it.

*King.* Well, let it go no further; for I did serve King Harry, and I love him best, though now I serve King Edward.

*Hobs.* Thou art the arranter knave to speak ill of thy master. But, sirrah, what's thy name? what office hast thou? and what will the King do for thee?

*King.* My name is Ned. I am the King's butler; and he will do more for me than for any nobleman in the court.

*Hobs.* The devil he will? he's the more fool; and so I'll tell him, if e'er I see him; and I would I might see him in my poor house at Tamworth.

*King.* Go with me to the Court, and I'll bring thee to the King; and what suit soe'er thou have to him, I'll warrant thee to speed.

*Hobs.* I ha' nothing to do at Court. I'll home with my cowhides; and if the King will come to me, he shall be welcome.

*King.* Hast thou no suit touching thy trade, to transport hides or sell leather only in a certain circuit; or about bark, or such like, to have letters patent?

*Hobs.* By the mass and the matins, I like not those patents. Sirrah, they that have them do, as the priests did in old time, buy and sell the sins of the people. So they make the King believe they mend what's amiss, and for money they make the thing worse than it is. There's another thing in too, the more is the pity.

*King.* What pity, John Hobs? I prithee say all.

*Hobs.* Faith, 'tis pity that one subject should have in his hand that might do good to many through the land.

*King.* Say'st thou me so, tanner? Well, let's cast lots whether thou shalt go with me to Drayton, or I go home with thee to Tamworth.

*Hobs.* Lot me no lotting. I'll not go with thee. If thou wilt go with me, 'cause th'art my liege's man (and yet I think he has many honester), thou shalt be welcome to John Hobs; thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding; and my daughter Nell shall pop a posset upon thee, when thou goest to bed.

*King.* Here's my hand. I'll but go and see the King served, and I'll be at home as soon as thyself.

*Hobs.* Dost thou hear me, Ned? If I shall be thy host, Make haste thou art best, for fear thou kiss the post.

[*Exit Hobs.*]

*King.* Farewell, John Hobs, the honest true tanner!  
I see plain men, by observation  
Of things that alter in the change of times,  
Do gather knowledge; and the meanest life  
Proportion'd with content sufficiency,  
Is merrier than the mighty state of kings.

*Enter HOWARD and SELLINGER.*

How now? what news bring ye, sirs? Where's the Queen?

*Sel.* Her highness and your mother, my dread lord,  
Are both invited by Sir Humphrey Bowes,  
Where they intend to feast and lodge this night ;  
And do expect your grace's presence there.

*King.* Tom Sellinger and I have other business,  
Astray from you and all my other train.  
I met a tanner, such a merry mate,  
So frolick and so full of good conceit,  
That I have given my word to be his guest,  
Because he knows me not to be the King.  
Good cousin Howard, grudge not at the jest,  
But greet my mother and my wife from me ;  
Bid them be merry : I must have my humour ;  
Let them both sup and sleep when they see time.  
Commend me kindly to Sir Humphrey Bowes :  
Tell him at breakfast I will visit him.  
This night Tom Sellinger and I must feast  
With Hobs the tanner : there plain Ned and Tom ;  
No King nor Sellinger for a thousand pound.

*Enter a Messenger, booted, with letters, and, kneeling,  
gives them to the King.*

*How.* The Queen and Duchess will be discontent,  
Because his highness comes not to the feast.

*Sel.* Sir Humphrey Bowes may take the most conceit ;  
But what's the end ? the King will have his pleasure.

*King.* Good news, my boys ! Harry the Sixth is dead.  
Peruse that letter. Sirrah, drink you that.

*[Gives the Messenger his purse.]*

And stay not ; but post back again for life,  
And thank my brother Gloster for his news :  
Commend me to him ; I'll see him to-morrow night.  
How like ye it, sirs ? *[Exit Messenger.]*

*Sel.* Oh, passing well, my liege ;  
You may be merry for these happy news.



*King.* The merrier with our host the tanner, Tom.  
My lord, take you that letter to the ladies ;  
Bid them be merry with that second course ;  
And if we see them not before we go,  
Pray them to journey easily after us ;  
We'll post to London : so good night, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—The Tanner's House.

*Enter HOBBS and his daughter NELL.*

*Hobs.* Come, Nell ! come, daughter. Is your hands  
and your face washed ?

*Nell.* Ay, forsooth, father.

*Hobs.* Ye must be cleanly, I tell ye ; for there comes  
a courtfol hither to-night, the King's mastership's but-  
ler, Ned, a spruce youth ; but beware ye be not in love  
nor overtaken by him, for courtiers be slippery lads.

*Nell.* No, forsooth, father.

*Hobs.* God's blessing on thee ! That half-year's school-  
ing at Litchfield was better to thee than house and land.  
It has put such manners into thee—"Ay, forsooth,"  
and "No, forsooth," at every word. Ye have a clean  
smock on. I like your apparel well. Is supper ready ?

*Nell.* Ay, forsooth, father.

*Hobs.* Have we a good barley bag-pudding, a piece of  
fat bacon, a good cow-heel, a hard cheese, and a brown  
loaf ?

*Nell.* All this, forsooth, and more. Ye shall have a  
posset ; but indeed the rats have spoiled your hard cheese.

*Hobs.* Now, the devil choke them ! So they have eat  
me a farthing candle the other night.

*Dudgeon (within).* What, master, master !

*Hobs.* How now, knave ? what say'st thou, Dudgeon ?

*Dud.* Here's guests come. Where's Helen ?

*Hobs.* What guests be they ?

*Dud.* A courtrol; one Ned, the King's butcher, he says, and his friend too.

*Hobs.* Ned, the King's butcher? Ha, ha! the King's butler. Take their horses and walk them, and bid them come near house. Nell, lay the cloth, and clap supper o' th' board. *[Exit NELL.*

*Enter King EDWARD and SELLINGER.*

Mass, here's Ned, indeed, and another misproud ruffian. Welcome, Ned! I like thy honesty; thou keepest promise.

*King.* I'faith, honest tanner, I'll ever keep promise with thee. Prithee, bid my friend welcome.

*Hobs.* By my troth, ye are both welcome to Tamworth. Friend, I know not your name.

*Sel.* My name is Tom Twist.

*Hobs.* Believe, ye that list. But ye are welcome both; and I like ye both well but for one thing.

*Sel.* What's that?

*Hobs.* Nay, that I keep to myself; for I sigh to see and think that pride brings many one to extruction.

*King.* Prithee, tell us thy meaning.

*Hobs.* Troth, I doubt ye ne'er came truly by all these gay rags. 'Tis not your bare wages and thin fees ye have of the King can keep ye thus fine; but either ye must rob the King privily, or his subjects openly, to maintain your probicality.

*Sel.* Think'st thou so, tanner?

*Hobs.* 'Tis no matter what I think. Come, let's go to supper. What Nell! What Dudgeon! Where be these folks?

*Enter NELL and DUDGEON, with a table covered.*

Daughter, bid my friends welcome.

*Nell.* Ye are welcome, gentlemen, as I may say.

*Sel.* I thank ye, fair maid. *[Both kiss her.*



*King.* A pretty wench, by my fay!

*Hobs.* How likest her, Ned?

*King.* I like her so well, I would ye would make me your son-in-law.

*Hobs.* And I like thee so well, Ned, that, hadst thou an occupation (for service is no heritage; a young courtier, an old beggar), I could find in my heart to cast her away upon thee; and if thou wilt forsake the court and turn tanner, or bind thyself to a shoemaker in Litchfield, I'll give thee twenty nobles ready money with my Nell, and trust thee with a dicker of leather to set up thy trade.

*Sel.* Ned, he offers ye fair, if ye have the grace to take it.

*King.* He does, indeed, Tom: and hereafter I'll tell him more.

*Hobs.* Come, sit down to supper: go to, Nell: no more sheep's eyes: ye may be caught, I tell ye: these be liquorish lads.

*Nell.* I warrant ye, father; yet in truth Ned is a very proper man, and t'other may serve; but Ned's a pearl in mine eye.

*Hobs.* Daughter, call Dudgeon and his fellows. We'll have a three-men song, to make our guests merry.

[*Exit NELL.*

Nails, what court-nols are ye? ye'll neither talk nor eat. What news at the court? Do somewhat for your meat.

*King.* Heavy news there: King Henry is dead.

*Hobs.* That's light news and merry for your master, King Edward.

*King.* But how will the Commons take it?

*Hobs.* Well, God be with good King Henry! Faith, the Commons will take it as a common thing. Death's an honest man; for he spares not the King.

For as one comes, another's ta'en away ;  
And seldom comes the better, that's all we say.

*Sel.* Shrewdly spoken, tanner, by my fay !

*Hobs.* Come, fill me a cup of mother Whetstone's  
ale ;

I may drink to my friends and drive down my tale.  
Here, Ned and Tom, I drink to ye ; and yet, if I come  
to the court, I doubt you'll not know me.

*King.* Yes, Tom shall be my surety, tanner ; I will  
know thee.

*Sel.* If thou dost not, Ned, by my troth, I beshrew  
thee.

*King.* I drink to my wife that may be.

*Sel.* Faith, Ned, thou mayest live to make her a lady.

*King.* Tush ; her father offers nothing, having no more  
children but her.

*Hobs.* I would I had not, condition she had all. But  
I have a knave to my son ; I remember him by you ;  
even such an unthrift as one of you two, that spends all  
on gay clothes and new fashions ; and no work will down  
with him, that I fear he'll be hanged. God bless you  
from a better fortune ! yet you wear such filthy breeks.  
Lord, were not this a good fashion ? yes, and would save  
many a fair penny.

*King.* Let that pass, and let us hear your song.

*Hobs.* Agreed, agreed ! Come, sol, sol, sol, fa, fa, fa !  
Say, Dudgeon.

*Here they sing the three-man's Song.*

Agincourt, Agincourt ! know ye not Agincourt ?

Where the English slew and hurt

All the French foemen ?

With our Guns and Bills brown,

Oh, the French were beat down,

Morris-pikes and Bowmen.

&c.

*Sel.* Well sung, good fellows! I would the King heard ye!

*Hobs.* So should I, faith; I should strain a note for him. Come, take away, and let's to bed. Ye shall have clean sheets, Ned; but they be coarse, good strong hemp, of my daughter's own spinning; and I tell thee, your chamber-pot must be a fair horn, a badge of our occupation; for we buy no bending pewter, nor breaking earth.

*King.* No matter, Hobs; we will not go to bed.

*Hobs.* What then?

*King.* Even what thou wilt; for it is near day.

Tanner, gramercies for our hearty cheer!  
If e'er it be thy chance to come to court,  
Enquire for me, Ned, the King's butler,  
Or Tom, of the King's chamber, my companion,  
And see what welcome we will give thee there.

*Hobs.* I have heard of courtiers have said as much as you, and when they have been tried, would not bid their friends drink.

*Sel.* We are none such. Let our horses be brought out; for we must away; and so, with thanks, farewell!

*Hobs.* Farewell to ye both! Commend me to the King; and tell him I would have been glad to have seen his worship here. [Exit.

*King.* Come, Tom, for London! horse, and hence away! [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Southampton.

*Enter* SIR HENRY MORTON, the Vice-Admiral, and the Captain of the Isle of Wight, with FALCONBRIDGE bound, the Headsman bearing the axe before him.

*Mor.* Thomas Neville, yet hast thou gracious time  
Of dear repentance. Now discharge thy conscience;

Lay open thy offences to the world,  
That we may witness thou dost die a Christian.

*Fal.* Sir Harry Morton, why have you arraign'd,  
Condemn'd, and brought me to this place  
Of bloody execution, and now ask  
If I be guilty? Therein doth appear  
What justice you have used. Call you this law?

*Capt.* Thou dost mistake our meaning, Falconbridge!  
We do not ask as being ignorant  
Of thy transgression, but as urging thee  
To hearty sorrow for thy vile misdeeds,  
That Heaven may take compassion on thy soul.

*Fal.* How charitable you would seem to be!  
I fear anon you'll say it is for love  
You bind me thus, and bring me to the block,  
And that of mere affection you are mov'd  
To cut my head off. Cunning policy!  
Such butchers as yourselves never want  
A colour to excuse your slaughterous minds.

*Mor.* We butcher thee! canst thou deny thyself  
But thou hast been a pirate on the sea?  
Canst thou deny but, with the commonalty  
Of Kent and Essex, thou didst rise in arms,  
And twice assault the city London, where  
Thou twice didst take repulse? and, since that time,  
Canst thou deny that, being fled from hence,  
Thou joined'st in confed'racy with France,  
And cam'st with them to burn Southampton here?  
Are these no faults, thou shouldst so much presume  
To clear thyself, and lay thy blood on us?

*Fal.* Hear me, Sir Harry, since we must dispute!

*Capt.* Dispute! Uncivil wretch? what needs dispute?  
Did not the Vice-Admiral here and I,  
Encount'ring with the navy of the French,  
Attach thee in a ship of Normandy;

And wilt thou stand upon thine innocence?  
Despatch! thou art as rightfully condemn'd  
As ever rebel was. And thou shalt die.

*Fal.* I make no question of it, I must die;  
But let me tell you how I scorn your threats.  
So little do I reckon of the name  
Of ugly Death, as, were he visible,  
I'd wrestle with him for the victory,  
And tug the slave, and tear him with my teeth,  
But I would make him stoop to Falconbridge;  
And for this life, this paltry brittle life,  
This blast of wind, which you have labour'd so,  
By juries, sessions, and I know not what,  
To rob me of, is of so vile repute,  
That, to obtain that I might live mine age,  
I would not give the value of a point.  
You cannot be so cruel to afflict,  
But I will be as forward to endure.

*Mor.* Go to! leave off these idle braves of thine,  
And think upon thy soul's health, Falconbridge.

*Capt.* Submit, and ask forgiveness of thy King.

*Fal.* What king?

*Mor.* Why, Edward, of the house of York.

*Fal.* He is no king of mine. He doth usurp;  
And, if the destinies had given me leave,  
I would have told him so before this time,  
And pull'd the diadem from off his head.

*Mor.* Thou art a traitor. Stop the traitor's mouth.

*Fal.* I am no traitor: Lancaster is King.  
If that be treason to defend his right,  
What is't for them that do imprison him?  
If insurrection to advance his sceptre,  
What fault is their's that step into his throne?  
Oh, God! thou pour'd'st the balm upon his head;  
Can that pure unction be wip'd off again?

Thou once didst crown him in his infancy ;  
 Shall wicked men now in his age depose him ?  
 Oh, pardon me, if I expostulate  
 More than becomes a sinful man to do !  
 England ! I fear thou wilt thy folly rue.

*Capt.* Thou triflest time, and dost but weary us  
 With dilatory questions. Make an end.

*Fal.* Indeed, the end of all kingdoms must end ;  
 Honour and riches all must have an end ;  
 And he that thinks he doth the most prevail,  
 His head once laid, there resteth but a tale.  
 Come, fellow, do thy office. What, methinks,  
 Thou look'st as if thy heart were in thy hose.  
 Pull up thy spirits : it will be quickly done ;  
 A blow, or two at most, will serve the turn.

*Head.* Forgive me, sir, your death.

*Fal.* Forgive thee ? Ay, and give thee, too.  
 Hold ; there is some few crowns for thee to drink.  
 Tush ! weep not, man : give losers leave to plain :  
 And yet, i'faith, my loss I count a gain.  
 First, let me see, is thy axe sharp enough ?

I am indifferent. Well, a God's name, to this gear.

*Head.* Come, and yield your head gently to the  
 block.

*Fal.* Gently, say'st thou ? thou wilt not use me so.  
 But all is one for that. What strength thou hast,  
 Throughout the whole proportion of thy limbs,  
 Revoke it all into thy manly arms,  
 And spare me not. I am a gentleman,  
 A Neville, and a Falconbridge beside :  
 Then do thy work : thou mayst get credit by it ;  
 For, if thou dost not, I must tell thee plain,  
 I shall be passing angry when 'tis done.

*Head.* I warrant you, sir : none in the land shall do it  
 better.

*Fal.* Why, now thou pleasest me. England, farewell!  
And, old Plantaganet, if thou survive,  
Think on my love, although it did not thrive.

[*He is led forth.*]

*Mor.* As for his head, it shall be sent with speed  
To London, and the promised reward  
Allotted for the apprehending him,  
Be given unto the poor of Southampton here.  
How say you, captain; are you so content?

*Capt.* With all my heart; but I do marvel much  
We hear not of the messenger we sent,  
To give the King intelligence of this.

*Mor.* Take truce with your surmises. Here he  
comes.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Fellow, it seems that thou art slow of gait,  
Or very negligent in our affairs.

What says King Edward to our service done?

*Mes.* To answer you directly and as briefly,  
I spoke not with him; for when I was come  
To Drayton Basset, where they said he was,  
'Twas told me there, that ev'n the night before,  
His highness in all haste was rid to London,  
The occasion, Henry's death within the Tower,  
Of which the people are in sundry tales,  
Some thinking he was murder'd, some again  
Supposing that he died a natural death.

*Mor.* Well, howsoever, that concerns not us.  
We have to do with no man's death but his,  
That for high treason here hath lost his head.  
Come, let us give direction as before,  
And afterward make back unto the shore.

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE II.—London.—The Mayor's House.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, in his scarlet gown, with a gilt rapier by his side.*

*Mayor.* Ay, marry, Crosby! this befits thee well.  
But some will marvel that, with scarlet gown,  
I wear a gilded rapier by my side :  
Why, let them know, I was knighted in the field  
For my good service to my lord the King ;  
And therefore I may wear it lawfully  
In court, in city, or at any royal banquet.  
But soft, John Crosby! thou forget'st thyself,  
And dost not mind thy birth and parentage ;  
Where thou wast born, and whence thou art derived.  
I do not shame to say the Hospital  
Of London was my chiefest fost'ring place :  
There did I learn that, near unto a Cross,  
Commonly call'd Cow Cross, near Islington,  
An honest citizen did chance to find me :  
A poor shoemaker by his trade he was ;  
And, doubting of my christendom or no,  
Call'd me according to the place he found me,  
John Crosby, finding me so by a cross.  
The Masters of the Hospital, at further years,  
Bound me apprentice to the grocer's trade,  
Wherein God pleas'd to bless my poor endeavours,  
That, by his blessing, I am come to this.  
The man that found me I have well requited,  
And to the Hospital, my fostering place,  
An hundred pound a year I give for ever.  
Likewise, in memory of me, John Crosby,  
In Bishopsgate Street, a poor House have I built,  
And, as my name, have call'd it Crosby House.  
And when as God shall take me from this life,  
In little Saint Helen's I will be buried.

All this declares I boast not of my birth ;  
 And found on earth, I must return to earth.  
 But God, for his pity ! I forget myself :  
 The King, my sovereign lord, will come anon,  
 And nothing is as yet in readiness.  
 Where are ye, cousin Shore ? nay, where is mistress  
     Shore ?

Oh, I am sorry that she stays so long !  
 See what it is to be a widower,  
 And lack a lady Mayoress in such need !

*Enter SHORE and JANE SHORE.*

Oh, are ye come ? Welcome, good cousin Shore !  
 But you indeed are welcome, gentle niece !  
 Needs must you be our lady Mayoress now,  
 And help us ; or else we are sham'd for ever.  
 Good cousin, still thus am I bold with you.

*Shore.* With all my heart, my lord, and thank ye  
     too,

That ye do please to use our homely help.

*Mayor.* Why, see how neatly she bestirs herself,  
 And, in good sooth, makes huswifery to shine !  
 Ah, had my lady Mayoress liv'd to see  
 Fair Mistress Shore thus beautify her house,  
 She would have been not little proud thereof.

*Jane.* Well, my lord Mayor, I thank you for that  
     flout :

But let his highness now come when he please,  
 All things are in a perfect readiness.

*[They bring forth a table, and serve in the banquet.]*

*Mayor.* The more am I beholding, niece, to you,  
 That take such pains to save our credit now.  
 My servants are so slack, his majesty  
 Might have been here before we were prepared.  
 But peace ! here comes his highness !

*Trumpets.—Enter King EDWARD, HOWARD, SELLINGER,  
and the train.*

*King.* Now, my lord Mayor, have we not kept our word?

Because we could not stay to dine with you,  
At our departure hence, we promisèd,  
First food we tasted at our back return  
Should be with you; still yielding hearty thanks  
To you and all our London citizens,  
For the great service which you did perform  
Against that bold-fac'd rebel, Falconbridge.

*Mayor.* My gracious lord, what then we did,  
We did account no more than was our duty,  
Thereto obligèd by true subjects' zeal;  
And may he never live that not defends  
The honour of his King and Country!  
Next thank I God, it likes your majesty  
To bless my poor roof with your royal presence.  
To me could come no greater happiness.

*King.* Thanks, good lord Mayor; but where's my lady  
Mayoress?

I hope that she will bid us welcome, too.

*Mayor.* She would, my liege, and with no little joy,  
Had she but liv'd to see this blessed day;  
But in her stead this gentlewoman here,  
My cousin's wife, that office will supply.  
How say you, Mistress Shore?

*King.* How! Mistress Shore! what, not his wife  
That did refuse his knighthood at our hand?

*Mayor.* The very same, my lord; and here he is.

*King.* What, master Shore, we are your debtor still;  
But, by God's grace, intend not so to die;  
And, gentlewoman, now before your face,  
I must condemn him of discourtesy;  
Yea, and of great wrong he hath offer'd you;

For you had been a Lady but for him.  
 He was in fault; trust me, he was to blame,  
 To hinder virtue of her due by right.

*Jane.* My gracious Lord, my poor and humble thoughts  
 Ne'er had an eye to such unworthiness;  
 And though some hold it as a maxim,  
 That women's minds by nature do aspire,  
 Yet how, both God and Master Shore, I thank  
 For my continuance in this humble state,  
 And likewise how I love your majesty  
 For gracious sufferance that it may be so,  
 Heav'n bear true record of my inmost soul!  
 Now it remains, on my lord Mayor's behalf,  
 I do such duty as becometh me,  
 To bid your highness welcome to his house.  
 Were welcome's virtue powerful in my word,  
 The King of England should not doubt thereof.

*King.* Nor do I, Mistress Shore. Now, my lord Mayor,  
 Edward dare boldly swear that he is welcome.  
 You spake the word well, very well, i'faith:  
 But Mistress Shore her tongue hath gilded it.  
 Tell me, cousin Howard, and Tom Sellinger,  
 Had ever citizen so fair a wife?

*How.* Of flesh and blood I never did behold  
 A woman every way so absolute.

*Sel.* Nor I, my liege. Were Sellinger a King,  
 He could afford Shore's wife to be a queen.

*King.* Why, how now, 'Tom? Nay, rather, how now,  
 Ned?

What change is this? proud, saucy, roving Eye,  
 What, whisper'st in my brain that she is fair?  
 I know it, I see it: fairer than my Queen?  
 Wilt thou maintain it? What, thou traitor Heart,  
 Wouldst thou shake hands in this conspiracy?  
 Down, rebel; back, base, treacherous conceit;

I will not credit thee. My Bess is fair,  
 And Shore's wife but a blowze, compar'd to her.  
 Come, let us sit; here will I take my place.  
 And, my lord Mayor, fill me a bowl of wine,  
 That I may drink to your elected Mayoress;  
 And, master Shore, tell me how like you this?  
 My lord Mayor makes your wife his lady Mayoress.

*Shore.* So well, my lord, as better cannot be,  
 All in the honour of your majesty.

*[The Lord Mayor brings a bowl of wine, and offers it to the King on his knees.]*

*King.* Nay, drink to us, Lord Mayor; we'll have it so.

Go to, I say; you are our taster now.  
 Drink, then, and we will pledge ye.

*Mayor.* All health and happiness to my sovereign!

*[drinks.]*

*King.* Fill full our cup; and, lady Mayoress,  
 This full carouse we mean to drink to you;  
 And you must pledge us; but yet no more  
 Than you shall please to answer us withall.

*[Drinks, and the trumpets sound. Then wine is presented to her, and she offers to drink.]*

Nay, you must drink to somebody; yea, Tom,  
 To thee! Well, sirrah, see you do her right.  
 For Edward would: oh, would to God he might!  
 Yet, idle Eye, wilt thou be gadding still?  
 Keep home, keep home, for fear of further ill.

*Enter a Messenger, with letters.*

How now? Letters to us! From whom?

*Mes.* My liege, this from the Duke of Burgundy,  
 And this is from the Constable of France.

*King.* What news from them? *(Reads.)*  
 To claim our right in France;

And they will aid us. Yea, will ye so?

But other aid must aid us, ere we go.

*[Seems to read the letters, but glances on  
Jane Shore while reading.]*

A woman's aid, that hath more power than France  
To crown us, or to kill us with mischance.

If chaste resolve be to such beauty tied,  
Sue how thou canst, thou wilt be still denied.

Her husband hath deservèd well of thee :

Tut ! love makes no respect, where'er it be.

Thou wrong'st thy Queen : every enforced ill

Must be endur'd, where beauty seeks to kill.

Thou seem'st to read, only to blind their eyes,

Who, knowing it, thy folly would despise.

*[Starts from table.]*

Thanks for my cheer, Lord Mayor ! I am not well :

I know not how to take these news—this fit, I mean,

That hath bereft me of all reason clean.

*Mayor.* God shield my Sovereign !

*King.* Nay, nothing. I shall be well anon.

*Jane.* May it please your highness, sit.

*King.* Ay, fain with thee. Nay, we must needs be  
gone.

Cousin Howard, convey these letters to our Council ;

And bid them give us their advice of them.

Thanks for my cheer, Lord Mayor ! farewell to you !

And farewell, mistress Shore ! Lady Mayoress, I should  
say !

'Tis you have caused our parting at this time.

Farewell, master Shore ! farewell to all !

We'll meet once more, to make amends for this.

*[Exeunt King, HOWARD, and SELLINGER.]*

*Mayor.* Oh, God ! here to be ill !

My house to cause my Sovereign's discontent !

Cousin Shore, I had rather spent——

*Shore.* Content yourself, my lord ! Kings have their humours.

The letters did contain somewhat, no doubt,  
That did displease him.

*Jane.* So, my lord, think I.

But, by God's help, he will be well again.

*Mayor.* I hope so, too. Well, cousin, for your pains,  
I can but thank ye : chiefly you, fair niece.

At night, I pray ye, both come sup with me.

How say ye ? will ye ?

*Shore.* Yes, my lord, we will.

So, for this time, we humbly take our leave.

[*Exeunt Shore and Wife.*]

*Mayor.* Oh, how the sudden sickness of my liege  
Afflicts my soul with many passions !

His highness did intend to be right merry ;

And God he knows how it would glad my soul,

If I had seen his highness satisfied

With the poor entertainment of his Mayor,

His humble vassal, whose lands, whose life, and all,

Are, and in duty must be always, his.

Well, God, I trust, will bless his grace's health,

And quickly ease him of his sudden fit.

Take away there, ho ! rid this place ;

And God of heaven bless my sovereign's grace ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Shore's Shop.—The sign of the Pelican.

*Enter two Apprentices, preparing the Goldsmith's  
Shop with plate.*

*First Ap.* Sirrah Jack, come set out.

*Sec. Ap.* You are the elder prentice ! I pray you do it,  
lest my mistress talk with you when she comes down.  
What is it o'clock ?

*First Ap.* Six, by Allhallows !



*Sec. Ap.* Lying and stealing will bring ye to the gallows. Is here all the plate?

*First Ap.* Ay, that must serve to-day. Where is the weights and balance?

*Sec. Ap.* All ready. Hark, my mistress comes.

[*Exit First Ap.*]

*Enter JANE SHORE, with her work in her hand.*

*Jane.* Sir boy! while I attend the shop myself,  
See if the workman have despatch'd the cup.  
How many ounces weighs it?

*Sec. Ap.* Twenty, forsooth.

*Jane.* What said the gentleman to the fashion?

*Sec. Ap.* He told my master. I was not within.

*Jane.* Go, sir, make haste. Your master's in Cheapside.

Take heed (ye were best) your loit'ring be not spied.

[*Exit Sec. Ap.*]

*Manet Jane, sewing. Enter the King before the shop, disguised.*

*King.* Well fare a case to put a king in yet.  
Good mistress Shore! this doth your love procure:  
This shape is secret; and I hope 'tis sure.  
The watermen that daily use the Court,  
And see me often, knew me not in this.  
At Lion-quay I landed in their view,  
Yet none of them took knowledge of the King.  
If any gallant strive to have the wall,  
I'll yield it gently. Soft; here must I turn;  
Here's Lombard Street, and here's the Pelican;  
And there's the phœnix in the pelican's nest.  
Oh, rare perfection of rich Nature's work!  
Bright twinkling spark of precious diamond,  
Of greater value than all India!

Were there no sun, by whose kind, lovely heat,  
 The earth brings forth those stones we hold of price,  
 Her radiant eyes, dejected to the ground,  
 Would turn each pebble to a diamond.  
 Gaze, greedy eyes ; and be not satisfied  
 Till you find rest where heart's desire doth bide !

*Jane.* What would you buy, sir, that you look on here ?

*King.* Your fairest jewel, be it not too dear.  
 First, how this sapphire, mistress, that you wear ?

*Jane.* Sir, it is right ; that will I warrant ye.  
 No jeweller in London shows a better.

*King.* No, nor the like ; you praise it passing well.

*Jane.* Do I? No ; if some lapidary had the stone,  
 more would not buy it than I can demand. 'Tis as well  
 set, I think, as e'er ye saw.

*King.* 'Tis set, indeed, upon the fairest hand that e'er  
 I saw.

*Jane.* You are dispos'd to jest. But for value, his  
 majesty might wear it.

*King.* Might he, i'faith ?

*Jane.* Sir, 'tis the ring I mean.

*King.* I meant the hand.

*Jane.* You are a merry man :  
 I see you come to cheap, and not to buy.

*King.* Yet he that offers fairer than I'll do,  
 Shall hardly find a partner in his bargain.

*Jane.* Perhaps, in buying things of so small value.

*King.* Rather, because no wealth can purchase it.

*Jane.* He were too fond, that would so highly prize  
 The thing which once was given away for love.

*King.* His hap was good that came so easily by it.

*Jane.* The gift so small, that (ask'd) who could deny it.

*King.* Oh, she gave more, that such a gift then gave,  
 Than earth e'er had, or world shall ever have.

*Jane.* His hap is ill, should it be as you say,

That, having given him what you rate so high,  
And yet is still the poorer by the match.

*King.* That easily proves he doth not know the worth.

*Jane.* Yet, having had the use of it so long,  
It rather proves you over-rate the thing,  
He being a chapman, as it seems you are.

*King.* Indeed, none should adventure on the thing,  
That's to be purchas'd only by a king.

*Jane.* If kings love that which no one else respects,  
It may be so; else do I see small reason  
A king should take delight in such coarse stuff.

*King.* Lives there a king that would not give his  
crown

To purchase such a kingdom of content?

*Jane.* In my conceit, right well you ask that question :  
The world, I think, contains not such fond king.

*King.* Why, mistress Shore, I am the man will do it.

*Jane.* 'Tis proudly spoke, although I'd not believe it,  
Were he king Edward that should offer it.

*King.* But shall I have it?

*Jane.* Upon what acquaintance?

*King.* Why, since I saw you last.

*Jane.* Where was that?

*King.* At the Lord Mayor's, in presence of the King.

*Jane.* I have forgotten that I saw you there ;  
For there were many that I took small note of.

*King.* Of me you did, and we had some discourse.

*Jane.* You are deceiv'd, sir ; I had then no time,  
For my attendance on his majesty.

*King.* I'll gage my hand unto your hand of that.  
Look well upon me.

[*Discovers himself.*]

*Jane.* Now, I beseech you, let this strange disguise  
Excuse my boldness to your majesty. [Kneels.  
Whatever we possess is all your highness' ;  
Only mine honour, which I cannot grant.

*King.* Only thy love, bright angel! Edward craves;  
For which I thus adventurèd to see thee.

*Enter SHORE.*

*Jane.* But here comes one to whom I only gave it;  
And he, I doubt, will say you shall not have it.

*King.* Am I so soon cut off? Oh, spite!  
How say you, mistress; will you take my offer?

*Jane.* Indeed, I cannot, sir, afford it so.

*King.* You'll not be offer'd fairlier, I believe.

*Jane.* Indeed, you offer like a gentleman;  
But yet the jewel will not so be left.

*Shore.* Sir, if you bid not too much under-foot,  
I'll drive the bargain 'twixt you and my wife.

*King.* (*aside.*) Alas, good Shore, myself dare answer  
No.

Nothing can make thee such a jewel forego.

(*Aloud.*) She saith you shall be too much loser by it.

*Shore.* See in the Row, then, if you can speed better.

*King.* See many worlds arow, affords not like.

[*Exit. As he is going, Shore perceives it is the King,  
whereat he seems greatly discontented.*]

*Jane.* Why look'st thou, Mat? know'st thou the  
gentleman?

Alas! what ails thee, that thou look'st so pale?

What cheer, sweetheart? alas! where hast thou been?

*Shore.* Nay, nothing, Jane. Know you the gentleman?

*Jane.* Not I, sweetheart. Alas! why do you ask?

Is he thine enemy?

*Shore.* I cannot tell.

What came he here to cheapen at our shop?

*Jane.* This jewel, love.

*Shore.* Well, I pray God he came for nothing else.

*Jane.* Why, who is it? I do suspect him, Shore,  
That you demand thus doubtfully of me.

*Shore.* Ah, Jane, it is the King.

*Jane.* The King! what then? is it for that thou sighest?

Were he a thousand kings, thou hast no cause  
To fear his presence, or suspect my love.

*Shore.* I know I have not. See, he comes again.

*Re-enter the King, muffled in his cloak.*

*King.* Still is my hind'rer there! be patient, heart!  
Some fitter season must assuage thy smart.  
What! will ye take that, mistress, which I offer'd ye?  
I come again, sir, as one willing to buy.

*Jane.* Indeed, I cannot, sir; I pray ye  
Deal with my husband. Hear what he will say.

*Shore.* I'll sell it worth your money, if you please.  
I pray you, come near, sir.

*King.* I am too near already, thou so near.  
Nay, nay, she knows what I did offer her;  
And, in good sadness, I can give no more.  
So fare ye well, sir; I'll not deal with you. [*Exit.*]

*Jane.* You are deceiv'd, sweetheart. 'Tis not the  
King.

Think you he would adventure thus alone?

*Shore.* I do assure thee, Jane, it is the King.  
Oh, God! 'twixt the extremes of love and fear,  
In what a shiv'ring ague sits my soul!  
Keep we our treasure secret, yet so fond  
As set so rich a beauty as this is  
In the wide view of ev'ry gazer's eye!  
Oh, traitor beauty, oh, deceitful good!  
That dost conspire against thyself and love:  
No sooner got, but wish'd again of others!  
In thine own self injurious to thy self!  
Oh, rich, poor portion! thou good evil thing!  
How many joyful woes still dost thou bring!

*Jane.* I prithee, come, sweet love, and sit by me.  
No king that's under heaven I love like thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Country.

*Enter Sir HUMPHREY BOWES and ASTON, two Justices,  
HARRY GRUDGEN, ROBERT GOODFELLOW, HADLAND,  
and HOBBS.*

*Bowes.* Neighbours and friends! the cause that you  
are called  
Concerns the King's most excellent majesty,  
Whose right, you know, by his progenitors,  
Unto the crown and sovereignty of France,  
Is wrongfully detainèd by the French ;  
Which to revenge and royally regain,  
His highness means to put himself in arms,  
And in his princely person to conduct  
His warlike troops against the enemy.  
But for his coffers are unfurnishèd,  
Through civil discord and intestine war,  
Whose bleeding scars our eyes may yet behold,  
He prays his faithful, loving subjects' help,  
To further this his just, great enterprize.

*Hobs.* So the'feck and meaning, whereby, as it were,  
of all your long purgation, Sir Humphrey, is no more,  
in some respect, but the King wants money, and would  
have some of his commonty.

*Bowes.* Tanner, you rightly understand the matter.

*Ast.* Note this, withal ; where his dread majesty,  
Our lawful sovereign and most royal king,  
Might have exacted or impos'd a tax,  
Or borrow'd greater sums than we can spare,  
(For all we have is at his dread command)  
He doth not so ; but mildly doth entreat  
Our kind benevolence, what we will give,



With willing minds, towards this mighty charge,

*Enter* LORD HOWARD.

Which to receive, his noble counsellor  
And kinsman, the Lord Howard, here is come.

*How.* Now, good Sir Humphrey Bowes and Master  
Aston,

Have ye declared the King's most gracious pleasure?

*Bowes.* We have, my lord.

*How.* His highness will not force

As loan or tribute, but will take your gift

In grateful part, and recompence your love.

*Bowes.* To show my love, though money now be scarce,  
A hundred pound I'll give his majesty.

*How.* 'Tis well, Sir Humphrey.

*Ast.* I a hundred marks.

*How.* Thanks, master Aston; you both show your love.

Now ask your neighbours what they will bestow.

*Bowes.* Come, master Hadland, your Benevolence.

*Had.* Oh, good Sir Humphrey, do not rack my purse.

You know my state: I lately sold my land.

*Ast.* Then you have money: let the King have part.

*Hobs.* Ay, do, master Hadland, do. They say ye sold  
a foul deal of dirty land for fair gold and silver. Let  
the King have some now, while you have it; for, if ye be  
forborne a while, all will be spent; for he that cannot  
keep land, that lies fast, will have much ado to hold  
money: 'tis slippery ware; 'tis melting ware; 'tis melt-  
ing ware.

*How.* Gramercy, tanner!

*Bowes.* Say, what shall we have?

*Had.* My forty shillings.

*Ast.* Robert Goodfellow,

I know you will be liberal to the King.

*Good.* O, Master Aston! be content, I pray ye:



You know my charge ; my household very great ;  
 And my housekeeping holds me very bare ;  
 Three score uprising and downlying, sir,  
 Spends no small store of victuals in a year ;  
 Two brace of grayhounds, twenty couple of hounds ;  
 And then my jades devour a deal of corn ;  
 My Christmas cost ; and then my friends that come,  
 Amounts to charge ; I am Robin Goodfellow,  
 That welcomes all and keeps a frolick house.  
 I have no money. Pray ye, pardon me.

*How.* Here's a plain tanner can teach you how to thrive.

Keep fewer dogs, and then ye may feed men :  
 Yet feed no idle men ; 'tis needless charge :  
 You that on hounds and hunting-mates will spend,  
 No doubt but something to your King you'll lend.

*Good.* My brace of angels : by my troth, that's all.

*Hobs.* Mass, and 'tis well the curs have left so much.  
 I thought they would have eaten up thy house and land ere this.

*Bowes.* Now, Harry Grudgen.

*Grud.* What would you have of me ? Money, I have none ; and I'll sell no stock. Here's old polling, subsidy, fifteen, soldiers and to the poor ! And you may have your will, you'll soon shut me out a door.

*Hobs.* Hear ye, worships ! will ye let me answer my neighbour Grudgen ? By my halidome, Harry Grudgen ! th'art but a grumbling, grudging churl : thou hast two ploughs going, and ne'er a cradle rocking ; th'ast a peck of money, go to ; turn thee loose ; thou'lt go to law with the vicar for a tythe goose, and wilt not spare the King four or five pound.

*Grud.* Gep, goodman Tanner, are ye so round ? your prolicateness has brought your son to the gallows almost. You can be frank of another man's cost.

*Hobs.* Th'art no honest man, to twit me with my son : he may outlive thee yet, for aught that he has done : my son's i'th' gaol : is he the first has been there ? And thou wert a man, as th'art a beast, I would have thee by the ears. [*Weeps.*]

*How.* Friend, thou want'st nurture to upbraid a father With a son's fault. We sit not here for this. What's thy benevolence towards his majesty ?

*Hobs.* His benegligence ? hang him, he'll not give a penny willingly.

*Grud.* I care not much to cast away forty pence.

*How.* Out, grudging peasant ! base, ill-nurtur'd groom !

Is this the love thou bear'st unto the King ?

Gentlemen, take notice of the slave ;

And if he fault, let him be soundly plagued.

Now, frolick tanner, what wilt thou afford ?

*Hobs.* Twenty old angels and a score of hides ; if that be too little, take twenty nobles more. While I have it, my King shall spend of my store.

*How.* The King shall know thy loving liberal heart.

*Hobs.* Shall he, i'faith ? I thank ye heartily : but hear ye, gentlemen, you come from the court ?

*How.* I do.

*Hobs.* Lord, how does the King ? and how does Ned, the King's butler, and Tom, of his Chamber ? I am sure ye know them.

*How.* They do very well.

*Hobs.* For want of better guests, they were at my house one night.

*How.* I know they were.

*Hobs.* They promised me a good turn for kissing my daughter Nell ; and now I ha' cazon to try them. My son's in Dybell here, in Caperdochy, i' tha gaol, for peep- ing into another man's purse ; and, outstep the King be

miserable, he's like to totter. Can that same Ned, the butler, do any thing with the King?

*How.* More than myself, or any other lord.

*Hobs.* A halter, he can! by my troth, ye rejoyce my heart to hear it.

*How.* Come to the Court: I warrant thy son's life: Ned will save that, and do thee greater good.

*Hobs.* I'll wean Brock, my mare's foal, and come up to the King; and it shall go hard but two fat hens for your pains I will bring.

*Bowes.* My lord, this fellow gladly now will give Five pounds, so you will pardon his rude speech.

*How.* For five and five I cannot brook the beast.

*Grud.* What gives the tanner? I am as able as he.

*Ast.* He gives ten pound.

*Grud.* Take twenty then of me.

I pray ye, my lord, forgive my rough-heav'd speech.

I wis, I meant no hurt unto my liege.

*Bowes.* Let us entreat your lordship's patience.

*How.* I do, at your request, remit the offence; So let's depart: here's all we have to do.

*Ast.* 'Tis, for this time and place, my lord. Sirrah, bring your money.

*Hobs.* What have you saved now, good man Grudgen, by your hinching and your pinching? not the worth of a black pudding. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Shore's House.

*Enter* JANE SHORE *and* Mrs. BLAGUE.

*Mrs. Bla.* Now, mistress Shore, what urgent cause is that

Which made ye send for me in such great haste?

I promise ye, it made me half afraid  
You were not well.

*Jane.* Trust me, nor sick nor well,  
But troubled still with the disease I told ye.  
Here is another letter from the King.  
Was never poor soul so importuned?

*Mrs. Bla.* But will no answer serve?

*Jane.* No, mistress Blague; no answer will suffice.  
He, he it is, that with a violent siege  
Labours to break into my plighted faith.  
Oh, what am I, he should so much forget  
His royal state and his high majesty?  
Still doth he come disguised to my house,  
And in most humble terms bewrays his love.  
My husband grieves: alas! how can he choose?  
Fearing the dispossession of his Jane.  
And when he cannot come (for him) he writes,  
Off'ring, beside, incomparable gifts;  
And all to win me to his princely will.

*Mrs. Bla.* Believe me, Mistress Shore, a dangerous  
case;

And every way replete with doubtful fear.  
If you should yield, your virtuous name were soiled,  
And your belovèd husband made a scorn;  
And if not yield, 'tis likely that his love,  
Which now admires ye, will convert to hate;  
And who knows not, a prince's hate is death?  
Yet I will not be she shall counsel ye:  
Good mistress Shore, do what ye will for me.

*Jane.* Then counsel me what I were best to do.

*Mrs. Bla.* You know, his greatness can dispense with ill,  
Making the sin seem lesser by his worth;  
And you yourself, your children, and your friends,  
Be all advanc'd to worldly dignity;  
And this world's pomp, you know, 's a goodly thing.

Yet I will not be she shall counsel ye :  
 Good mistress Shore, do what ye will for me.

*Jane.* Alas ! I know that I was bound by oath  
 To keep the promise that I made at first ;  
 And virtue lives, when pomp consumes to dust.

*Mrs. Bla.* So we do say, dishonour is no shame,  
 When slander does not touch th' offender's name.  
 You shall be folded in a prince's arms,  
 Whose beck disperseth ev'n the greatest harms.  
 Many, that sit themselves in high degree,  
 Will then be glad to stoop and bend the knee.  
 And who is't, having plenty in his hand,  
 (Never commanded, but doth still command)  
 That cannot work in such excess of things,  
 To quit the guilt one small transgression brings ?  
 Yet I will not be she shall counsel ye :  
 Good mistress Shore, do what ye will for me.

*Jane.* Here do I live, although in mean estate,  
 Yet with a conscience free from all debate ;  
 Where higher footing may in time procure  
 A sudden fall, and mix my sweet with sour.

*Mrs. Bla.* True, I confess a private life is good,  
 Nor would I otherwise be understood.  
 To be a goldsmith's wife is some content ;  
 But days in court more pleasantly are spent.  
 A household's government deserves renown,  
 But what is a companion to a crown ?  
 The name of Mistress is a pretty thing,  
 But Madam at each word doth glory bring.  
 Yet I will not be she shall counsel ye :  
 Good Mistress Shore, do what ye will for me.

*Jane.* Oh, that I knew which were the best of twain,  
 Which for I do not, I am sick with pain !

*Enter her Boy.*

How now, sir boy, what is the news with you ?

*Boy.* The gentleman, forsooth, the other day,  
That would have bought the jewel at our stall,  
Is here to speak with ye.

*Jane.* Oh, God! it is the King.  
Good mistress Blague, withdraw ye from this place :  
I'll come anon, so soon as he is gone.  
And, sirrah, get you to the shop again. [Exit *Boy.*

*Mrs. Bla.* Now, mistress Shore, bethink ye what to do.  
Such suitors come not ev'ry day to woo. [Exit.

*Enter the King, in his former disguise.*

*King.* Thou may'st convict me, beauty's pride, of  
boldness,  
That I intrude like an unbidden guest ;  
But, Love being guide, my fault will seem the less.

*Jane.* Most welcome to your subject's homely roof !  
The foot, my sovereign, seldom doth offend,  
Unless the heart some other hurt intend.

*King.* The most thou see'st is hurt unto myself :  
How for thy sake is majesty disrob'd !  
Riches made poor and dignity brought low,  
Only that thou might'st our affection know !

*Jane.* The more pity, that, within the sky,  
The sun that should all other vapours dry,  
And guide the world with his most glorious night,  
Is muffled up himself in wilful night.

*King.* The want of thee, fair Cynthia, is the cause.  
Spread thou thy silver-brightness in the air,  
And strait the gladsome morning will appear.

*Jane.* I may not wander. He, that guides my car,  
Is an immovèd, constant, fixèd Star.

*King.* But I will give that Star a Comet's name,  
And shield both thee and him from further blame.

*Jane.* How if the Host of Heav'n at this abuse  
Repine? who can the prodigy excuse?



*King.* It lies within the compass of my power,  
 To dim their envious eyes, dare seem to lour.  
 But, leaving this our enigmatic talk,  
 Thou must, sweet Jane, repair unto the Court.  
 His tongue entreats, controls the greatest peer :  
 His hand plights love, a royal sceptre holds ;  
 And in his heart he hath confirm'd thy good,  
 Which may not, must not, shall not be withstood.

*Jane.* If you enforce me, I have nought to say ;  
 But wish I had not liv'd to see this day.

*King.* Blame not the time. Thou shalt have cause to  
 joy !

Jane, in the ev'ning I will send for thee,  
 And thou and thine shall be advanc'd by me :  
 In sign whereof, receive this true-love kiss.  
 Nothing ill meant, there can be no amiss. [*Exit.*

*Jane.* Well, I will in ; and ere the time begin,  
 Learn how to be repentant for my sin. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—The Mayor's House.

*Enter Lord Mayor, SHORE, and EMERSLEY.*

*Mayor.* But, cousin Shore ! are ye assured it was the  
 King you saw in such disguise ?

*Shore.* Do I know you, the uncle of my wife ?  
 Know I Frank Emersley, her brother here ?  
 So surely do I know that counterfeit  
 To be the King.

*Em.* Well, admit all this,  
 And that his majesty, in such disguise,  
 Please to survey the manner of our city,  
 Or what occasion else ma like himself :  
 Methinks you have small reason, brother Shore,  
 To be displeas'd thereat.

*Mayor.* Oh, I have found him now.



Because my niece, his wife, is beautiful,  
And well respected for her virtuous parts,  
He, in his fond conceit, misdoubts the King  
Doth doat on her, in his affection.  
I know not, cousin, how she may be chang'd,  
By any cause in your procuring it,  
From the fair carriage of her wonted course ;  
But well I wot, I have oft heard you say,  
She merited no scruple of mislike.  
If now some giddy fancy in your brain  
Make you conceive sinisterly of her,  
And with a person of such difference,  
I tell you, cousin, more for her respect  
Than to soothe you in such a sottishness,  
I would reveal ye open to the world,  
And let your folly justly plague yourself.

*Shore.* Uncle, you are too forward in your rage,  
And much mistake me in this suddenness.  
Your niece's reputation have I prized,  
And shrinèd as devoutly in my soul,  
As you or any that it can concern.  
Nor when I tell you that it is the King  
Comes muffled like a common serving-man,  
Do I infer thereby my wife is false,  
Or swerves one jot from wonted modesty.  
Though in my shop she sit, more to respect  
Her servants' duty, than for any skill  
She doth, or can pretend, in what we trade,  
Is it not strange, that, ever when he comes,  
It is to her, and will not deal with me ?  
Oh, uncle, Frank, nay, would all her kin  
Were here, to censure of my cause aright.  
Though I misdeem not her, yet give me leave  
To doubt what his sly walking may intend.  
And let me tell ye, he that is possess'd

Of such a beauty, fears undermining guests ;  
 Especially a mighty one, like him,  
 Whose greatness may gild over ugly sin.  
 But say his coming is not to my wife,  
 Then hath he some sly aiming at my life,  
 By false compounded metals, or light gold,  
 Or else some other trifle to be sold.  
 When kings themselves so narrowly do pry  
 Into the world, men fear ; and why not I ?

*Em.* Believe me, brother, in this doubtful case,  
 I know not well how I should answer ye.  
 I wonder, in this serious busy time  
 Of this great gatherèd Benevolence  
 For his regaining of his right in France,  
 The day and nightly turmoil of his lords,  
 Yea, of the whole estate in general,  
 He can be sparèd from these great affairs,  
 And wander here disguisèd in this sort.  
 But is not this your boy ?

*Enter Boy.*

*Shore.* Yes, marry, is it. How now ; what news with thee ?

*Boy.* Master, my mistress, by a nobleman,  
 Is sent for to the King, in a close coach.  
 She's gone with him. These are the news I bring.

*Mayor.* How ! my niece sent for to the King ?  
 By a nobleman, and she is gone with him ?  
 Nay, then, I like it not.

*Em.* How ! gone, say'st thou ?

*Shore.* Be patient, uncle ! storm not, gentle Frank.  
 The wrong is mine. By whom ? A king.  
 To talk of such it is no common thing.  
 She is gone, thou say'st ?

*Boy.* Yes, truly, sir : 'tis so.

*Shore.* I cannot help it ; a God's name, let her go.  
 You cannot help it, uncle ; no, nor you.  
 Where kings are meddlers, meaner men must rue.  
 I storm against it? no ; farewell, Jane Shore !  
 Once thou wast mine ; but must be so no more.

*Mayor.* Gone to the Court ! [*Exit.*

*Shore.* Yet, uncle, will ye rage?  
 Let mine example your high heart assuage.  
 'To note offences in a mighty man  
 It is enough ; amend it he that can.  
 Frank Emersley ! my wife thy sister was ;  
 Lands, goods, and all I have, to thee I pass,  
 Save that poor portion, must along with me,  
 To bear me from this badge of obloquy.  
 It never shall be said that Matthew Shore  
 A king's dishonour in his bonnet wore.

*Em.* Good brother.

*Shore.* Strive not to change me, for I am resolved,  
 And will not tarry. England, fare thou well !  
 And, Edward, for requiting me so well——  
 But dare I speak of him? forbear, forbear.  
 Come, Frank, I will surrender all to thee,  
 And then abroad, where'er my fortune be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Palace.

*Enter King EDWARD, HOWARD, SELLINGER, &c.*

*King.* And have our country-subjects been so frank  
 And bountiful in their Benevolence  
 Toward our present expedition?  
 Thanks, cousin Howard, for thy pains herein :  
 We will have letters sent to ev'ry shire  
 Of thankful gratitude, that they may know  
 How highly we respect their gentleness.

*How.* One thing, my lord, I had well near forgot :

Your pleasant host, the Tanner of Tamworth.

*King.* What of him, cousin ?

*How.* He was right liberal :

Twenty old angels did he send your grace ;  
And others, seeing him so bountiful,  
Stretch'd further than they otherwise had done.

*King.* Trust me, I must requite that honest Tanner.  
Oh, had he kept his word and come to Court,  
Then, in good sadness, we had had good sport.

*How.* That is not long, my lord, which comes at  
last.

He's come to London, on an earnest cause.  
His son lies prisoner in Stafford Jail,  
And is condemnèd for a robbery.  
Your highness' pardoning his son's offence,  
May yield the Tanner no mean recompence.

*King.* But who hath seen him since he came to  
town ?

*Sel.* My lord, in Holborn 'twas my hap to see him,  
Gazing about. I sent away my men ;  
And, clapping on one of their livery cloaks,  
Came to him ; and the Tanner knew me strait.  
“ How dost thou, Tom ? ” and “ How doth Ned ? ”  
quoth he ;

“ That honest, merry hangman, how doth he ? ”  
I, knowing that your majesty intended  
This day in person to come to the Tower,  
There bade him meet me, whereas Ned and I  
Would bring him to the presence of the King,  
And there procure a pardon for his son.

*King.* Have then a care we be not seen of him,  
Until we be provided for the purpose ;  
Because, once more we'll have a little sport.  
Tom Sellinger, let that care be yours.

*Sel.* I warrant ye, my lord. Let me alone.

*Enter the Lord Mayor.*

*King.* Welcome, lord Mayor! what, have you signified  
Our thankfulness unto our citizens,  
For their late-gatherèd Benevolence?

*Mayor.* Before the citizens in our Guildhall,  
Master Recorder made a good oration,  
Of thankful gratitude unto them all,  
Which they receivèd with so kind respect  
And love unto your royal majesty,  
As it appear'd to us they sorrowèd  
Their bounty to your highness was no more.

*King.* Lord Mayor, thanks to yourself and them!  
And go ye with us now unto the Tower,  
To see the order that we shall observe  
In this so needful preparation;  
The better may you signify to them  
What need there was of their Benevolence.

*Mayor.* I'll wait upon your gracious majesty.

*(Aside.)* Yet there is one thing that much grieveth me.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—The Waterside.

*Enter SHORE and two Watermen, bearing his trunks.*

*Shore.* Go, honest fellow; bear my trunks aboard;  
And tell the master I'll come presently.

*Enter JANE SHORE, lady-like attired, with divers supplications in her hand, she unpinning her Mask, and attended on by many Suitors; namely, AYRE, PALMER, JOCKY, RUFFORD, &c.*

*First Waterman.* We will, sir. But what lady have  
we here?

Belike she is of no mean countenance,  
That hath so many Suitors waiting on her.

*Shore.* Go, one of you, I pray ye, inquire her name.

*First Waterman.* My honest friend, what Lady call ye this?

*Ayre.* Her name is Mistress Shore, the king's beloved ;  
A special friend to suitors at the court.

*Shore.* Her name is mistress Shore, the King's beloved !  
Where shall I hide my head, or stop mine ears,  
But like an owl I shall be wonder'd at ?  
When she with me was wont to walk the streets,  
The people then, as she did pass along,  
Would say, " There goes fair, modest, mistress Shore."'  
When she attended like a city dame,  
Was prais'd of matrons. So that citizens,  
When they would speak of aught unto their wives,  
Fetch'd their example still from mistress Shore.  
But now she goes deck'd in her courtly robes.  
This is not she, that once in seemly black  
Was the chaste, sober wife of Matthew Shore ;  
For now she is King Edward's concubine.  
Oh, great ill title, honourable shame !  
Her good I had ; but, King, her ill is thine :  
Once Shore's true wife ; now Edward's concubine.  
Amongst the rest, I'll note her new behaviour.

*[All this while, she stands conferring privately with her  
Suitors, and looking on their bills.]*

*Ayre.* Good mistress Shore, remember my son's life.

*Jane.* What is thy name?

*Ayre.* My name is Thomas Ayre.

*Jane.* There is his pardon, signèd by the King.

*Ayre.* In sign of humble, hearty thankfulness,  
Take this, in angels, twenty pound.

*Jane.* What, think ye that I buy and sell for bribes  
His highness' favour, or his subjects' blood ?  
No ; without gifts, God grant I may do good !  
For all my good cannot redeem my ill ;  
Yet to do good I will endeavour still.

*Shore. (aside.)* Yet all this good doth but gild o'er  
my ill.

*Pal.* Mistress, the restitution of my lands,  
Taken perforce by his highness' officers.

*Jane.* The King's content your goods shall be restored,  
But the officers will hardly yield thereto.  
Yet be content; I'll see ye have no wrong.

*Shore. (aside.)* Thou can'st not say to me so. I have  
wrong.

*Jocky.* Mistress, gude faith, gin ye'll help me til my  
laund, whilk the false loon, Billy Grime of Glendale, hauds  
wringfully fra me, I's quite your gudeness with a bonny  
nag, sall swum away so deftly as the wind.

*Jane.* Your suit, my friend, requires a longer time.  
Yet, since you dwell so far, to ease your charge,  
Your diet with my servants you may take;  
And some relief I'll get thee of the King.

*Shore. (aside.)* It's cold relief thou gett'st me from  
the King.

*Jocky.* Now, God's blessing light on that gudely fair  
face. I's be your beadsman, mistress; ay, indeed, sall I.

*Pal.* God bless the care you have of doing good!

*Ayre.* Pity she should miscarry in her life,  
That bears so sweet a mind in doing good.

*Shore. (aside.)* So say I, too. Ah, Jane, this kills my  
heart,

That thou reck's others, and not ru'st my smart.

*Ruf.* Mistress, I fear you have forgot my suit.

*Jane.* Oh, 'tis for a licence to transport corn  
From this land, and lead, to foreign realms.  
I had your bill; but I have torn your bill;  
And 'twere no shame, I think, to tear your ears,  
That care not how you wound the commonwealth.  
The poor must starve for food, to fill your purse,  
And the enemy bandy bullets of our lead!



No, master Rufford, I'll not speak for you,  
Except it be to have you punished.

*Jocky.* By the mess, a deft lass ! Christ's benison light  
on her !

*[She espies her husband, walking aloof, and  
takes him for another Suitor.]*

*Jane.* Is that another Suitor ? I have no bill of his.  
Go, one of you, and know what he would have.

*Shore.* Yes, Jane ! the bill of my obligèd faith :  
And I had thine ; but thou hast cancell'd it.

*[Here she knows him, and, lamenting, comes to him.]*

*Jane.* Oh, God, it is my husband, kind Matthew  
Shore !

*Shore.* Ah, Jane, what's he dare say he is thy husband ?  
Thou wast a wife, but now thou art not so ;  
Thou wast a maid, a maid when thou wast wife ;  
Thou wast a wife, ev'n when thou wast a maid ;  
So good, so modest, and so chaste thou wast !  
But now thou art divorc'd, whiles yet he lives,  
That was thy husband, while thou wast his wife.  
Thy wifehood stain'd, by thy dishonour'd life ;  
For now thou art nor widow, maid, nor wife.

*Jane.* I must confess, I yielded up my fort,  
Wherein lay all the riches of my joy ;  
But yet, sweet Shore, before I yielded it,  
I did endure the long'st and greatest siege  
That ever batter'd on poor chastity.  
And but to him that did assault the same,  
For ever it had been invincible.  
But I will yield it back again to thee.  
He cannot blame me, though it be so done,  
To lose by me, what first by me was won.

*Shore.* No, Jane, there is no place allow'd for me,  
Where once a king has ta'en possession.  
Mean men brook not a rival in their love ;

Much less so high unrivall'd majesty.  
 A concubine to one, so great as Edward,  
 Is far too great to be the wife of Shore.

*Jane.* I will refuse the pleasures of the Court.  
 Let me go with thee, Shore, though not as wife,  
 (Yet as thy slave) since I have lost that name.  
 I will redeem the wrong that I have done thee,  
 With my true service, if thou wilt accept it.

*Shore.* Thou go with me, Jane? Oh, God forbid  
 That I should be a traitor to my King!  
 Shall I become a felon to his pleasures,  
 And fly away, as guilty of the theft?  
 No, my dear Jane, I say it may not be.  
 Oh, what have subjects that is not their kings?  
 I'll not examine his prerogative.

*Jane.* Why, then, sweet Mat, let me entreat thee,  
 stay.

What is't with Edward that I cannot do?  
 I'll make thee wealthier than e'er Richard was,  
 That entertain'd the three great'st kings in Europe,  
 And feasted them in London on a day.  
 Ask what thou wilt; were it a million,  
 That may content thee; thou shalt have it, Shore.

*Shore.* Indeed, this were some comfort to a man  
 That tasted want or worldly misery;  
 But I have lost what wealth cannot return.  
 All worldly losses are but toys to mine;  
 Oh, all my wealth! The loss of *thee* was more  
 Than ever time or fortune can restore.  
 Therefore, sweet Jane, farewell! once thou wast mine;  
 Too rich for me; and that King Edward knew.  
 Adieu, O world! he shall deceiv'd be,  
 That puts his trust in women or in thee. [Exit.]

*Jane.* Oh, Shore, farewell, poor heart; in death I'll tell  
 I ever lov'd thee, Shore! farewell, farewell! [Exit.]

## SCENE V.—The Tower.

*Enter King EDWARD, Lord Mayor, HOWARD, SELLINGER, and the train.*

*King.* Having awak'd forth of their sleepy dens  
Our drowsy cannons, which, ere long, shall charm  
The watchful French with death's eternal sleep;  
And, all things else in readiness for France,  
Awhile we will give truce unto our care.  
There is a merry Tanner near at hand,  
With whom we mean to be a little merry.  
Therefore, Lord Mayor, and you, my worthy friends,  
I must entreat you not to knowledge me.  
No man stand bare—all as companions.  
Give me a cloak, that I may be disguised.  
Tom Sellinger, go thou and take another.  
So, Tanner! now come when ye please; we are provided.  
And in good time; see, he is come already.

*Enter Hobs.*

Tom Sellinger, go thou and meet him.

*Sel.* What, John Hobs! welcome, i'faith, to Court.

*Hobs.* Gramercies, honest Tom: where is the hangman,  
Ned?

Where is that mad rascal? shall I not see him?

*Sel.* See where he stands: that same is he.

*Hobs.* What, Ned? a plague found thee! how dost thou,  
for a villain? how dost thou, mad rogue? and how?  
and how?

*King.* In health, John Hobs; and very glad to see thee;

But say, what wind drove thee to London?

*Hobs.* Ah, Ned, I was brought hither with a whirlwind,  
man: my son, my son; did I not tell thee I had a knave  
to my son?

*King.* Yes, tanner; what of him?

*Hobs.* Faith, he's in Capperdochy, Ned, in Stafford Jail, for a robbery; and is like to be hanged, except thou get the King to be more miserable to him.

*King.* If that be all, tanner, I'll warrant him.  
I will procure his pardon of the King.

*Hobs.* Wilt thou, Ned? for those good words, see what my daughter Nell hath sent thee: a handkercher wrought with as good Coventry-silk blue thread, as ever thou sawest!

*King.* And I perhaps may wear it, for her sake,  
In better presence than thou art aware of.

*Hobs.* How, Ned? a better present! that thou can'st not have, for silk, cloth, and workmanship. Why, Nell made it, man. But, Ned, is not the King in this company? What's he in the long beard and the red petticoat? Before God, I misdoubt, Ned, that is the King. I know it by my Lord What-ye-call's players.

*King.* How by them, tanner?

*Hobs.* Ever when they play an enterlout or a commodity at Tamworth, the King always is in a long beard and a red gown, like him. Therefore, I 'spect him to be the King.

*King.* No, trust me, tanner, this is not the King;  
But thou shalt see the King before thou goest,  
And have a pardon for thy son, too, with thee.  
This man is the Lord Mayor, Lord Mayor of London.  
Here was the Recorder too; but he is gone.

*Hobs.* What nicknames these court-nols have! Mare and Corder, quotha! we have no such at Lichfield. There is the honest Bailiff and his brethren. Such words 'gree best with us.

*King.* My lord Mayor, I pray ye, for my sake,  
To bid this honest tanner welcome.

*Mayor.* You are welcome, my honest friend.

In sign whereof, I pray you see my house,  
And sup with me this night.

*Hobs.* I thank ye, Goodman Mayor; but I care not for no meat. My stomach is like to a sick swine's, that will neither eat nor drink till she know what shall become of her pig. Ned and Tom, you promised me a good turn when I came to Court. Either do it now, or go hang yourselves.

*King.* No sooner comes the King, but I will do it.

*Sel.* I warrant thee, tanner; fear not thy son's life.

*Hobs.* Nay, I fear not his life; I fear his death.

*Enter the Master of St. Katharine's and the Widow*  
NORTON.

*Master.* All health and happiness to my sovereign!

*King.* The Master of St. Katharine's hath marred all.

*Hobs.* Out, alas! that ever I was born!

*[Falls into a swoon: they labour to revive him,  
meanwhile the King puts on his robes.]*

*King.* Look to the tanner, there, he takes no harm.  
I would not have him (for my crown) miscarry.

*Widow.* Let me come to him, by my King's good leave.  
Here's ginger, honest man; bite it.

*Hobs.* Bite ginger! bite ginger! bite a dog's date. I am but a dead man. Ah, my liege! that you should deal so with a poor well-meaning man: but it makes no matter; I can but die.

*King.* But when, tanner? can'st thou tell?

*Hobs.* Nay, even when you please; for I have so defended ye, by calling ye plain Ned, mad rogue, and rascal, that I know you'll have me hanged. Therefore, make no more ado, but send me down to Stafford, and there, a God's name, hang me with my son. And here's another as honest as yourself. You made me call him plain Tom: I warrant, his name is Thomas, and some

man of worship too. Therefore, let's to it, even when and where ye will.

*King.* Tanner, attend! Not only do we pardon thee, But in all princely kindness welcome thee; And thy son's trespass do we pardon too. One go and see that forthwith it be drawn Under our seal of England, as it ought. And forty pounds we give thee, to defray Thy charges in thy coming up to London. Now, tanner, what say'st thou to us?

*Hobs.* Marry, you speak like an honest man, if you mean what you say.

*King.* We mean it, tanner, on our royal word. Now, Master of St. Katharine's, what would you?

*Master.* My gracious lord, the great benevolence (Though small to that your subjects could afford) Of poor St. Katharine's do I bring your grace. Five hundred pounds here have they sent by me, For the easier portage, all in angel gold. What this good widow, mistress Norton, will, She comes herself, and brings her gift with her.

*Widow.* Pardon me, gracious lord! Presumption, Nor overweening in mine own conceit, Makes me thus bold to come before your grace; But love and duty to your majesty, And great desire to see my lord the King. Our Master, here, spake of benevolence, And said my twenty nobles was enough. I thought not so; but at your highness' feet, A widow's mite, a token of her zeal, In humble duty, gives you twenty pound.

*King.* Now, by my crown, a gallant lusty girl! Of all the exhibition yet bestowed, This woman's liberality likes me best. Is thy name Norton?

*Widow.* Ay, my gracious liege.



*King.* How long hast thou been a widow?

*Widow.* It is, my lord,  
Since I did bury Wilkin, my good man,  
At Shrovetide next, ev'n just a dozen years.

*King.* In all which space, could'st thou not find a man,  
On whom thou might'st bestow thyself again?

*Widow.* Not any like my Wilkin, whose dear love  
I know is matchless: in respect of whom  
I think not any worthy of a kiss.

*King.* No, widow? that I'll try. How like you this?  
[*Kisses her.*

*Widow.* Beshrew my heart, it was a honey kiss,  
Able to make an aged woman young;  
And for the same, most sweet and lovely prince,  
See what the widow gives you from her store!  
Forty old angels but for one kiss more.

*King.* Marry, widow, and thou shalt have it. John  
Hobs, thou art a widower: lack'st thou such a wife!

*Hobs.* 'Snails! twenty pound a kiss! Had she as  
many twenty pound bags as I have knobs of bark in my  
tan-fat, she might kiss them away in a quarter of a year.  
I'll no Saint Katharine's widows, if kisses be so dear.

*Widow.* Clubs and clouted shoes! there's none ena-  
moured here.

*King.* Lord Mayor, we thank you, and entreat withal  
To recommend us to our citizens.  
We must for France. We bid you all farewell.  
Come, tanner, thou shalt go with us to Court;  
To-morrow you shall dine with my lord Mayor,  
And afterward set homeward when ye please.  
God and our right that only fights for us!  
Adieu! pray that our toil prove prosperous.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



THE SECOND  
PART OF KING EDWARD THE  
FOURTH.

Containing

his iourney into France, for obtaining of  
his right there :

The trecherous falshood of the Duke of Bur-  
gundie and the Constable of France  
vsted against him, and his  
returne home  
againe.

Likewise the prosecution of the historie of M.  
Shoare and his faire wife.

Concluding with the lamentable death of them  
both.

PART II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ENGLISH.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.  
Lord HOWARD.  
Sir THOMAS SELLINGER.  
Lord SCALES.  
Marquis of DORSET.  
Sir ROBERT BRACKENBURY.  
Duke of CLARENCE. } The King's  
Duke of GLOCESTER (afterwards K. R. III). } brothers.  
Prince EDWARD. } The King's Sons.  
Prince RICHARD. }  
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.  
Captain STRANGUIDGE.  
Lord LOVELL.  
CATESBY.  
TYRRELL.  
DIGHTON.  
FORREST.  
DR. SHAW.  
SHORE, disguised as Flood.  
Ghost of Friar ANSELM.  
AYRE.  
RUFFORD.  
FAGG.  
JOCKY, Jane Shore's Man. JEFFREY.  
A Herald. A Sheriff.  
VAUX, Keeper of the Marshalsea.  
The Queen.  
JANE SHORE.  
Mrs. BLAGUE.  
Lady ANN of WARWICK.

FRENCH.

King LOUIS.  
BOURBON.  
ST. PIERRE.  
MUGEROUN.  
CHARLES, Duke of BURGUNDY.  
Count ST. PAUL, Constable of FRANCE.  
LORD of CONTÉ.

Messengers, Apparitors, Officers, &c.

Scene—FRANCE and ENGLAND.

THE SECOND PART  
OF  
KING EDWARD IV.

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ACT I, SCENE I.

*France.*

*Enter King EDWARD, HOWARD, SELLINGER, and  
Soldiers, marching.*

*King.* Is this the aid our cousin Burgundy  
And the great Constable of France assur'd us?  
Have we march'd thus far through the heart of France,  
And with the terror of our English drums  
Rous'd the poor trembling French, which leave their  
towns,  
That now the wolves affrighted from the fields  
Do get their prey, and kennel in the streets?  
Our thund'ring cannons, now this fortnight space,  
Like common bellmen in some market town,  
Have cried the Constable and Burgundy;  
But yet I see they come not to our aid.  
We'll bring them in; or, by the blessed light!  
We'll search the ground-sills of their city's walls.  
Since you have brought me hither, I will make  
The proudest tower that stands in France to quake.

I marvel Scales returns not ; for by him  
I do expect to hear their resolutions.

*Enter the Lord SCALES.*

*How.* My sovereign, he is happily returned.

*King.* Welcome, my lord ; welcome, good cousin Scales.  
What news from Burgundy ? what is his answer ?  
What, comes he to our succour, as he promised ?

*Scales.* Not by his good will. For aught that I can see,  
He lingers still in his long siege at Nuse.  
I urg'd his promise and your expectation,  
Ev'n to the force and compass of my spirit.  
I cheer'd my firm persuasions with your hopes,  
And gilded them with my best oratory :  
I fram'd my speech still fitly, as I found  
The temper of his humour to be wrought upon ;  
But still I found him earthly, unresolved,  
Muddy ; and, methought, even through his eyes,  
I saw his wav'ring and unsettled spirit ;  
And, to be short, subtle and treacherous,  
And one that doth intend no good to you.  
And " He will come, and yet he wanteth power ;"  
" He would fain come, but may not leave the siege "—  
" He hopes he shall, but yet he knows not when "—  
" He purposed, but some impediments  
Have hinder'd his determinèd intent."  
Briefly, I think he will not come at all.

*King.* But is he like to take the town of Nuse ?

*Scales.* My lord, the town is liker to take him ;  
That, if he chance to come to you at all,  
'Tis but for succour.

*King.* But what says Count St. Paul ?

*Scales.* My lord, he lies and revels at Saint Quintin's,  
And laughs at Edward's coming into France.  
There, domineering with his drunken crew,

Make jigs of us, and in their slav'ring jests  
Tell how like rogues we lie here in the field.  
Then comes a slave, one of those drunken sots,  
In with a tavern-reckoning for a supplication,  
Disguisèd with a cushion on his head,  
A drawer's apron for a herald's coat,  
And tells the Count, the King of England craves  
One of his worthy honour's dog-kennels,  
To be his lodging for a day or two.  
With some such other tavern-foolery.  
With that, this filthy, rascal, greasy rout  
Burst out in laughter at this worthy jest,  
Neighing like horses. Thus the Count St. Paul  
Regards his promise to your majesty.

*King.* Will no man thrust the slave into a sack-  
but?

*Sel.* Now, by this light! were I but near the slave  
With a black jack, I would beat out his brains.

*How.* If it please your highness but to say the word,  
We'll pluck him out of Quintin's by the ears.

*King.* No, cousin Howard; we'll reserve our valour  
For better purpose. Since they both refuse us,  
Ourselves will be unrivall'd in our honour.  
Now our first cast, my lord, is at main France,  
Whilst yet our army is in health and strong;  
And, have we once but broke into that war,  
I will not leave St. Paul, nor Burgundy,  
Not a bare pig's-cote to shroud them in.  
Herald!

*Her.* My sovereign!

*King.* Go, herald! and to Lewis, the French king,  
Denounce stern war, and tell him I am come  
To take possession of my realm of France.  
Defy him boldly from us. Be thy voice  
As fierce as thunder, to affright his soul.

Herald, begone, I say ! and be thy breath  
Piercing as lightning, and thy words as death !

*Her.* I go, my liege, resolv'd to your high will. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Sound drum, I say ; set forward with our power ;  
And, France, ere long expect a dreadful hour !  
I will not take the English standard down,  
Till thou empale my temples with thy crown.

SCENE II.—The French King's Palace.

*Enter LEWIS, BOURBON, ST. PIERRE, and MUGEROUN,  
with the English Herald.*

*Lewis.* Herald of England, we are pleas'd to hear  
What message thou hast brought us from thy King.  
Prepare thyself, and be advis'd in speech.

*Her.* Right gracious and most Christian King of  
France !

I come not to thy presence unprepared  
To do the message of my royal liege.  
Edward the Fourth, of England and of France  
The lawful King, and Lord of Ireland,  
Whose puissant magnanimous breast incens'd,  
Through manifest notorious injuries,  
Offer'd by thee, King Lewis, and thy French,  
Against his title to the crown of France,  
And right in all these dukedoms following,  
Aquitain, Anjou, Guyen, Aguileme,  
Breathes forth by me, the organ of his speech,  
Hostile defiance to thy realm and thee.  
And trampling now upon the face of France  
With barbed horse and valiant armed foot,  
Himself the leader of those martial troops,  
Bids thee to battle, where and when thou dar'st,  
Except thou make such restitution  
And yearly tribute on good hostages,

As may content his just conceivèd wrath.  
And to this message answer I expect.

*Lew.* Right peremptory is this embassage ;  
And were my royal brother of England pleased  
To entertain those kind affections  
Wherewith we do embrace his amity,  
Needless were all these thunder-threat'ning words.  
Let Heaven, where all our thoughts are register'd,  
Bear record with what deep desire of peace  
We shall subscribe to such conditions  
As equity for England shall propound.  
If Edward have sustainèd wrong in France,  
Lewis was never author of that wrong ;  
Yet, faultless, we will make due recompence.  
We are assur'd that his majestic thoughts,  
In his mild spirit, did never mean these wars,  
Till Charles Burgundy, once our fawning friend,  
But now our open foe, and Count St. Paul,  
Our subject once and Constable of France,  
But now a traitor to our realm and us,  
Were motives to incite him unto arms,  
Which having done, [they] will leave him, on my life.

*Her.* The King my master recks not Burgundy,  
And scorns St. Paul, that treach'rous Constable.  
His puissance is sufficient in itself  
To conquer France, like his progenitors.

*Lew.* He shall not need to waste by force of war,  
Where peace shall yield him more than he can win.  
We covet peace, and we will purchase it  
At any rate that reason can demand.  
And it is better England join in league  
With us, his strong, old, open enemy,  
Than with those weak and new dissembling friends.  
We do secure us from our open foes,  
But trust in friends (though faithless) we repose.



My lord St. Pierre and cousin Bourbon, speak.  
What censure you of Burgundy and St. Paul?

*St. Pierre.* Dread lord, it is well known that Burgundy  
Made show of tender service to your majesty,  
Till, by the engine of his flatteries,  
He made a breach into your highness' love ;  
Where enter'd once and thereof full possessed,  
He so abus'd that royal excellence  
By getting footing into many towns,  
Castles, and forts, belonging to your crown,  
That now he holds them 'gainst your realm and you.

*Bour.* And Count St. Paul, the Constable of France,  
Ambitious in that high authority,  
Usurps the lands and seigniories of those  
That are true subjects, noble peers of France.  
Your boundless favours did him first suborn ;  
And now to be your liegeman he thinks scorn.

*Lew.* By this, conjecture the unsteady course  
Thy royal master undertakes in France :  
And, herald, intimate what fervent zeal  
We have to league with Edward and his English.  
Three hundred crowns we give thee for reward,  
And of rich crimson velvet thirty yards,  
In hope thou wilt unto thy sovereign tell  
We show thee not one discontented look,  
Nor render him one misbeholden word ;  
But his defiance and his dare to war,  
We swallow with the supple oil of peace ;  
Which, gentle herald, if thou canst procure,  
A thousand crowns shall justly guerdon thee.

*Her.* So please it your most sacred majesty,  
To send unto my gracious Sovereign  
Equal conditions for the bonds of peace  
And restitution of his injuries,  
His temper is not of obdurate malice,

But sweet relenting princely clemency,  
Perform your promise of a thousand crowns,  
And second me with some fit messenger,  
And I will undertake to work your peace.

*Lew.* By the true honour of a Christian king,  
Effect our peace, and thou shalt have our crowns.  
And we will post a herald after thee,  
That shall confirm thy speech and our designs.  
Go, Mugeroun; see to this herald given  
The velvet and three hundred crowns proposed.  
Farewell, good friend! remember our request,  
And kindly recommend us to King Edward.

[*Exeunt Herald and Mugeroun.*]

How think you, lords? is't not more requisite  
To make our peace, than war with England's power?

*Bour.* Yes, gracious lord; the wounds are bleeding yet  
That Talbot, Bedford, and King Henry made,  
Which peace must cure, or France shall languish still.

*St. Pierre.* Besides, my liege, by these intestine foes,  
The Constable and treach'rous Burgundy,  
The state's in danger, if the English stir.

*Re-enter Mugeroun.*

*Lew.* 'Tis perilous and full of doubt, my lords;  
We must have peace with England every way.  
Who shall be herald in these high affairs?

*Bour.* No better man than Monsieur Mugeroun,  
Whose wit is sharp, whose eloquence is sound;  
His presence gracious, and his courage good;  
A gentleman, a scholar, and a soldier;  
A complete man for such an embassy!  
Art thou content to be employ'd, Mugeroun,  
In this negotiation to King Edward?

*Mug.* If your most sacred majesty command,  
Your humble vassal Mugeroun shall go.

*Lew.* Gramercies, Mugeroun. But thou must assume  
A herald's habit, and his office both,  
To plead our love, and to procure us peace  
With English Edward, for the good of France.

*Mug.* I know the matter and the form, my lord.  
Give me my herald's coat, and I am gone.

*Lew.* Thou art a man compos'd for business.  
Attend on us for thy instructions,  
And other fit supplies for these affairs ;  
And for thy diligence expect reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Before St. Quintin's.

*Enter several ways, BURGUNDY and the Constable of  
France.*

*Con.* Whither away so fast goes Burgundy ?

*Bur.* Nay, rather, whither goes the Constable ?

*Con.* Why, to King Edward, man. Is he not come ?  
Mean'st thou not likewise to go visit him ?

*Bur.* Oh, excellent ! I know that in thy soul  
Thou know'st that I do purpose nothing less.  
Nay, I do know, for all thy outward show,  
Thou hast no meaning once to look on him.  
Brother dissembler, leave this colouring  
With him that means as falsely as thyself.

*Con.* Ay, but thou know'st that Edward on our letters,  
And hoping our assistance when he came,  
Did make this purpos'd voyage into France ;  
And with his forces is he here arrived,  
Trusting that we will keep our word with him.  
Now, though we mean it not, yet set a face  
Upon the matter, as though we intended  
To keep our word with him effectually.

*Bur.* And for my better count'nance in this case,  
My ling'ring siege at Nuse will serve the turn.

There will I spend the time to disappoint  
King Edward's hope of my conjoining with him.

*Con.* And I will keep me still here in St. Quintin's,  
Pretending mighty matters for his aid,  
But not performing any, on my word.

*(Aside.)* The rather, Burgundy, because I aim  
At matters which perhaps may cost your head,  
If all hit right to expectation.

In the mean space, like a good crafty knave,  
That hugs the man he wisheth hang'd in heart,  
Keep I fair weather still with Burgundy,  
Till matters fall out for my purpose fit.

*Içi, sont mes secrets, beau temps pour moi.*

*Bur. (aside.) Içi, sont mes secrets, beau temps pour  
moi.*

Are ye so crafty, Constable? proceed, proceed,  
You quick, sharp-sighted man! imagine me  
Blind, witless, and a silly idiot,  
That pries not into all your policies!  
Who, I? no, God doth know, my simple wit  
Can never sound a judgment of such reach,  
As is our cunning Constable of France!  
Persuade thyself so still, and when time serves,  
And that thou art in most extremity,  
Needing my help, then take thou heed of me;  
In mean while, sir, you are the only man  
That hath my heart. Hath? Ay, and great reason  
too.

Thus it befits men of deep reach to do.

*(Aloud.)* Well, Constable! you'll back again to Nuse,  
And not aid English Edward?

*Con.* What else, man?

And keep thee in St. Quintin's; so shall we  
Smile at King Edward's weak capacity.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—King Edward's Army before St. Quintin's.

*Enter King EDWARD, HOWARD, SELLINGER, and SCALES, having met with BURGUNDY.*

*King.* Tell me not, Burgundy! 'tis I am wrong'd;  
And you have dealt like a disloyal knight.

*Bur.* Edward of England, these are unkingly words.

*King.* He that will do, my lord, what he should not,  
Must and shall hear of me what he would not.

I say again, you have deluded me.

*Bur.* Am I not come according to my word?

*King.* No, Charles of Burgundy! the word was given  
To meet with me in April; now 'tis August;  
The place appointed, Calais, not Lorraine;  
And thy approach to be with martial troops;  
But thou art come, not having in thy train  
So much as page or lacquey to attend thee,  
As who should say thy presence were munition,  
And strength enough to answer our expect.  
Summer is almost spent, yet nothing done,  
And all by dalliance with uncertain hope.

*Bur.* My forces lay before the city Nuse,  
From which I could not rise but with dishonour,  
Unless upon some composition had.

*King.* There was no such exception in your letters.  
Why smiles Lord Scales?

*Scales.* My man reports, my lord,  
The composition that the Duke there made  
Was mere compulsion; for the citizens  
Drove him from thence perforce.

*King.* I thought so much.  
We should not yet have seen your Excellence,  
But that your heels were better than your hands.

*Bur.* Lord Scales, thou dost me wrong to slander me.

*King.* Letting that pass, it shall be seen, my lord,

That we are able of ourself to claim  
Our right in France, without or your assistance  
Or any other's, but the help of Heaven.

*Bur.* I make no question of it: yet the Constable,  
Press'd with no such occasion as I was,  
Might have excus'd us both, if he had pleased.

*King.* Accuse him not. Your cities, as we came,  
Were ev'n as much to be condemn'd as his.  
They gave us leave to lie within the field,  
And scarcely would afford us meat for money.  
This was small friendship, in respect of that  
You had engag'd your honour to perform.  
But march we forward, as we were determined.  
This is St. Quintin's, where you say, my lord,  
The Constable is ready to receive us.

*Bur.* So much he signified to me by letter.

*King.* Well, we shall see his entertainment. Forward!

[*As they march, Lord SCALES is struck down, and two  
Soldiers slain, by great shot from the town.*]

Fly to our main battalia; bid them stand!  
There's treason plotted: speak to me, Lord Scales;  
Or, if there be no power of life remaining  
To utter thy heart's grievance, make a sign.  
Two of our common soldiers slain beside!  
This is hard welcome. But it was not you,  
At whom the fatal enginer did aim:  
My breast the level was, though you the mark:  
In which conspiracy, answer me, Duke,  
Is not thy soul as guilty as the Earl's?

*Bur.* Perish, my soul, King Edward, if I knew  
Of any such intention. (*aside.*) Yet I did,  
And grieve that it hath sped no otherwise.

*King.* Howard and Sellinger!

[*BURGUNDY steals away.*]

What, is there hope of life in none of them?

*How.* The soldiers are both slain outright, my lord,  
But the Lord Scales a little is recover'd.

*King.* Convey his body to our pavillon,  
And let our surgeons use all diligence  
They can devise for safeguard of his life,  
Whilst we with all extremity of war  
Go plague St. Quintin's. Howard, fetch on our powers!  
[*Exit HOWARD.*

We will not stir a foot till we have shown  
Just vengeance on the Constable of France.  
Oh, God! to woo us first to pass the sea,  
And at our coming thus to halt with us!  
I think the like thereof was never seen.  
But where's the Duke?

*Sel.* Gone, as it seems, my lord,  
Stepp'd secretly away, as one that knew  
His conscience would accuse him if he stayed.

*King.* A pair of most dissembling hypocrites,  
Is he and this base Earl, on whom I vow,  
Leaving King Lewis unprejudic'd in peace,  
To spend the whole measure of my kindled rage.  
Their streets shall sweat with their effused blood,  
And this bright sun be darken'd with the smoke  
Of smould'ring cinders, when their city lies  
Buried in ashes of revengeful fire:  
On whose pale superficies, in the stead  
Of parchment, with my lance I'll draw these lines:—  
"Edward of England left this memory,  
In just revenge of hateful treachery."

*Re-enter HOWARD.*

Lord Howard, have ye done as I commanded?

*How.* Our battles are dispos'd; and on the brow  
Of ev'ry inferior servitor, my lord,  
You might behold destruction figurèd,



Greedily thirsting to begin the fight;  
But when no longer they might be restrain'd,  
And that the drum and trumpet both began  
To sound war's cheerful harmony, behold  
A flag of truce upon the walls was hang'd,  
And forth the gates did issue, meekly pac'd,  
Three men, whereof the Constable is one ;  
The other two, the gunner and his mate,  
By whose gross oversight (as they report)  
This sudden chance unwittingly befel.

*King.* Bring forth the Constable ! The other two,  
See them safe-guarded till you know our pleasure.

*Enter the Constable.*

Now, my lord Howard, how is it with Scales ?

*How.* Well, my dread Sovereign, now his wound is  
drest.

And by the opinion of the surgeons,  
'Tis thought he shall not perish by this hurt.

*King.* I am the gladder. But, unfaithful Earl,  
I do not see how yet I can dispense  
With thy submission. This was not the welcome  
Your letters, sent to England, promis'd me.

*Con.* Right high and mighty prince, condemn me not,  
That am as innocent in this offence  
As any soldier in the English army.  
The fault was in our gunner's ignorance,  
Who, taking you for Lewis, King of France,  
That likewise is within the city's ken,  
Made that unlucky shot to beat him back,  
And not of malice to your majesty :  
To 'knowledge which, I brought them with myself,  
And thirty thousand crowns within this purse,  
Sent by the burghers to redeem your lack.

*King.* Constable of France, we will not sell a drop

Of English blood for all the gold in France :  
 But insomuch two of our men are slain,  
 To quit their deaths, those two that came with thee  
 Shall both be cramm'd into a cannon's mouth,  
 And so be shot into the town again.  
 It is not like but that they knew our colours,  
 And of set purpose did this villany ;  
 Nor can I be persuaded thoroughly  
 But that our person was the mark they aim'd at.  
 Yet are we well content to hold you excus'd.  
 Marry, our soldiers must be satisfied ;  
 And, therefore, first shall be distributed  
 These crowns amongst them ; then you shall return,  
 And of your best provision send to us  
 Thirty wain-load, besides twelve tun of wine.  
 This if the burghers will subscribe unto,  
 Their peace is made. Otherwise I will proclaim  
 Free liberty for all to take the spoil.

*Con.* Your highness shall be answer'd presently,  
 And I will see these articles performed.

*King.* Yet, one thing more. I will that you, my  
 lord,  
 Together with the Duke of Burgundy,  
 Do, ere to-morrow noon, bring all your force,  
 And join with ours ; or else we do recant,  
 And these conditions shall be frustrate.

*Con.* Mine are at hand, my lord ; and I will write  
 The Duke may likewise be in readiness.

*King.* Let him have safe-conduct through our army.  
 And, 'gainst the morning, ev'ry leader see  
 His troops be furnish'd. For no longer time,  
 God willing, the trial shall be deferred  
 'Twixt Lewis and us. What echoing sound is this ?

*Sel.* A gentleman from the King of France, my lord,  
 Craves parlance with your Excellence.

*King.* A gentleman! bring him in.  
What news, a God's name, from our brother Lewis?

*Enter MUGEROUN.*

*Mug.* Most puissant and most honourable King!  
My royal master, Lewis, the King of France,  
Doth greet your highness with unfeignèd love,  
Wishing your health, prosperity, and rule;  
And thus he says by me: When was it seen  
That ever Lewis pretended hurt to England,  
Either by close conspirators sent over  
To undermine your state, or openly  
By taking arms with purpose to invade?  
Nay, when was it that Lewis was ever heard  
So much as to detract from Edward's name?  
But still hath done him all his due of speech,  
By blazing to the world his high deserts  
Of wisdom, valour, and heroic birth?  
Whence is it, then, that Edward is incens'd  
To render hate for love, for amity stern war?  
Not of himself, we know; but by the means  
Of some infectious counsel, that, like mud,  
Would spoil the pure temper of his noble mind.  
It is the Duke and that pernicious rebel,  
Earl of St. Paul, have set abroad these wars,  
Who, of themselves unable to proceed,  
Would make your Grace the instrument of wrong;  
And when you have done what you can for them,  
You shall be sure of nothing but of this,  
Still to be doubled and dissembled with.  
But if it might seem gracious in your eye  
To cast off these despis'd confederates,  
Unfit companions for so great a prince,  
And join in league with Lewis, my loyal master,  
Him shall you find as willing as of power

To do your grace all offices of love.  
 And what commodity may spring thereby  
 To both the realms, your grace is wise enough,  
 Without my rude suggestions, to imagine.  
 Besides, much bloodshed for this present time  
 Will be prevented when two such personages  
 Shall meet together to shake hands in peace,  
 And not with shock of lance and curtel-axe.  
 That Lewis is willing, I am his substitute ;  
 And he himself in person, if you please,  
 Not far from hence, will signify as much.

*King.* Sir, withdraw, and give us leave awhile  
 To take advisement of our counsellors.

[*Exit* MUGEROUN.]

What say ye, lords, unto this proffer'd truce ?

*How.* In my conceit, let it not be slipt, my lord.

*Sel.* Will it not be dishonour, having landed  
 So great an army in these parts of France,  
 And not to fight before we do return ?

*How.* How can it be, when the enemy submits,  
 And of himself makes tender of allegiance ?

*Sel.* Ay, that's the question, whether he will yield,  
 And do King Edward fealty or no ?

*King.* What talk ye, lords ? he shall subscribe to that ;  
 Or no conditions I'll accept at all.

*How.* Let him be bound, my lord, to pay your Grace,  
 Toward your expenses since your coming over,  
 Seventy-five thousand crowns of the sun,  
 And, yearly after, fifty thousand more,  
 During your life, with homage therewithal,  
 That he doth hold his royalty from you ;  
 And take his offer ; 'twill not be amiss.

*King.* It shall be so. Draw you the articles ;  
 And, Sellinger, call forth the Messenger.  
 Bring with thee, too, a cup of massy gold,

And bid the bearer of our privy purse  
Inclose therein a hundred English ryals.

*Re-enter MUGEROUN.*

Friend, we do accept thy master's league,  
With no less firm affection than he craves ;  
If he will meet us here, betwixt our tents,  
It shall on both sides be confirm'd by oath,  
On this condition, that he will subscribe  
To certain articles shall be proposed.

And so thou hast thy answer. To requite  
Thy pains herein, we give to thee this cup.

*Mug.* Health and increase of honour wait on Edward !

*King.* Lord Howard, bring the Frenchman on his  
way.

King Lewis is one that never was precise :  
But now, Lord Howard and Tom Sellinger,  
There is a task remains for you to do ;  
And that is this : you two shall be disguised,  
And one of you repair to Burgundy,  
The other to the Constable of France ;  
Where you shall learn in secret, if you can,  
If they intend to meet us here to-morrow,  
Or how they take this our accord with France.  
Somewhat, it gives me, you will bring from thence  
Worthy the noting. Will you undertake it ?

*Sel.* With all my heart, my lord. I am for Burgundy.

*How.* And I am for the Constable of France.

*[Exeunt MUG., HOW., and SEL.]*

*King.* Make speed again.

*Enter a Messenger:*

What news ?

*Mes.* The King of France, my lord, attended royally,  
Is marching hitherward to meet your grace.

*King.* He shall be welcome. Hast thou drawn the articles?

*Mes.* Yes, my dread Sovereign.

*King.* Go, call forth our train,  
We may receive him with like majesty. [*Exit Mes.*]

*Enter English Noblemen and Soldiers, with drums. They march about the stage. Then Enter King LEWIS and his train, meeting King EDWARD. The Kings embrace.*

*K. Lew.* My princely brother, we are grievèd much  
To think you have been at so great a charge,  
And toil'd your royal self so far from home,  
Upon the unconstant promise of those men  
That both dissemble with your grace and me.

*K. Ed.* Brother of France, you might condemn us  
rightly,  
Not only of great wrong and toil sustain'd,  
But of exceeding folly, if, incited,  
We had presum'd to enter these dominions  
Upon no other reason than the word  
And weak assistance of the Earl St. Paul  
Or Burgundy's persuasion. 'Tis our right  
That wings the body of composèd war;  
And though we listen'd to their flatteries,  
Yet so we shap'd the course of our affairs,  
As of ourself we might be able found,  
Without the trusting to a broken staff.

*K. Lew.* I know your majesty had more discretion;  
But this is not the occasion of our meeting.  
If you be pleas'd to entertain a peace,  
My kingly brother, in the sight of these,  
And of the all-discov'ring eye of Heaven,  
Let us embrace; for as my life, I swear  
I tender England and your happiness.

*K. Ed.* The like do I by you and warlike France.

But, princely brother, ere this knot be knit,  
There are some few conditions to be signed.

That done, I am as ready as yourself.

*K. Lew.* Fair brother, let us hear them what they be.

*K. Ed.* Herald, repeat the articles.

*Her.* First, it is covenanted that Lewis King of France, according to the custom of his predecessors, shall do homage to King Edward, King of England, as his Sovereign and true heir to all the dominions of France.

*Bour.* How as his Sovereign? That were to depose  
And quite bereave him of his diadem.

Will kingly Lewis stoop to such a vassallage?

*K. Ed.* Bourbon! and if he will not, let him choose.

*K. Lew.* Brother, have patience! Bourbon, seal your  
lips;

And interrupt not these high consequents.

Forward, herald! what is else demanded?

*Her.* Secondly, it is covenanted that Lewis, King of France, shall pay unto Edward, King of England, immediately upon the agreement betwixt their majesties, seventy-five thousand crowns of the sun, toward the charge King Edward hath been at since his arrival in these parts of France.

*Bour. Mort Dieu!* he'll neither leave him crown nor  
coin.

*K. Lew.* Bourbon, I say, be silent! Herald, read on.

*Her.* Thirdly and lastly, it is covenanted that, over and beside these seventy-five thousand crowns of the sun now presently to be paid, Lewis, King of France, shall yearly hereafter, during the life of Edward, King of England, pay fifty thousand crowns more, without fraud or guile, to be tendered at his majesty's castle, commonly called the Tower of London.

*Bour.* Nay, bind him that he bring his lordship a couple of capons, too, every year beside. Here is a peace, indeed, far worse than war.





*How.* I do, my lord, and that for certainty.

*Bur.* (*aside.*) I have found it now. The villain Constable

Hath secretly with Edward thus compact,  
To join our King and him in amity,  
And thereby doubtless got into his hands  
Such lands and dukedoms as I aimèd at,  
And leaves me disappointed in my hope.  
A plague upon such crafty cozening!  
Now shall I be a mark for them to aim at,  
And that vile slave to triumph in my foil.

*Con.* (*aside.*) 'Tis so; for it can be no otherwise.  
Burgundy hath been privy to this plot;  
Conspir'd with Lewis and the English King,  
To save his own stake, and assure himself  
Of all those seigniories I hopèd for;  
And thereupon this close peace is contrived.  
Now must the Constable be as a butt  
For all their bullets to be levell'd at.  
Hell and hot vengeance light on Burgundy  
For this his subtle, secret villany!

*Bur.* (*to SEL.*) Well, fellow! for thy pains, take that.  
Leave me alone; for I am much displeasèd.

*Con.* (*to How.*) And get thee gone, my friend. There's  
for thy pains.

So leave me to myself.

*Sel.* Fare ye well, sir! I hope I have pepper'd ye.

*How.* And so I think have I my Constable.

[*Exeunt How. and SEL.*]

*Bur.* Now, Constable! this peace, this peace; what  
think

Ye of it, man?

*Con.* Nay, rather what thinks Burgundy?

*Bur.* I think that he that did contrive the same  
Was little less than a dissembling villain.

*Con.* Dog, bite thyself! Come on, come on!  
Have not you play'd John for the King, to save  
Yourself, sir?

*Bur.* Ay, art thou good at that?  
Adieu, sir! I may chance to hit you pat. [*Exit.*]

*Con.* You may, sir: I perhaps may be before ye,  
And for this cunning through the nose to bore ye. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—The English Pavillon.

*Enter King EDWARD, King LEWIS, HOWARD,  
SELLINGER, and their train.*

*K. Ed.* So, Sellinger! we then perceive by thee  
The Duke is passing angry at our league.

*Sel.* Ay, my dread lord! beyond comparison,  
Like a mad dog, snatching at every one  
That passeth by: shall I but show you how,  
And act the manner of his tragic fury?

*K. Ed.* No, stay awhile. Methought I heard thee say  
They meant to greet us by their messengers.

*Sel.* They did, my lord.

*K. Ed.* What, and the Constable too?

*How.* My sovereign, yes.

*K. Ed.* But how took he the news?

*How.* 'Faith, ev'n as discontented as might be;  
But, being a more deep melancholist,  
And sullener of temper than the Duke,  
He chews his malice, fumes and froths at mouth,  
Uttering but little more than what we gather  
By his disturbèd looks and rivell'd front;  
Saving that now and then his boiling passion,  
Damm'd up as in a furnace, finding vent,  
Breaks through his sever'd lips into short puffs,  
And then he mumbles forth a word or two,  
As doth a toothless monk when he's at matins.

*K. Ed.* Oh, it was sport alone to note their carriage.

*Sel.* Sport, my lord! will you but hear me speak,  
And if I do not weary you with laughter,  
Ne'er trust Tom Sellinger more upon his word.

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

*K. Ed.* I pray thee, peace: by this it should appear  
One of their messengers is come. Go see.  
Upon my life, we shall have some device  
Of new dissimulation. How now, Tom?

*Sel.* 'Tis as your highness did suppose, my lord.  
Here is a messenger from Burgundy.

*K. Ed.* Excellent good! admit him presently:  
And, brother of France, let me entreat your grace  
To stand aside a little in my tent,  
Lest, finding us together, he refrain  
To tell the message he is sent about;  
So sure I am persuaded we shall find  
Some notable piece of knavery set afoot.

*K. Lew.* With all my heart. Urge him speak loud  
enough,  
That I, my lord, may understand him too. [Exit.

*Enter the Lord of Conté.*

*K. Ed.* Fear not. I have the method in my mind.  
What, is it you, my lord of Conté? Welcome!  
How doth the valiant Duke? in health, I hope?

*Conté.* In health, my lord, of body, though in mind  
Somewhat distemper'd, that your grace hath join'd  
In league with his professèd enemy.

*K. Ed.* How say you that, my lord? pray you, speak  
out;  
For I, of late, by reason of a cold,  
Am somewhat thick of hearing.

*Conté.* Thus, my lord.  
Your grace demanded if the Duke were well.

I answer you, he is in health of body,  
Though inwardly, in mind, somewhat perplex'd  
That you, without his knowledge, have ta'en truce  
With childish Lewis, that heartless King of France.

*K. Ed.* With whom, I pray ye? A little louder, sir.

*Conté.* With childish Lewis, that heartless King of  
France.

*K. Ed.* I now do understand you. Is it that  
He takes unkindly? Why, if he had come  
With his expected forces, as he promised,  
I had been still uncapable of peace;  
But he deceiving me, the fault was his.

*Conté.* No, my good lord, the fault was not in him,  
But in that lewd pernicious counterfeit,  
That crafty fox, the Constable of France,  
Who counsell'd him to keep him at his siege,  
Saying it would be more dishonourable  
To rise from thence, than any way profitable  
To meet your majesty. Beside, my lord,  
It hath been provèd since how much the Constable  
Hates your proceedings, by that wilful shot  
Was made against you from St. Quintin's walls,  
Which, though he seem'd to colour with fair speech,  
The truth is, they did level at yourself,  
And grievèd when they heard you were not slain.

*K. Ed.* May I be bold to credit your report?

*Conté.* The Duke, upon his honour, bade me say  
That it was true; and therewithal, quoth he,  
Tell noble Edward, if he will recant,  
And fall from Lewis again, knowing it is  
More for his dignity to be sole King,  
And conquer France, as did his ancestors,  
Than take a fee, and so be satisfied,  
That I am ready with twelve thousand soldiers,  
All well appointed, and not only will

Deliver him the Constable of France,  
That he may punish him as he sees good,  
But seat him in the throne imperial,  
Which now another basely doth usurp.

*K. Ed.* Speak that again: I heard not your last words.

*Conté.* But seat you in the throne imperial,  
Which now another basely doth usurp.

*K. Ed.* I thank his honour for his good regard.  
Pleaseth you stay, till we have paus'd upon it,  
And you shall have our answer to the Duke.  
Tom Sellinger, receive him to your tent,  
And let him taste a cup of Orleans wine.

[*Exeunt* CONTÉ and SEL.]

Now, my kingly brother, have you heard this news?

*K. Lew.* So plainly, my lord, that I scarce held myself  
From stepping forth, hearing my royal name  
So much profan'd and slubber'd as it was;  
But I do weigh the person like himself,  
From whence it came—a sly dissembler;  
And, spite my anger, I was forc'd sometime  
To smile, to think the Duke doth hang his friend,  
Behind his back, whom to his face he smoothes.

*K. Ed.* But we shall have far better sport anon.  
Howard tells me that another messenger  
Is come in post haste from the Constable;  
As you have begun, with patience hear the rest.

*K. Lew.* No more ado. I'll to my place again.  
Remember that you still be deaf, my lord.

*K. Ed.* I warrant you. Howard, call in the messenger.

*Enter the Messenger from the Constable.*

*Mes.* Health to the victorious King of England!

*K. Ed.* Tell him he must strain out his voice aloud;  
For I am somewhat deaf, and cannot hear.

*How.* His majesty requests you to speak out,

Because his hearing is of late decayed.

*Mes.* The worthy Earl St. Paul——

*K. Ed.*

Come nearer me.

*Mes.* The worthy Earl St. Paul greets noble Edward,  
And gives your grace to understand by me,  
That whereas Charles, that painted sepulchre,  
And most disloyal Duke of Burgundy,  
Hath but usurp'd the habit of a friend,  
Being in heart your deadly enemy,  
As well appears in his false breach of promise,  
And that whereas he never meant himself  
To send you aid, but likewise was the means  
To hinder my lord's well affected duty,  
Alleging, you desir'd his company  
But that you might betray him to his King.  
Beside, whereas it will be prov'd, my lord,  
That he did hire the gunner of St. Quintin's,  
For a large sum of money, to discharge  
Three several pieces of great ordinance,  
Upon your coming to that cursèd town,  
To slay your majesty : in which regard,  
If it will please you to revoke from France,  
And think of Burgundy as he deserves,  
The Duke with expedition bade me say  
That he would put the Earl into your hands,  
Whereby you might revenge his treach'rous purpose,  
And aid you, too, with twice five thousand men,  
And seat you like a conqueror in France.

*K. Ed.* Can it seem possible that two such friends,  
So firmly knit together as they were,  
Should on a sudden now be such great foes?

*Mes.* The Earl, my lord, could never abide the Duke,  
Since his last treason 'gainst your sacred person,  
Before St. Quintin's, came to open light.

*K. Ed.* Was that the cause of their dissention, then?



*Mes.* It was, my lord.

*K. Ed.* Well, I will think upon it.

And you shall have our answer by and by.

Cousin Howard, take him aside ;

But let him be kept from the other's sight.

*How.* Sir, will you walk in ? my lord will take advice,  
And so despatch you back unto the Earl.

[*Exeunt MES. and HOW.*]

*K. Lew.* (*comes forward.*) Here's vying of villany, who  
shall have all !

Fraud with deceit, deceit with fraud outfac'd.

I would the devil were there to cry swoop-stake.

But how intends your grace to deal with them ?

*K. Ed.* Faith, in their kind. I am the steel, you see,  
Against the which their envy being struck,  
The sparkles of hypocrisy fly forth.

'Twere not amiss to quench them in their blood.

*Enter another Messenger, to the King of FRANCE, with  
letters.*

*Mes.* My lord, here's letters to your majesty ;  
One from the Duke of Burgundy, the other  
From the Constable.

*K. Lew.* More villany ! a thousand crowns to nothing !

*K. Ed.* Can there be more than is already broach'd ?  
Methinks they have already done so well,  
As this may serve to bring them both to hell.

*K. Lew.* No, no ; they are indifferently well loaden ;  
But yet their fraught's not full. See other ware,  
Other provision, to prepare their way.  
The very same, my lord, which they pretend,  
In love to you, against my life and crown,  
The same they undertake to do for me  
Against your safety ; urging, if I please,  
That they will join their forces both with mine,

And, in your back return to Calais, cut  
The throats of you and all your soldiers.

*K. Ed.*

Oh, damnable!

But that I see it figur'd in these lines,  
I would have sworn there had been nothing left  
For their pernicious brain to work upon.

*K. Lew.* A traitor's like a bold-fac'd hypocrite,  
That never will be brought unto a non-plus,  
So long as he hath liberty to speak.

*K. Ed.* The way to cure them is to cut them off.  
Call forth their messengers once more to us.

*How.* Both of them, my lord?

*K. Ed.*

Yes, both together.

We'll see if they have grace to blush or no,  
At that their masters shame now to attempt.

*Enter* CONTÉ *and* Messenger, *with* HOWARD *and*  
SELLINGER.

*Conté.* What, is his majesty of France so near?  
And Monsieur Rossé, the Earl's secretary?  
I fear some hurt depends upon his presence.

*Mes.* How comes it that I see the French King here?  
Ay, and the Lord of Conté, too, methinks.  
Pray, God, our message be not made a scorn.

*K. Ed.* You told me that you came from Earl St. Paul?

*Mes.* I did, my lord; and therein fabled not.

*K. Ed.* You told me, too, of many kind endeavours  
Which he intended for our benefit?

*Mes.* No more than he is willing to perform.

*K. Ed.* Know you his handwriting, if you see't.

*Mes.* I do, my lord.

*K. Ed.*

Is this his hand or no?

*Mes.* I cannot say but that it is his hand.

*K. Ed.* How comes it, then, that underneath his hand  
My death is sought, when you, that are his mouth,

Tune to our ears a quite contràry tale?  
The like read you decipher'd in this paper  
Concerning treach'rous, wav'ring Burgundy:  
Unless you grant they can divide themselves,  
And of two shapes become four substances,  
How is it I should have their knightly aid,  
And yet by them be utterly destroyed?

*K. Lew.* And I to be protected by their means,  
And yet they shall conspire against my life?

*K. Ed.* What call you this but vile hypocrisy?

*K. Lew.* Nay, peasant-like, unheard-of treachery.

*Conté.* My lord, upbraid not me with this offence:  
I do protest I knew of no such letters,  
Nor any other intention of the Duke,  
More than before was utter'd in my message.

*Sel.* Will you be halting, too, before a creeple?  
Do you not remember what they were  
That first did certify the Duke of truce  
Betwixt the renownèd Edward and the French?

*Conté.* Yes, they were two soldiers; what of that?

*Sel.* Those soldiers were this gentleman and I,  
Where we did hear the foul-mouth'd Duke exclaim  
Against our noble Sovereign and this prince,  
And roar'd and bellow'd like a parish-bull,  
And that in hearing both of you and him.  
His words, so please my lord, I can repeat,  
As he did speak them at that very time.

*K. Ed.* Well, they are messengers; and, for that cause,  
We are content to bear with their amiss;  
But keep them safe, and let them not return  
To carry tales unto those counterfeits,  
Until you have them both as fast insnared:  
To compass which the better, brother of France,  
Five thousand of our soldiers here we leave,  
To be employ'd in service to that end.

The rest with us to England shall return. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—England.—The Marshalsea Prison.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Cho.* King Edward is returnèd home to England,  
 And Lewis, King of France, soon afterward  
 Surprisèd both his subtle enemies,  
 Rewarding them with trait'rous recompence.  
 Now do we draw the curtain of our scene,  
 To speak of Shore and his fair wife again,  
 With other matters thereupon depending.  
 You must imagine since you saw him last  
 Prepar'd for travel, he hath been abroad,  
 And seen the sundry fashions of the world,  
 Ulysses-like, his country's love at length,  
 Hoping his wife's death, and to see his friends,  
 Such as did sorrow for his great mishaps,  
 Come home is he ; but so unluckily,  
 As he is like to lose his life thereby.  
 His and her fortunes shall we now pursue,  
 Grac'd with your gentle sufferance and view. [*Exit.*

*Enter Jane SHORE with JOCKY, her Man, and other Attendants.*

*Jane.* Have ye bestow'd our small benevolence  
 On the poor pris'ners in the common gaol  
 Of the White Lion and the King's Bench ?

*Jocky.* Yes, forsooth !

*Jane.* What prison's this ?

*Jocky.* The Marshalsea, forsooth !

*Enter Sir ROBERT BRACKENBURY.*

*Bra.* Well met, fair lady ! in the happiest time  
 And choicest place that my desire could wish.  
 Without offence, where have ye been this way ?

*Jane.* To take the air here, in St. George's fields,  
Sir Robert Brackenbury, and to visit some  
Poor patients that cannot visit me.

*Bra.* Are you a physician?

*Jane.* Ay, a simple one.

*Bra.* What disease cure ye?

*Jane.* Faith, none perfectly.

My physic doth but mitigate the pain  
A little while, and then it comes again.

*Bra.* Sweet mistress Shore, I understand ye not.

*Jane.* Master Lieutenant, I believe you well.

*Jocky.* Gude faith, Sir Robert Brobenbelly, my mistress speaks deftly and truly; for she hes been till see those that cannot come till see her; and they's peatients perforce. The prisoners, man, in the twa prisons. And she hes gi'n tham her siller and her geer till bay them fude.

*Bra.* Gramercies, Jocky, thou resolv'st my doubt.  
A comfort-ministering, kind physician,  
That once a week in her own person visits  
The prisons and the poor in hospitals,  
In London or near London every way;  
Whose purse is open to the hungry soul;  
Whose piteous heart saves many a tall man's life.

*Jane.* Peace, good Sir Robert, 'tis not worthy praise,  
Nor yet worth thanks, that is of duty done.  
For you know well—the world doth know too well—  
That all the coals of my poor charity  
Cannot consume the scandal of my name.  
What remedy? well, tell me, gentle knight,  
What meant your kind salute and gentle speech  
At our first meeting, when you seem'd to bless  
The time and place of our encounter here?

*Bra.* Lady! there lies here prison'd in the Marshalsea,  
A gentleman of good parents and good descent,

My dear, near kinsman, Captain Harry Stranguidge,  
 As tall a skilful navigator tried  
 As ere set foot in any ship at sea,  
 Whose luck it was to take a prize of France,  
 As he from Rochelle was for London bound ;  
 For which (except his pardon be obtain'd  
 By some especial fav'rite of the King)  
 He and his crew, a company of proper men,  
 Are sure to die, because 'twas since the league.

*Jane.* Let me see him and all his company.

*Bra.* Keeper, bring forth the Captain and his crew.

*Enter Keeper, STRANGUIDGE, SHORE disguised, and  
 three more, fettered.*

*Jocky.* Now, fay o'th' deel ! that sike bonny men sud  
 be hampert like plu-jades. Wae's me for ye, gude  
 lads.

*Bra.* Ay, cousin Harry ! this is mistress Shore,  
 Peerless in court, for beauty, bounty, pity !

[*JANE views them all.*

And if she cannot save thee, thou must die !

*Stran.* Will she, if she can ?

*Bra.* Ay, cousin Stranguidge, ay !

*Shore. (aside.)* Oh, torment worse than death, to see  
 her face,

That caus'd her shame and my unjust disgrace !  
 O, that our mutual eyes were basilisks,  
 To kill each other at their interview.

*Bra.* How like ye him, lady ? you have view'd him well.

*Jane.* I pity him, and that same proper man  
 That turns his back, asham'd of this distress.

*Shore. (aside.)* Asham'd of thee, cause of my heaviness.

*Jane.* And all the rest. Oh ! were the King return'd,  
 There might be hope ; but, ere his coming home,  
 They may be tried, condemn'd, and judg'd, and dead.

*Shore. (aside.)* I am condemn'd by sentence of defame!  
O, were I dead, I might not see my shame!

*Bra.* Your credit, lady, may prolong their trial.  
What judge is he that will give you denial?

*Jane.* I'll rack my credit, and will launch my crowns,  
To save their lives, if they have done no murder.

*Shore. (aside.)* Oh, thou hast crack'd thy credit with  
a crown,

And murder'd me, poor Matthew Shore, alive!

*Stran.* Fair lady, we did shed no drop of blood,  
Nor cast one Frenchman overboard, and yet,  
Because the league was made before the fact,  
Which we poor seamen (God knows) never heard,  
We doubt our lives; yea, though we should restore  
Treble the value that we took, and more.

'Twas lawful prize when I put out to sea,  
And warranted in my commission.

The kings are since combin'd in amity  
(Long may it last) and I unwittingly  
Have took a Frenchman since the truce was ta'en,  
And if I die, *via*, one day I must!

And God will pardon all my sins, I trust.

My grief will be for these poor harmless men,  
Who thought my warrant might suborn the deed;  
Chiefly that gentleman that stands sadly there,  
Who (on my soul) was but a passenger.

*Jane.* Well, Captain Stranguidge, were the King at  
home,

I could say more.

*Stran.* Lady, he's come ashore.  
Last night at Dover, my boy came from thence,  
And saw his highness land.

*Jane.* Then courage, sirs!  
I'll use my fairest means to save your lives.  
In the mean season, spend that for my sake.

[Gives her purse.]



*Enter the Marquis Dorset, and claps her on the shoulder.*

*Mar.* By your leave, mistress Shore ! I have taken pains  
To find you out. Come, you will go with me.

*Jane.* Whither, my lord ?

*Mar.* Unto the Queen, my mother.

*Jane.* Good my lord Marquis Dorset, wrong me not.

*Mar.* I cannot wrong thee, as thou wrong'st my mother.  
I'll bring thee to her. Let her use her pleasure.

*Jane.* Against my will, I wrong her, good my lord,  
Yet am asham'd to see her majesty.

Sweet lord, excuse me. Say ye saw me not.

*Mar.* Shall I delude my mother for a whore ?  
No, mistress Shore, ye must go to the Queen.

*Jane.* Must I, my lord ? what will she do to me ?

Use violence on me, now the King's away ?

Alas, my lord, behold this show'r of tears,

Which kind King Edward would compassionate.

Bring me not to her : she will slit my nose,

Or mark my face, or spurn me unto death.

Look on me, lord ! Can you find in your heart

To have me spoil'd that never thought you harm ?

Oh, rather with your rapier run me through,

Than carry me to the displeasèd Queen !

*Shore. (aside.)* Oh, hadst thou never broke thy vow  
to me,

From fear and wrong had I defended thee !

*Mar.* I am inexorable. Therefore, arise,

And go with me. What rascal crew is this ?

Mistress Shore's suitors ? such slaves make her proud.

What, Sir Robert Brackenbury ! you a Shorist too !

*Bra.* No Shorist, but to save my cousin's life.

*Mar.* Then I'll be hang'd if he escape, for this ;

The rather for your means to mistress Shore.

My mother can do nothing : this whore all.

Come away, minion ! you shall prate no more.

*Jane.* Pray for me, friends ; and I will pray for you.  
 God send *you* better hap than *I* expect ;  
 Go to my lodging, you ; and, if I perish,  
 Take what is there in lieu of your true service.

*Jock.* Na ! a ma saul ! I'se ne'er forsake my gude  
 maistress, till I ha' seen tha worst that spite can du her.

[*Exeunt Marquis, JANE SHORE, and their Attendants.*]

*Shore.* For all the wrong that thou hast done to me,  
 They should not hurt thee yet, if I were free.

*Bra.* See, cousin Stranguidge, how the case is chang'd :  
 She that should help thee cannot help herself.

*Stran.* What remedy ! the God of heav'n helps all.  
 What say ye, mates ? our hope of life is dash'd.  
 Now none but God, let's put our trust in him,  
 And ev'ry man repent him of his sin !  
 And as together we have liv'd like men,  
 So like tall men together let us die.  
 The best is, if we die for this offence,  
 Our ignorance shall plead our innocence.

*Keeper.* Your meat is ready, Captain ; you must in.

*Stran.* Must I ? I will. Cousin, what will you do ?

*Bra.* Visit you soon ; but now I will to Court,  
 To see what shall become of mistress Shore.

*Stran.* God speed ye well !

*Keeper.* Come, sir, will you go in ?

*Shore.* I'll eat no meat. Give me leave to walk here.

[*Exeunt omnes præter SHORE.*]

Am I now left alone ? No ; millions  
 Of miseries attend me every where :  
 Ah, Matthew Shore ! how doth all-seeing Heaven  
 Punish some sin from thy blind conscience hid !  
 Inflicting pain where all thy pleasure was ;  
 And by my wife came all these woes to pass.  
 She fals'd her faith, and brake her wedlock's band :  
 Her honour fall'n, how could my credit stand ?

Yet will not I, poor Jane! on thee exclaim.  
 Though guilty thou, I guiltless suffer shame.  
 I left this land, too little for my grief;  
 Returning, am accounted as a thief,  
 Who in that ship came but a passenger  
 To see my friends, hoping the death of her;  
 At sight of whom some sparks of former love  
 (Hid in affection's ashes) pity move,  
 Kindling compassion in my broken heart,  
 That bleeds to think on her ensuing smart.  
 O, see weak women's imperfections  
 That leave their husbands' safe protections,  
 Hazarding all on strangers' flatteries,  
 Whose lust allay'd, leaves them to miseries!  
 See what dishonour breach of wedlock brings,  
 Which is not safe, ev'n in the arms of kings!  
 Thus do I, Jane, lament thy present state,  
 Wishing my tears thy torments might abate. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Palace.

*Enter the Queen, and the Marquis of Dorset, leading JANE SHORE, who falls on her knees before the Queen, fearful and weeping.*

*Queen.* Now, as I am a queen, a goodly creature!  
 Son, how was she attended? where found you her?

*Mar.* Madam, I found her at the Marshalsea,  
 Going to visit the poor prisoners,  
 As she came by, having been to take the air;  
 And there the keeper told me she oft deals  
 Such bounteous alms as seldom hath been seen.

*Queen.* Now, before God! she would make a gallant  
 Queen!

But, good son Dorset, stand aside awhile.  
 God save your Majesty! my Lady Shore!

My Lady Shore, said I? Oh, blasphemy,  
To wrong your title with a lady's name!  
Queen Shore! nay, rather Empress Shore!  
God save your grace, your majesty, your highness!  
Lord! I want titles; you must pardon me.  
What! you kneel there? King Edward's bedfellow,  
And I, your subject, sit! fie, fie for shame!  
Come take your place; and I'll kneel where you do.  
I may take your place: you have taken mine.  
Good lord, that you will so debase yourself!  
I am sure, you are our sister-queen at least:  
Nay, that you are. Then let us sit together.

*Jane.* Great queen! yet hear me, if my sin committed  
Have not stopt up all passage to your mercy.  
To tell the wrongs that I have done your highness,  
Might make revenge exceed extremity.  
Oh, had I words or tongue to utter it,  
To plead my woman's weakness, and his strength,  
That was the only worker of my fall,  
Ev'n Innocence herself would blush for shame,  
Once to be nam'd or spoken of in this.  
Let them expect for mercy whose offence  
May but be callèd sin. Oh, mine is more.  
Prostrate as earth before your highness' feet,  
Inflict what torments you shall think most meet.

*Mar.* Spurn the whore, mother! tear those enticing  
eyes,  
That robb'd you of King Edward's dearest love.  
Mangle those locks, the baits to his desires.  
Let me come to her: you but stand and talk,  
As if revenge consisted but in words.

*Queen.* Son! stand aloof, and do not trouble me.  
(*Aside.*) Alas, poor soul! as much ado have I  
To forbear tears to keep her company.  
Yet once more will I to my former humour.

(*Aloud.*) Why, as I am, think that thou wert a queen ;  
And I as thou should wrong thy princely bed,  
And win the King thy husband, as thou mine :  
Would it not sting thy soul? Or if that I,  
Being a queen, while thou didst love thy husband,  
Should but have done as thou hast done to me,  
Would it not grieve thee? Yes, I warrant thee.  
There's not the meanest woman that doth live,  
But if she like and love her husband well,  
She had rather feel his warm limbs in her bed,  
Than see him in the arms of any queen.  
You are flesh and blood as we, and we as you,  
And all alike in our affections,  
Though majesty makes us the more ambitious.  
What 'tis to fall into so great a hand,  
Knowledge might teach thee. There was once a king,  
Henry the Second, who did keep his leman  
Cag'd up at Woodstock in a labyrinth :  
His queen yet got a trick to find her out ;  
And how she us'd her, I am sure thou hast heard.  
Thou art not mew'd up in some secret place ;  
But kept in court here, underneath my nose.  
Now, in the absence of my lord the King,  
Have I not time most fitting for revenge ?  
Fair Rosamond, she a pure virgin was,  
Until the king seduc'd her to his will.  
She wrong'd but one bed ; only the angry Queen's ;  
But thou hast wrong'd two ; mine and thy husband's.  
Be thine own judge, and now in justice see  
What due revenge I ought to take on thee.

*Jane.* Ev'n what you will, great queen ! here do I lie,  
Humble and prostrate at your highness' feet ;  
Inflict on me what may revenge your wrong :  
Was never lamb abode more patiently  
Than I will do. Call all your griefs to mind ;

And do ev'n what you will, or how likes you,  
I will not stir—I will not shriek or cry,  
Be it torture, poison, any punishment,  
Was never dove or turtle more submissive,  
Than I will be unto your chastisement.

*Mar.* Fetch'd I her for this? mother, let me come to her;  
And what compassion will not suffer you  
To do to her, refer the same to me.

*Queen.* Touch her not, son, upon thy life I charge thee!  
But keep off still, if thou wilt have my love.

[*Exit Marquis.*

I am glad to hear ye are so well resolv'd  
To bear the burthen of my just displeasure.

[*She draws a knife, and making as though she meant to spoil JANE SHORE'S face, runs to her, and falling on her knees, embraces and kisses her, throwing away the knife.*

Thus, then, I'll do. Alas, poor soul!  
Shall I weep with thee? in faith, poor heart, I will.  
Be of good comfort: thou shalt have no harm;  
But if that kisses have the power to kill thee,  
Thus, thus, and thus, a thousand times I'll stab thee.  
Jane, I forgive thee! What fort is so strong,  
But, with besieging, he will batter it?  
Weep not, sweet Jane! alas, I know thy sex,  
Touch'd with the self-same weakness that thou art:  
And if my state had been as mean as thine,  
And such a beauty to allure his eye  
(Though I may promise much to mine own strength),  
What might have hapt to me I cannot tell.  
Nay, fear not; for I speak it with my heart,  
And in thy sorrow truly bear a part.

*Jane.* Most high and mighty Queen! may I believe  
There can be found such mercy in a woman?  
And in a queen, more then in a wife,



So deeply wrong'd as I have wrong'd you?  
In this bright chrystal mirror of your mercy,  
I see the greatness of my sin the more,  
And makes my fault more odious in mine eyes.  
Your princely pity now doth wound me more  
Than all your threat'nings ever did before.

*Queen.* Rise, my sweet Jane! I say thou shalt not kneel;  
Oh, God forbid! that Edward's queen should hate  
Her whom she knows he doth so dearly love.  
My love to her may purchase me his love.  
Jane, speak well to the King of me and mine;  
Remember not my son's o'er-hasty speech;  
Thou art my sister, and I love thee so.  
I know thou may'st do much with my dear lord.  
Speak well of us to him in any case,  
And I and mine will love and cherish thee.

*Jane.* All I can do is all too little too,  
But to requite the least part of this grace.  
The dearest thoughts that harbour in this breast  
Shall in your service only be exprest.

*Enter King EDWARD, angrily, his Lords following.*

*King.* What, is my Jane with her? It is too true.  
See where she hath her down upon her knees!  
Why, how now, Bess? what, will ye wrong my Jane?  
Come hither, love! what hath she done to thee?

[*JANE falls on her knees to the King.*

*Jane.* Oh, royal Edward! love thy beauteous Queen!  
The only perfect mirror of her kind,  
For all the choicest virtues can be named!  
Oh, let not my bewitching looks withdraw  
Your dear affections from your dearer queen!  
But to requite the grace that she hath shown  
To me, the worthless creature on this earth,  
To banish me the Court immediately.



Great King! let me but beg one boon of thee,  
That Shore's wife ne'er do her more injury!

[*As JANE SHORE kneels on one side of the King,  
the Queen steps and kneels on the other.*]

*Queen.* Nay, then, I'll beg against her, royal Edward!  
Love thy Jane still; nay more, if more may be;  
And this is all the harm that at my hands  
She shall endure for it (*kisses her*). Oh, where my  
Edward loves,  
It ill beseems his Queen to grudge thereat.

*King.* Say'st thou me so, Bess? on my kingly word,  
Edward will honour thee in heart for this.  
But, trust me, Bess, I greatly was afraid  
I should not find ye in so good a tune.  
How now! what would our Constable of the Tower?

*Enter Sir ROBERT BRACKENBURY.*

*Bra.* The Queen and mistress Shore do know my  
suit.

*Queen.* It is for Stranguidge and his men at sea.  
Edward, needs must you pardon them.

*King.* Have I not vow'd the contrary already?  
Dishonour me, when I have made a league!  
My word is pass'd, and they shall suffer death;  
Or never more let me see France again.

*Jane.* Why, there is one was but a passenger.  
Shall he die too?

*King.* Pass me no passage, Jane.  
Were he in company, he dies for company.

*Queen.* Good Jane, entreat for them.

*Jane.* Come, Edward! I must not take this answer.  
Needs must I have some grace for Stranguidge.

*King.* Why, Jane, have I not denied my Queen?  
Yet what is't, Jane, I would deny to thee?  
I prithee, Brackenbury, be not thou displeas'd:

My word is pass'd. Not one of them shall live.  
One, go and see them forthwith put to death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Crosby Place.

*Enter the Dukes of CLARENCE and GLOCESTER and  
Dr. SHAW.*

*Glost.* I cannot see this prophecy you speak of  
Should any way so much displease the King ;  
And yet I promise you, good brother Clarence,  
'Tis such a letter as concerns us both.

That G. should put away King Edward's children,  
And sit upon his throne ! that G. should ! well !

*Cla.* God bless the King and these two sweet young  
princes !

*Glost.* Amen, good brother Clarence.

*Shaw.* Amen !

*Glost.* (*aside.*) And send them all to Heaven shortly,  
I beseech him !

*Cla.* The King's much troubled, in his sickness, with it.

*Glost.* I promise you he is, and very much.

But, Dr. Shaw, who prophesied that G.  
Should be so sadly ominous to us ?

*Shaw.* My lord of Gloster, I received the same  
From old Friar Anselm of Saint Bartholomew's.

*Glost.* A great learn'd man he was ; and, as I have heard,  
Hath prophesied of very many things :  
I promise you, it troubles me.

(*Aside.*) I hope, in me his prophecy is true.

*Clar.* And, so it does me, I tell you, brother Gloster.

*Glost.* I am sure it does ; for, look you, brother  
Clarence,

We know not how his highness will apply it :

We are but two, yourself, my lord, and I.

Should the young princes fail, which God defend !

*Clar.* Which God defend!

*Shaw.* Which God defend!

*Glost. (aside.)* But they should be cut off! (*aloud.*)  
Amen, amen!

You, brother, first; and, should your issue fail,  
Poor I am next, the youngest of the three.  
But how far I am from a thought of that,  
Heav'n witness with me— (*aside.*) that I wish you dead!

*Clar.* Brother, I durst be sworn!

*Glost.* God bless you all!

(*Aside.*) And take you to him, if it be his will!

(*Aloud.*) Now, brother, this prophecy of G. troubling the  
King,

He may as well apply it unto Gloster,  
My dukedom's name, if he be jealous,  
As unto George, your name, good brother Clarence.  
God help! God help! i'faith it troubles me,  
You would not think how— (*aside.*) that any of you live!

*Clar.* It cannot choose: how innocent I am,  
And how unspotted are my loyal thoughts  
Unto his highness and those sweet young princes,  
God be my record!

*Glost.* Who, you? Ay, I durst answer for you,

(*Aside.*) That I shall cut you off ere it be long.

(*Aloud.*) But, reverend doctor, you can only tell,  
Being his highness' confessor, how he takes it.

(*Aside to Shaw.*) Shaw, you know my mind, a villain like  
myself.

*Shaw.* My lord of Clarence, I must tell your lordship,  
His highness is much troubled in his sickness  
With this same prophecy of G. Who is this G?  
Oft-times he will demand; then will he sigh,  
And name his brother George, yourself, my lord,  
And then he strikes his breast, I promise you.  
This morning, in the extremest of his fit,

He lay so still, we all thought he had slept,  
 When suddenly, "George is the G.," quoth he,  
 And gave a groan, and turn'd his face away.

*Clar.* God be my witness, witness with my soul,  
 My just and upright thoughts to him and his!  
 I stand so guiltless and so innocent  
 As I could wish my breast to be transparent,  
 And my thoughts written in great letters there,  
 The world might read the secrets of my soul.

*Glost.* Ah, brother Clarence, when you are suspected!  
 Well, well, it is a wicked world the while:  
 But shall I tell you, brother, in plain terms,  
 I fear yourself and I have enemies  
 About the King, God pardon them! the world  
 Was never worses to be trusted.

Ah! brother George, where is that love that was?  
 Ah! it is banish'd, brother, from the world.

Ah, conscience, conscience, and true brotherhood—  
 'Tis gone, 'tis gone. Brother, I am your friend,  
 I am your loving brother, your own self,  
 And love you as my soul; use me in what you please,  
 And you shall see I'll do a brother's part—  
 (*Aside.*) Send you to Heav'n, I hope, ere it be long:  
 I am a true-stampt villain as ever lived.

*Clar.* I know you will. Then, brother, I beseech  
 you,  
 Plead you mine innocence unto the King,  
 And in meantime, to tell my loyalty,  
 I'll keep within my house at Baynard's Castle,  
 Until I hear how my dread sovereign takes it.

*Glost.* Do so, good brother.

*Clar.* Farewell, good brother Gloster.

*Glost.* My tears will scarcely let me take my leave,  
 I love you so: farewell, sweet George! [*Exit CLAR.*]  
 So, is he gone? now, Shaw, 'tis in thy power

To bind me to thee everlastingly,  
 And there is not one step that I shall rise,  
 But I will draw thee with me unto greatness.  
 Thou shalt sit in my bosom as my soul.  
 Incense the King, now being as thou art,  
 So near about him, and his confessor,  
 That this G. only is George, duke of Clarence.  
 Doctor, thou need'st not my instruction ;  
 Thou hast a searching brain, a nimble spirit,  
 Able to master any man's affections.  
 Effect it, Shaw, and bring it to pass once,  
 I'll make thee the greatest Shaw that ever was.

*Shaw.* My lord, I'm going by commandement  
 Unto the Marshalsea, to Captain Stranguidge,  
 For piracy of late condemn'd to die,  
 There to confess him and his company ;  
 That done, I'll come with speed back to the King,  
 And make no doubt but I'll effect the thing.

*Glost.* Farewell, gentle Doctor !

*Shaw.* Farewell, my lord of Gloster !  
[*Exit.*

*Glost.* Let me awake my sleeping wits awhile.  
 Ha ! the mark thou aim'st at, Richard, is a crown,  
 And many stand betwixt thee and the same.  
 What of all that ? Doctor, play thou thy part :  
 I'll climb up by degrees, through many a heart. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Marshalsea.

*Enter BRACKENBURY with VAUX, the Keeper.*

*Bra.* Why, master Vaux, is there no remedy  
 But instantly they must be led to death ?  
 Can it not be deferr'd till afternoon,  
 Or but two hours, in hope to get reprieve ?

*Keeper.* Master Lieutenant, 'tis in vain to speak ;

The King's incens'd and will not pardon them.  
 The men are patient and resolv'd to die ;  
 The Captain and that other gentleman  
 Have cast the die whether shall suffer first.

*Bra.* How fell the lot—to Stranguidge or to him ?

*Keeper.* The guiltless passenger must first go to't.

*Bra.* They are all quite guiltless from intent of ill.

*Keeper.* And yet must die for doing of the deed.

Besides, the Duke of Exeter found dead,  
 And naked, floating up and down the sea,  
 'Twixt Calais and our coast, is laid to them,  
 That they should rob and cast him overboard.

*Bra.* My soul be pawn, they never knew of it.

*Keeper.* Well, bring them forth.

*Bra.* Stay them yet but an hour.

*Keeper.* I dare not do't, Sir Robert Brackenbury :  
 You are Lieutenant of the Tower yourself,  
 And know the peril of protracting time :  
 Moreover, here's that pickthank, Doctor Shaw,  
 The Duke of Gloster's spaniel, shriving them.  
 Come, bring them forth.

*Bra.* Poor Stranguidge, must thou die ?

*Enter one bearing a silver oar before STRANGUIDGE,  
 SHORE, and two or three more, pinioned, and two or  
 three with bills, and a Hangman. Dr. SHAW accom-  
 panies them.*

*Bra.* I dare not say good morrow, but ill day,  
 That Harry Stranguidge is thus cast away.

*Stran.* Good cousin Brackenbury, be as well content  
 To see me die, as I to suffer death.  
 Be witness that I die an honest man,  
 Because my fact proves ill through ignorance ;  
 And for the Duke of Exeter his death,  
 So speed my soul as I am innocent.



Here goes my grief, this guiltless gentleman,  
 Like Æsop's stork, that dies for company,  
 And came (God knows) but as a passenger.  
 Ah, master Flood! a thousand floods of woe  
 O'erflow my soul that thou must perish so.

*Shore.* Good Captain, let no perturbation  
 Hinder our passage to a better world.  
 This last breath's blast will waft our weary souls  
 Over death's gulf, to heaven's most happy port.  
 There is a little battle to be fought,

[*The Hangman prepares, and SHORE  
 mounts the ladder.*]

Wherein by lot the leading must be mine.  
 Second me, Captain, and this bitter breakfast  
 Shall bring a sweeter supper with the Saints.

*Shaw.* This Christian patience, at the point of death,  
 Doth argue he hath led no wicked life,  
 How ever Heav'n hath laid this cross on him.  
 Well, Matthew Flood (for so thou call'st thyself),  
 Finish a good course as thou hast begun,  
 And clear thy conscience by confession.  
 What know'st thou of the Duke of Exeter's death?

*Shore.* So God respect the waygate of my soul,  
 As I know nothing.

*Shaw.* Then concerning this  
 For which thou diest, knew Stranguidge of the league  
 Betwixt the kings before he took that prize?

*Shore.* No, in my conscience.

*Shaw.* Stranguidge, what say you?  
 You see there's but a turn betwixt your lives:  
 You must be next: confess, and save your soul,  
 Concerning that wherein I question'd him.  
 I am your ghostly father, to absolve  
 You of your sins, if you confess the truth.

*Stran.* True, doctor Shaw! and, as I hope for heaven,



In that great day when we shall all appear,  
 I neither knew how that good Duke came dead,  
 Nor of the league, till I had ta'en the prize.  
 Neither was Flood (that innocent dying man)  
 Ever with me but as a passenger.

*Shaw.* More happy he ! Well, Flood, forgive the world,  
 As thou wilt have forgiveness from the heavens.

*Shore.* Oh, so I do, and pray the world forgive  
 What wrong I did whilst I therein did live ;  
 And now I pray you turn your pains to them,  
 And leave me private for a little space  
 To meditate upon my parting hence.

*Shaw.* Do, gentle Flood, and we will pray for thee.

*Shore.* (*aside.*) Pray not for Flood, but pray for Mat-  
 thew Shore ;

For Shore coverèd with the cloak of Flood.

If I have sinned in changing of my name,  
 Forgive me, God ! 'twas done to hide my shame.

And I forgive the world—King Edward first,  
 That wrack'd my state, by winning of my wife ;  
 And though he would not pardon trespass small

In these, in me (God knows) no fault at all,  
 I pardon him, though guilty of my fall.

Perhaps he would, if he had known 'twas I ;

But twenty deaths I rather wish to die,

Than live beholding for one minute's breath  
 To him, that living, wounded me with death—

Death of my joy, and hell of my defame,  
 Which now shall die under this borrow'd name.

Jane ! God forgive thee, ev'n as I forgive ;

And pray thou may'st repent while thou dost live.

I am as glad to leave this loathèd light,

As to embrace thee on our marriage-night.

To die unknown thus is my greatest good—

That Matthew Shore's not hanged, but Matthew Flood ;

For floods of woe have wash'd away the shore  
That never wife nor kin shall look on more.

(*Aloud.*) Now, when you will, I am prepar'd to go.

*Enter JOCKY, running.*

*Jocky.* Haud, haud ! fay for speed ! untaye, untruss,  
pull down, pull off ! God seave the King ! off with the  
helters ! hence with the prisoners ! a pardon, a pardon !

*Bra.* Good news, unlook'd for ! Welcome, gentle friend !  
Who brings the pardon ?

*Jocky.* Stay, first let me blaw ! my maistress, maistress  
Shore, shée brings tha pardon. Off with those bands !  
bestow them o' tha hangman ! May maistress made me  
run the nearest way o'er tha fields. She raids a pace the  
heegh way. She's at hand bay this. Sirrah, ye that  
preach, come down. Let Doctor Shaw ha' your place :  
he's tha better scholar. Maistress Shore brings a new  
lesson for you.

*Shore.* Oh, I had read my latest lesson well,  
Had he been ready to have said *Amen*.

[*pointing to the hangman.*

Now shall I live to see my shame again.

[*descends the ladder.*

Oh, had I died unwitting to my wife,  
Rather than see her, though she bring me life !

*Enter JANE SHORE, in haste, in her riding-cloak and  
safe-guard, with a pardon in her hand.*

*Jane.* Alas ! I see that ev'n my smallest stay  
Had lost my labour, and cast them away,  
God knows, I hasted all that e'er I might.  
Here, Master Vaux, King Edward greets ye well :  
His gracious pardon frees this gentleman,  
And all his company, from shameful death.

*All.* God save the King, and God bless Mistress Shore !

*Jocky.* Amen; and keep these fra' coming here any mair.

*Jane.* You must discharge them, paying of their fees,  
Which, for I fear their store is very small,  
I will defray. Hold, here, take purse and all!  
Nay, master Vaux, 'tis gold; if not enough,  
Send to me: I will pay you royally.

*Stran.* Lady! in the behalf of all the rest,  
With humble thanks, I yield myself your slave.  
Command their service and command my life.

*Jane.* No, Captain Stranguidge; let the King command  
Your lives and service, who hath given you life.  
These and such offices conscience bids me do.

*Shaw.* Pity that e'er awry she trod her shoe!

*Shore.* Oh, had that conscience prick'd when love  
provok'd!

*Bra.* Lady! the last but not the least in debt  
To your devotion for my cousin's life,  
I render thanks: yet thanks is but a breath:  
Command me, madam, during life.  
Old Brackenbury vows for you to stand  
Whilst I have limbs or any foot of land.

*Shore.* Thus is her glory builded on the sand.

*Jane.* Thanks, good Master Lieutenant of the Tower!  
(*To Jocky.*) Sirrah, prepare my horse: why stay you  
here?

Pray ye, commend me to my noble friend  
The Duke of Clarence, now your prisoner:  
Bid him not doubt, the King's displeasure past,  
I hope to gain him favour and release.

*Bra.* God grant ye may! he's a noble gentleman.

*Shaw.* My patron Gloster 'll cross it, if he can.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where's mistress Shore? Lady, I come in post.  
The King hath had a very dang'rous fit

Since you came from him. 'Twice his majesty  
 Hath swounèd, and with much ado revived ;  
 And still, as breath will give him leave to speak,  
 He calls for you. The Queen and all the lords  
 Have sent to seek ye : haste unto his grace,  
 Or else I fear you'll never see his face.

*Jane.* O God, defend ! good friends, pray for the King.  
 More bitter are the news which he doth bring,  
 Than those were sweet I brought to you of late :  
 If Edward die, confounded is my state.  
 I'll haste unto him, and will spend my blood  
 To save his life, or do him any good.

[*Exeunt Jane SHORE and Messenger.*]

*Shore.* And so would I for thee, hadst thou been true :  
 But if he die, bid all thy pomp adieu !

*Bra.* Believe me, but I do not like these news  
 Of the King's dang'rous sickness.

*Keeper.* No, nor I.  
 Captain and Master Flood, and all the rest,  
 I do rejoice your pardon was obtained  
 Before these news, these inauspicious news :  
 If the King die, the state will soon be changed.  
 Master Lieutenant ! you'll go to the Tower.  
 I'll take my leave. Gallants, God b'w'ye all !

[*Exeunt VAUX and train.*]

*Stran.* God b'w'ye, Master Vaux ! I wus ye ha' lost  
 good guests.

*Bra.* You shall be *my* guest for a night or two,  
 Cousin, till your own lodging be prepar'd.  
 But, tell me, sir, what means hath master Flood.

*Stran.* I cannot tell : I'll ask him, if ye will.

*Bra.* Do so ; and if his fortunes be debased,  
 I'll entertain him, if he'll dwell with me,  
 On good condition.

*Stran.* Master Matthew Flood,

Hear ye my cousin Brackenbury's mind?  
 He hath conceiv'd such liking of your parts,  
 That if your means surmount not his suppose,  
 He'll entertain ye gladly at the Tower  
 To wait on him, and put ye in great trust.

*Shore.* In what I undertake, I will be just,  
 And hold me happy, if my diligence  
 May please so worthy a gentleman as he.  
 Whate'er my fortunes have been, they are now  
 Such as to service make their master bow.

*Bra.* No, Flood! more like a friend and fellow-mate  
 I mean to use thee, than a servitor,  
 And place thee in some credit at the Tower,  
 And give thee means to live in some good sort.

*Shore.* I thank ye, sir. God grant I may deserve it!

*Bra.* Cousin, and all your crew, come home with me,  
 Where, after sorrow, we may merry be.

[*Exeunt BRA. and STRAN.*]

*Shore.* The Tower will be a place of secret rest,  
 Where I may hear good news and bad, and use the best.  
 God bless the King! a worse may wear the crown;  
 And then, Jane Shore! thy credit will come down.  
 For though I'll never bed nor board with thee,  
 Yet thy destruction wish I not to see:  
 Because I lov'd thee when thou wast my wife,  
 Not for now saving my disdain'd life,  
 Which lasts too long. God grant us both to mend!  
 Well! I must in, my service to attend. [Exit.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—A Street.

*The Lord Lovell and Dr. Shaw meet.*

*Shaw.* Well met, my good lord Lovell!

*Lov.* Whither away so fast goes Doctor Shaw?

*Shaw.* Why, to the Tower, to shrive the Duke of Clarence,

Who, as I hear, is fall'n so grievous sick,  
As it is thought he can by no means 'scape.

*Lov.* He neither can nor shall, I warrant thee.

*Shaw.* I hope, my lord, he is not dead already.

*Lov.* But I hope, sir, he is: I'm sure I saw him dead  
Of a fly's death; drown'd in a butt of Malmsey.

*Shaw.* Drown'd in a butt of Malmsey! that is strange.  
Doubtless he never would misdo himself?

*Lov.* No; that thou know'st right well: he had some  
helpers:

Thy hand was in it, with the Duke of Gloster's,  
As smoothly as thou seek'st to cover it.

*Shaw.* O foul words, my lord! no more of that:  
The world knows nothing: then what should I fear?  
Doth not your honour seek promotion?  
Oh, give the Doctor then a little leave,  
So that he gain preferment with a King,  
Cares not who goes to wrack, whose heart doth wring.

*Lov.* A king? what King?

*Shaw.* Why, Richard, man, who else? good Lord, I see,  
Wise men sometimes have weak capacity.

*Lov.* Why, is not Edward living? and if he were not,  
Hath he not children? what shall become of them?

*Shaw.* Why, man, lining for beds—a knife or so—  
What, make a boy a king, and a man stand by,  
Richard, a man for us? fie, that were shame!

*Lov.* Nay, then, I see, if Edward were deceased,  
Which way the game would go.

*Shaw.* What else, my lord?  
That way the current of our fortune runs,  
By noble Richard, gallant, royal Richard:  
He is the man must only do us good;  
So I have honour, let me swim through blood.



My lord, be but at Paul's Cross Sunday next ;  
 I hope I have it here shall soundly prove  
 King Edward's children not legitimate.  
 Nay, and that for Edward ruling now,  
 And George the Duke of Clarence, so late dead,  
 Their mother happ'd to tread the shoe awry.

*Lov.* Why, what is Richard, then ?

*Shaw.* Tut, lawful, man : he says it so himself ;  
 And what he says, I'll be so bold to swear,  
 Though in my soul I know it otherwise.  
 Beware promotion, while you live, my lord.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cat.* A staff ! a staff ! a thousand pounds for a staff !

*Lov.* What staff, Sir William Catesby ?

*Cat.* Why, man, a white staff, for my lord protector !

*Lov.* Why, is King Edward dead ?

*Cat.* Dead, Lovell, dead. And Richard, our good lord,  
 Is made protector of the sweet young prince.  
 O, for a staff ! where might I have a staff,  
 That I might first present it to his hand ?

*Shaw.* Now, do I smell two bishopricks at least.  
 My sermon shall be pepper'd sound for this !

*Enter JANE SHORE, weeping, followed by JOCKY.*

*Cat.* Why, how now, mistress Shore ? what, put finger  
 in the eye ?

Nay, then, I see you have some cause to cry.

*Lov.* I blame her not. Her chiefest stay is gone,  
 The only staff she had to lean upon !  
 I see, by her, these tidings are too true.

*Jane.* Ay, my lord Lovell ; they are too true, indeed.  
 Royal King Edward now hath breath'd his last ;  
 The Queen turn'd out, and every friend put by ;  
 None now admitted but whom Richard please.

*Lov.* Why, doubtless, Richard will be kind to you.



*Jane.* Ah, my lord Lovell! God bless me from his kindness!

No sooner was the white staff in his hand,  
But finding me and the right woful queen  
Sadly bemoaning such a mighty loss,  
“Here is no place,” quoth he; “you must be gone:  
We have other matters now to think upon.  
For you,” quoth he to me, and bit his lip,  
And struck me with his staff, but said no more.  
Whereby I know he meaneth me no good.

*Cat.* Well, mistress Shore, 'tis like to be a busy time:  
Shift for yourself. Come, lads, let us begone!  
Royal King Richard must be wait upon.

*Shaw.* Well, mistress Shore, if you have need of me,  
You shall command me to the uttermost. [*Exeunt.*]

*Jane.* First, let me die, ere I do put my trust  
In any fleering spaniel of you all.

Go, Jocky, take down all my hangings,  
And quickly see my trunks be convey'd forth  
To mistress Blague's, an inn in Lombard Street,  
The Flower-de-luce. Good Jocky, make some speed;  
She, she must be my refuge in this need.  
See it done quickly, Jocky. [*Exit.*]

*Jocky.* Whickly, quotha? marry, here's a whick change,  
indeed, sic whick change did I never see before. Now,  
dream I, that I'se be a very puir fellow, and hardly ha'  
any siller to drink with a gude-fellow. But what stand  
I tattling here? I must go do my maistress' bidding;  
carry all her stuff and gear to maistress Blague's at the  
Flower-de-luce in Lombard Street. Whick then, despatch!  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Tower.

*Enter BRACKENBURY and SHORE.*

*Bra.* Come hither, Flood! let me hear thy opinion.  
Thou know'st I build upon thy confidence,

And honest dealing in my great'st affairs.  
 I have receivèd letters from the Duke,  
 Gloster, I mean, Protector of the land,  
 Who gives in charge the Tower be prepar'd,  
 This night, to entertain the two young princes.  
 It is my duty to obey, I know ;  
 But manifold suspicion troubles me.

*Shore.* He is their uncle, sir ; and, in that sense,  
 Nature should warrant their security :  
 Next, his deceased brother, at his death,  
 To Richard's care committed both the realm  
 And their protection ; where humanity  
 Stands as an orator to plead against  
 All wrong suggestion of uncivil thoughts :  
 Beside, you are Lieutenant of the Tower ;  
 Say that there should be any hurt pretended,  
 The privilege of your authority  
 Pries into every corner of this house,  
 And what can there be done without your knowledge ?

*Bra.* Thou say'st true, Flood, though Richard be  
 Protector,  
 When once they are within the Tower limits,  
 The charge of them (unless he derogate  
 From this my office, which was never seen  
 In any king's time) doth belong to me :  
 And ere that Brackenbury will consent  
 Or suffer wrong be done unto these babes,  
 His sword, and all the strength within the Tower,  
 Shall be oppos'd against the proudest comer.  
 Be it to my soul, as I intend to them !

*Shore.* And faith in me unto this commonwealth,  
 And truth to men, hath hitherto been seen  
 The pilot that hath guided my life's course,  
 Though 'twas my fortune to be wrong'd in both,  
 And therefore, sir, neither the mighty's frown,  
 Nor any bribes, shall win me otherwise.

*Bra.* 'Tis well resolvèd. Still, methinks, they should  
Be safe enough with us; and yet I fear——  
But now no more: it seems they are at hand.

*Enter the two young princes, EDWARD and RICHARD, with  
GLOSTER, CATESBY, LOVELL, and TYRREL.*

*P. Ed.* Uncle, what gentleman is that?

*Glos.* It is, sweet prince, Lieutenant of the Tower.

*P. Ed.* Sir, we are come to be your guests to-night.

I pray you, tell me, did you ever know  
Our father Edward lodge within this place?

*Bra.* Never to lodge, my liege; but oftentimes,  
On other occasions, I have seen him here.

*P. R.* Brother, last night, when you did send for me,  
My mother told me, hearing we should lodge  
Within the Tower, that it was a prison,  
And therefore marvell'd that my uncle Gloster,  
Of all the houses for a king's receipt  
Within this city, had appointed none  
Where you might keep your court but only here.

*Glos.* Vile brats! how they do descant on the Tower!  
My gentle nephew, they were ill advised  
To tutor you with such unfitting terms  
(Whoe'er they were) against this royal mansion.  
What if some part of it hath been reserv'd  
To be a prison for nobility?  
Follows it, therefore, that it cannot serve  
To any other use? Cæsar himself,  
That built the same, within it kept his court,  
And many kings since him: the rooms are large,  
The building stately, and for strength beside,  
It is the safest and the surest hold you have.

*P. Ed.* Uncle of Gloster! if you think it so,  
'Tis not for me to contradict your will;  
We must allow it, and are well content.

*Glos.* On then, a God's name !

*P. Ed.* Yet, before we go,  
One question more with you, master Lieutenant :  
We like you well ; and, but we do perceive  
More comfort in your looks than in these walls,  
For all our uncle Gloster's friendly speech,  
Our hearts would be as heavy still as lead.  
I pray you tell me, at which door or gate  
Was it my uncle Clarence did go in,  
When he was sent a pris'ner to this place ?

*Bra.* At this, my liege ! Why sighs your majesty ?

*P. Ed.* He went in here that ne'er came back again !  
But as God hath decreed, so let it be !  
Come, brother, shall we go ?

*P. R.* Yes, brother ; any where with you.

[*Exeunt the Princes, GLOSTER and LOVELL,*  
*BRACKENBURY and SHORE.*

*Tyr.* (*pulls CATESBY by the sleeve.*) Sir, were it best  
I did attend the Duke,  
Or stay his leisure till his back return ?

*Cat.* I pray you, master Tyrrel, stay without :  
It is not good you should be seen by day  
Within the Tower, especially at this time ;  
I'll tell his honour of your being here,  
And you shall know his pleasure presently.

*Tyr.* Even so, sir. Men would be glad by any means  
To raise themselves, that have been overthrown  
By fortune's scorn ; and I am one of them.

[*Re-enter the Duke of GLOSTER.*

Here comes the Duke !

*Glos.* Catesby ! is this the man ?

*Cat.* It is, if't like your excellency.

*Glos.* Come near.

Thy name, I hear, is Tyrrel, is it not ?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel is my name, my gracious lord !

*Glos.* Welcome ! it should appear that thou hast been  
In better state than now it seems thou art.

*Tyr.* I have been, by my fay, my lord ! though now  
depress'd

And clouded over with adversity.

*Glos.* Be rul'd by me, and thou shalt rise again,  
And prove more happy than thou ever wast.  
There is but only two degrees by which  
It shall be needful for thee to ascend,  
And that is, faith and taciturnity.

*Tyr.* If ever I prove false unto your grace,  
Convert your favour to afflictions.

*Glos.* But canst thou too be secret ?

*Tyr.* Try me, my lord.

This tongue was never known to be a blab.

*Glos.* Thy countenance hath, like a silver key,  
Open'd the closet of my heart. Read there ;  
If, scholar-like, thou canst expound those lines,  
Thou art the man ordain'd to serve my turn.

*Tyr.* So far as my capacity will reach,  
The sense, my lord, is this. This night, you say,  
The two young Princes both must suffer death.

*Glos.* Thou hast my meaning. Wilt thou do it ? speak.

*Tyr.* It shall be done.

*Glos.* Enough ! come, follow me,  
For thy direction, and for gold to fee  
Such as must aid thee in their tragedy. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

The Flower-de-luce Inn, Lombard Street.

*Enter Mrs. BLAGUE and JOCKY, with a portmanteau.*

*Mrs. Bla.* Welcome, good Jocky ! what good news  
bring you ?

*Jocky.* Marry, maistress ! my gude maistress greets

ye, maistress, and prays ye, maistress, till dight up her chamber, for she'll lig wi' ye to-night, maistress. And here's her cat-skin till she come.

*Enter JANE SHORE.*

*Jane.* Why, how now, loiterer? make ye no more haste? When will my trunks and all my stuff be brought, If you thus loiter? Go, make haste withal.

*Jocky.* Marry, sall I, gin ye'll be bud peetient a while. *[Exit.*

*Jane.* Good gentle mistress Blague, the only friend That fortune leaves me to rely upon,  
My counsel's closet and my tower of strength,  
To whom for safety I retire myself,  
To be secure in these tempestuous times,  
O smile on me, and give me gentle looks.  
If I be welcome, then with cheerful heart  
And willing hand, show me true signs thereof.

*Mrs. Bla.* Doubt ye of welcome, lady, to your friend? Nay, to your servant, to your beadswoman,  
To speak but truth, your bounty's bondwoman?  
Use me, command me, call my house your own,  
And all I have, sweet lady, at your will.

*Jane.* Away with titles, lay by courtly terms.  
The case is alter'd now the King is dead;  
And with his life my favouring friends are fled.  
No madam now, but, as I was before,  
Your faithful kind companion, poor Jane Shore!

*Mrs. Bla.* I lov'd you then, and since, and ever shall.  
You are the woman, though your fortunes fall:  
You, when my husband's lewd transgression  
Of all our wealth had lost possession,  
By forfeiture into his highness' hands,  
Got restitution of our goods and lands.  
He fled, and died in France: to heal that harm,

You help'd me to three manors in fee-farm,  
The worst of which clears three score pound a year.  
Have I not reason, then, to hold ye dear?  
Yes, hap what will, until my life do end,  
You are and shall be my best beloved friend.

*Jane.* How, if misfortune my folly do succeed?

*Mrs. Bla.* Trust me, true friends bide touch in time of  
need.

*Jane.* If want consume the wealth I had before?

*Mrs. Bla.* My wealth is your's, and you shall spend  
my store.

*Jane.* But the Protector prosecutes his hate.

*Mrs. Bla.* With me live secret from the world's debate.

*Jane.* You will be weary of so bad a guest.

*Mrs. Bla.* Then let me never on the earth be blest.

*Jane.* Ah, mistress Blague! you tender me such love,  
As all my sorrows from my soul remove;  
And though my portion be not very large,  
Yet come I not to you to be a charge.  
Coin, plate, and jewels, priz'd at lowest rate,  
I bring with me, to maintain my estate,  
Worth twenty thousand pound, and my array.  
If you survive to see my dying day,  
From you no penny will I give away.

*Mrs. Bla.* And I (thank you that so my wealth  
increased)

Am worth, I trow, ten thousand pounds at least.  
I think like two warm widows we may live,  
Until good fortune two good husbands give;  
For surely, mistress Shore, your husband's dead:  
When heard ye of him?

*Jane.* Never since he fled,  
O, mistress Blague, now put you in my head  
That kills my heart. Why should I breathe this air,  
Whose lost good name no treasure can repair?



O, were he here with me to lead his life,  
 Although he never used me as a wife,  
 But as a drudge to spurn me with his feet,  
 Yet should I think with him that life were sweet.

*Mrs. Bla.* How can ye once conceit so base a thing,  
 That have been kiss'd and cocker'd by a King?  
 Weep not; you hurt yourself, by God's blest mother!  
 Your husband's dead, woman! think upon another!  
 Let us in to supper: drink wine: cheer your heart;  
 And whilst I live, be sure I'll take your part. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Tower.

*Enter* BRACKENBURY, SHORE, DIGHTON, FORREST,  
*and* TYRREL.

*Tyr.* Sir, I assure you, 'tis my lord Protector's warrant.

*Bra.* My friend, I have conferr'd it with his letters,  
 And 'tis his hand, indeed, I'll not deny.  
 But blame me not, although I be precise  
 In matters that so nearly do concern me.

*Digh.* My lord Protector, sir, I make no doubt,  
 Dare justify his warrant, though perhaps  
 He doth not now acquaint you why he doth it.

*Bra.* I think, sir, there's no subject now in England  
 Will urge his grace to show what he dare do;  
 Nor will I ask him why he does it;  
 (*Aside.*) I would I might, to rid me of my doubt.

*For.* Why, sir, I think he needs no precedent  
 For what he does: I think his power is absolute  
 enough.

*Bra.* I have no pow'r, sir, to examine it,  
 Nor will: I do obey your warrant,  
 Which I will keep for my security.

*Tyr.* You shall do well in that, sir.

*Bra.* Here's the keys.

*Shore.* (*aside to BRA.*) And yet I could wish my lord  
Protector

Had sent his warrant hither by some other.

I do not like their looks, I tell you true.

*Bra.* (*to SHORE.*) Nor I, Flood, I assure thee.

*For.* What does that slave mutter to his master?

*Digh.* I hear him say he does not like our looks.

*Tyr.* Why not our looks, sir?

*For.* Sirrah, we hear you.

*Shore.* I am glad you do, sir: all is one for that.

But, if you did not, hearken better now!

I never saw three faces in whose looks

Did ever sit more terror, or more death.

God bless the princes, if it be his will!

I do not like these villains.

*Digh.* Zounds, stab the villain! Sirrah, do you  
brave us?

*Shore.* Ay, that's your coming; for you come to stab.

*For.* Stab him!

*Shore.* Nay, then, I'll stab with thee.

*Tyr.* 'Sblood, cut his throat!

*Bra.* Hold, gentlemen, I pray you.

*Shore.* Sir, I am hurt—stabb'd in the arm.

*Bra.* This is not to be justified, my friends—

To draw your weapons here within the Tower,

And by the law it is no less than death.

I cannot think the Duke will like of this.

I pray ye be content: too much is done.

*Tyr.* He might have held his peace, then, and been quiet.

Farewell, farewell! [*Exeunt DIGHT, FOR, and TYR.*]

*Shore.* Hell and damnation follow murderers!

*Bra.* Go, Flood,

Get thee some surgeon to look to thy wound.

Hast no acquaintance with some skilful surgeon?

Keep thy wound close, and let it not take air.

And for my own part, I will not stay here.  
Whither wilt thou go, that I may send to thee.

*Shore.* To one Mistress Blague's, an inn, in Lombard Street.

There you shall find me, or shall hear of me.

*Bra.* Sweet princely babes, farewell! I fear you sore:  
I doubt these eyes shall never see you more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Bed-room in the Tower.

*Enter the two young Princes, EDWARD and RICHARD, in their bedgowns and caps, unbuttoned.*

*Ric.* How does your lordship?

*Ed.* Well, good brother Richard.  
How does yourself? you told me your head ached.

*Ric.* Indeed it does, my lord! feel with your hands  
How hot it is!

*Ed.* Indeed you have caught cold,  
With sitting yesternight to hear me read.  
I pray thee go to bed, sweet Dick! poor little heart.

*Ric.* You'll give me leave to wait upon your lordship.

*Ed.* I had more need, brother, to wait on you;  
For you are sick; and so am not I.

*Ric.* Oh, lord! methinks this going to our bed,  
How like it is to going to our grave.

*Ed.* I pray thee, do not speak of graves, sweet heart.  
Indeed thou frightest me.

*Ric.* Why, my lord brother, did not our tutor teach us,  
That when at night we went unto our bed,  
We still should think we went unto our grave.

*Ed.* Yes, that's true,  
If we should do as ev'ry Christian ought,  
To be prepar'd to die at ev'ry hour.  
But I am heavy.

*Ric.* Indeed, and so am I.

*Ed.* Then let us say our prayers and go to bed.

[*They kneel, and solemn music within.*

*It ceases, and they rise.*

*Ric.* What, bleeds your grace?

*Ed.* Ay, two drops and no more.

*Ric.* God bless us both; and I desire no more.

*Ed.* Brother, see here what David says, and so say I:  
Lord! in thee will I trust, although I die. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter TYRREL.*

*Tyr.* Go, lay ye down, but never more to rise!

I have put my hand into the foulest murder

That ever was committed since the world.

The very senseless stones here in the walls

Break out in tears but to behold the fact.

Methinks the bodies lying dead in graves

Should rise and cry against us. (*a noise within.*) O hark,  
hark!

The mandrakes' shrieks are music to their cries.

The very night is frightened, and the stars

Do drop like torches to behold this deed!

The very centre of the earth doth shake!

Methinks the Tower should rent down from the top,

To let the heav'n look on this monstrous deed.

*Enter, at one door, DIGHTON, with EDWARD under his  
arm, at the other, FORREST, with RICHARD.*

*Digh.* Stand further, damnèd rogue! and come not  
near me.

*For.* Nay, stand thou further, villain, stand aside!

*Digh.* Are we not both damn'd for this cursed deed?

*For.* Thou art the witness that thou bear'st the King.

*Digh.* And what bear'st thou?

*For.* It is too true. Oh, I am damn'd indeed! (*look-  
ing at RICHARD.*)

*Tyr.* I am as deep as you, although my hand  
Did not the deed.

*Digh.* O villain, art thou there?

*For.* A plague light on thee!

*Tyr.* Curse not,  
A thousand plagues will light upon us all.

[*They lay the bodies down.*]

The priest here in the Tower will bury them.

Let us away. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—The Fleur-de-luce Inn.

*Enter Mrs. BLAGUE and two Men, bringing in SHORE  
in a chair, his arm bleeding.*

*Mrs. Bla.* So, set him here awhile, where is more air.  
How cheer you, sir? Alack, he doth begin  
To change his colour! Where is mistress Shore?  
Gone to her closet for a precious balm,  
The same (she said) King Edward us'd himself.  
Alack, I fear he'll die before she come.  
Run quickly for some *rosa-solis*. Faint not, sir;  
Be of good comfort. Come, good mistress Shore,  
What have you there?

*Enter JANE SHORE.*

*Jane.* Stand by, and give me leave.

*Mrs. Bla.* Unhappy me, to lodge him in my house!

*Jane.* I warrant you, woman! be not so afraid.  
If not this blood-stone hang'd about his neck,  
This balm will stanch it, by the help of God.  
Lift up his arm, whilst I do bathe his wound.  
The sign belike was here when he was hurt,  
Or else some principal and chief vein is pierc'd.

*Mrs. Bla.* However, sure the surgeon was a knave,  
That look'd no better to him at the first.

*Jane.* Blame him not, Mistress Blague; the best of them,  
In such a case as this, may be to seek.

*Mrs. Bla.* Now, God be blessèd! see the crimson blood,  
That was precipitate and falling down  
Into his arm, retires into his face.

How fare you, sir? how do you feel yourself?

*Shore.* Oh, wherefore have you wak'd me from my  
sleep?

And broke the quiet slumber I was in?  
Methought I sate in such a pleasant place,  
So full of all delight as never eye  
Beheld, nor heart of man could comprehend.  
If you had let me go, I felt no pain;  
But being now revok'd, my grief renews.

*Jane.* Give him some *rosa-solis*, mistress Blague,  
And that will likewise animate the spirits,  
And send alacrity unto the heart,  
That hath been struggling with the pangs of death.

*Mrs. Bla.* Here, sir, drink this; you need not fear it, sir;  
It is no hurt: see, I will be your taster:  
Then drink, I pray you.

*Jane.* Now, fellows, raise his body from the chair,  
And gently let him walk a turn or two.

*Mrs. Bla.* Good sooth, mistress Shore, I did not think  
till now  
You had been such a cunning-skill'd physician.

*Shore.* Oh, mistress Blague, though I must needs  
confess

It would have been more welcome to my soul  
If I had died, and been remov'd, at last,  
From the confusèd troubles of this world,  
Whereof I have sustainèd no mean weight,  
Than ling'ring here, be made a packhorse still  
Of torments, in comparison of which  
Death is but as the pricking of a thorn,

Yet I do thank you for your taken pains,  
And would to God I could requite your love !

*Mrs. Bla.* Sir, I did you little good. What was done,  
Ascribe the benefit and praise thereof  
Unto the gentlewoman, kind mistress Shore,  
Who, next to God, preserv'd your feeble life.

*Shore.* How ! mistress Shore ! good friends, let go your  
hold !

My strength is now sufficient of itself.  
(*Aside.*) Oh, is it she that still prolongs my woe ?  
Was it ordain'd not only at the first  
She should be my destruction, but now twice,  
When gracious destinies had brought about  
To end this weary pilgrimage of mine,  
Must she, and none but she, prevent that good,  
And stop my entrance to eternal bliss ?  
Oh, lasting plague, oh, endless corrosive !  
It now repents me double that I 'scaped  
Since's life's made death, and life's author hate !

*Jane.* Sir, take my counsel, and sit down again.  
It is not good to be so bold of foot  
Upon the sudden, till you have more strength.

*Shore.* Mistress, I thank you, and I care not much  
If I be rul'd by you. (*sits.*)

(*Aside.*) Oh, God, that she should pity me unknown,  
That, knowing me, by her was overthrown ;  
Or ignorantly she should regard this smart,  
That heretofore spar'd not to stab my heart ! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—The same.

*Enter BRACKENBURY and Mrs. BLAGUE and JANE SHORE.*

*Bra.* By your leave, mistress Blague, I'm somewhat  
bold.



Is there not a gentleman within your house,  
Call'd master Flood, came hither hurt last night?

*Mrs. Bla.* Is his name Flood? I knew it not till now;  
But here he is, and well recover'd,  
Thanks to this gentlewoman, mistress Shore.

*Bra.* Pardon me, mistress Shore, I saw you not:  
And trust me, I am sorry at the heart  
So good a creature as yourself hath been  
Should be so vilely dealt with as you are.  
I promise you, the world laments your case.

*Jane.* How mean you, sir? I understand you not.  
Lament my case for what? for Edward's death?  
I know that I have lost a gracious friend;  
But that is not to be remedied now.

*Bra.* No, mistress Shore! it is for Richard's hate,  
That too much envies your prosperity.

*Jane.* I know he loves me not, and for that cause,  
I have withdrawn me wholly from the Court.

*Bra.* You have not seen the proclamation, then?

*Jane.* The proclamation! No. What proclamation?

*Bra.* Ah, mistress Shore! The King, in every street  
Of London and in every borough town  
Throughout this land, hath publicly proclaimed,  
On pain of death, that none shall harbour you,  
Or give you food, or clothes to keep you warm;  
But, having first done shameful penance here,  
You shall be then thrust forth the city-gates  
Into the naked, cold, forsaken field.  
I fable not; I would to God I did!  
See, here's the manner of it put in print;  
'Tis to be told in every stationer's shop,  
Besides a number of them clapp'd on posts,  
Where people crowding, as they read your fall,  
Some murmur, and some sigh; but most of them  
Have their relenting eyes ev'n big with tears.

*Jane.* God's will be done! I know my sin is great,  
And he that is omnipotent and just  
Cannot but must reward me heavily.

*Bra.* It grieves me, mistress Shore, it was my chance  
To be the first reporter of this news.

*Jane.* Let it not grieve; I must have heard of it,  
And now as good as at another time.

*Bra.* I pray ye, mistress Blague, have care of Flood;  
And what his charge is, I will see you paid. [Exit.

*Enter SHORE in the background.*

*Jane.* Farewell to all! that still shall be my song,  
Let men impose upon me ne'er such wrong;  
And this extremity shall seem the less,  
In that I have a friend to lean unto.  
Sweet mistress Blague! there were upon the earth  
No comfort left for miserable Jane,  
But that I do presume upon your love.  
I know, though tyrant Richard had set down  
A greater penalty than is proclaim'd,  
(Which cannot well be thought) yet in your house  
I should have succour and relief beside.

*Mrs. Bla.* What! and so I should be a traitor,  
should I?

Is that the care you have of me and mine?  
I thank you, truly; no, there's no such matter.  
I love you well, but love myself better.  
As long as you were held a true subject,  
I made account of you accordingly;  
But, being otherwise, I do reject you,  
And will not cherish my king's enemy.  
You know the danger of the proclamation:  
I would to God you would depart my house!

*Jane.* When was it ever seen Jane Shore was false  
Either unto her country or her king?

And therefore 'tis not well, good mistress Blague,  
That you upbraid me with a traitor's name.

*Mrs. Bla.* Ay, but you have been a wicked liver,  
And now you see what it is to be unchaste :  
You should have kept you with your honest husband :  
'Twas never other like but that such filthiness  
Would have a foul and detestable end.

*Jane.* Time was that you did tell me otherwise,  
And studied how to set a gloss on that,  
Which now you say is ugly and deformed.

*Mrs. Bla.* I told you then as then the time did serve,  
And more, indeed, to try your disposition,  
Than any way to encourage you to sin.  
But when I saw you were ambitious,  
And faintly stood on terms of modesty,  
I left you to your own arbitrement.  
Can you deny it was not so? how say you?

*Jane.* We will not, mistress Blague, dispute of that ;  
But now, in charity and womanhood,  
Let me find favour, if it be but this,  
That in some barn or stable I may shrowd,  
Till otherwise I be provided for.

*Mrs. Bla.* I pray you, do not urge me, mistress Shore !  
I will not have my house endanger'd so.

*Jane.* Oh, you did promise I should never want,  
And that your house was mine, and swore the same.  
'To keep your oath be then compassionate.

*Mrs. Bla.* So you did swear you would be true to Shore ;  
But you were not so good as was your word.  
My oath's discharg'd now, by the King's command.

*Jane.* Yet let me have those jewels and that money  
Which is within my trunks.

*Mrs. Bla.* I know of none.  
If there be any, I will be so bold  
As keep it for your diet and your man's.

It is no little charge I have been at  
To feed your dainty tooth, since you came hither ;  
Beside, house-room, I'm sure, is something worth.

*Shore. (aside.)* Ah, Jane ! I cannot choose but pity thee.  
Here's the first step to thy deep misery !

*Jane.* Oh, that my grave had then been made my house,  
When either first I went unto the Court,  
Or from the Court return'd unto this place !

*Enter two Apparitors.*

*Servant.* How now, what are you ? it had been  
manners,  
You should have knock'd before you had come in.

*First Ap.* We are the Bishop's 'parators, my friend ;  
And, mistress Shore, our errand is to you.  
This day, it is commanded by the King,  
You must be stript out of your rich attire,  
And in a white sheet go from Temple-bar  
Until you come to Aldgate, bare-footed,  
Your hair about your ears, and in your hand  
A burning taper. Therefore, go with us.

*Jane.* Even when and whither you will ; and would to  
God,

The King as soon could rid my soul of sin,  
As he may strip my body of these rags !

*Sec. Ap.* That would be soon enough : but come away.  
And, mistress Blague, you'll hardly answer it,  
When it is known we found her in your house.

*First Ap.* It seems you do not fear to harbour her.

*Mrs. Bla.* I harbour her ? out on her, strumpet quean !  
She press'd upon me, whe'r I would or no.  
I'll see her hang'd e'er I will harbour her.

*Enter CATESBY and Sheriff.*

So now, her jewels and her gold is mine,

And I am made at least four thousand pound  
 Wealthier by this match than I was before :  
 And what can be objected for the same ?  
 That once I lov'd her : well, perhaps I did ;  
 But now I am of another humour ;  
 And women all are govern'd by the moon,  
 Which is, you know, a planet that will change.

*Cat.* Come, master Sheriff of London ! do your  
 office.

Attach this rebel to his majesty,  
 And, having stript her to the petticoat,  
 Turn her out o' doors, with this condition,  
 That no man harbour *her* that durst presume  
 To harbour that lewd curtezan, Shore's wife,  
 Against the strait commandment of the King.

*Mrs. Bla.* I beseech you, sir.

*Cat.* Away with her, I say.

The while I'll seize upon her house and goods,  
 Which wholly are confiscate to the King. [*Exeunt.*]

*Shore. (solus.)* Oh, what have I beheld? were I as  
 young

As when I came to London to be 'prentice,  
 This pageant were sufficient to instruct  
 And teach me ever after to be wise.  
 First have I seen desert of wantonness  
 And breach of wedlock ; then of flattery ;  
 Next, of dissembling love ; and last of all,  
 The ruin of base-catching avarice.  
 But, poor Jane Shore ! in that I lov'd thee once,  
 And was thy husband, I must pity thee.  
 The sparks of old affection, long ago  
 Rak'd up in ashes of displeasure, kindle ;  
 And in this furnace of adversity  
 The world shall see a husband's loyalty. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—A room in Dr. Shaw's House.

*Enter Dr. SHAW, reading.*

*Shaw.* Spuria vitulamina non agent radices altas.  
 Bastardly slips have always slender growth.  
 Ah, Shaw! this was the cursèd theme  
 That, at Paul's cross, thou mad'st thy sermon of,  
 To prove the lawful issue of thy King,  
 Got out of wedlock, illegitimate.  
 Ah, Duke of Gloster! this did'st thou procure.  
 Did Richard, villain? No, it was thy fault,  
 Thou would'st be won to such a damnèd deed,  
 Which now to think on makes my soul to bleed.  
 Ah, friar Anselm! sleep among the blest:  
 Thy prophecy thus falsely did I wrest.

*Enter the Ghost of Friar ANSELM, with a lighted torch.*

*An.* Thou did'st; and be thou damn'd therefore!  
 Ne'er come thy soul where blessedness abides!  
 Didst thou not know the letter G. was Gloster?

*Shaw.* Anselm, I did.

*An.* Why, then, didst thou affirm  
 That it was meant by George the Duke of Clarence?  
 That honourable harmless gentleman,  
 Whose thoughts all innocent as any child,  
 Yet came, through thee, to such a luckless death.

*Shaw.* I was enforcèd by the Duke of Gloster.

*An.* Enforc'd, saist thou? would'st thou then be enforced,  
 Being a man of thy profession,  
 To sin so vilely, and with thine own mouth  
 To damn thy soul? No; thou wast not enforc'd;  
 But gain and hope of high promotion  
 Hir'd thee thereto. Say, was it so, or no?

*Shaw.* It did, it did.

*An.* Why, then, record in thy black hellish thoughts

How many mischiefs have ensued hereon !  
First, wrongèd Clarence drownèd in the Tower ;  
Next, Edward's children murder'd in the Tower ;  
This day, at Pomfret, noble gentlemen  
Three, the Queen's kindred, lose their harmless heads.  
Think'st thou that here this flood of mischief stays ?  
No, villain, many are mark'd to the block,  
And they the nearest, think them farthest off.  
Ev'n Buckingham, creator of that king,  
Shall he to woe and wretched ending bring.  
All this (accursed man) hath come by thee,  
And thy false wresting of my prophecy,  
For England's good, disclosèd to thy trust ;  
And so it had been, had'st thou provèd just.  
But thou, and ev'ry one that had a hand  
In that most woful murder of the princes—  
To fatal ends you are appointed all.  
Here in thy study shalt thou starve thyself,  
And from this hour not taste one bit of food.  
The rest shall after follow, on a row,  
To all their deaths ; vengeance will not be slow.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where is master Doctor Shaw ?

*Shaw.* Here, friend ; what is thy will with me ?

*Mes.* King Richard prays ye to come to him strait,  
For he would be confessed.

*Shaw.* I cannot come. I pray thee, take that Friar ;  
For he can do it better far than I.

*Mes.* A friar, master Doctor ! I see none.

*Shaw.* Doèst thou not ? No : thy untainted soul  
Cannot discern the horrors that I do.

*An.* Shaw, go with him ; and tell that tyrant Richard,  
He hath but three years limited for life ;  
And then a shameful death takes hold on him.



That done, return ; and in thy study end  
 Thy loathèd life, that didst us all offend.

*Shaw.* With all my heart. Would it were ended now !  
 So it were done, I care not where nor how. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Aldgate.

*Enter the two Apparitors, with JANE SHORE in a white sheet, with her hair loose, and a wax taper in her hand.*

*First Ap.* Now, mistress Shore, here our commission ends.

Put off your robe of shame ; for this is Aldgate,  
 Whither it was appointed we should bring you.

*Jane.* My robe of shame ! Oh, that so foul a name  
 Should be applied unto so fair a garment !  
 Which is no more to be condemn'd of shame  
 Than snow of putrefaction is deserved,  
 To cover an infectious heap of dung.  
 My robe of shame, but not my shame, put off ;  
 For that sits branded on my forehead still,  
 And therefore, in derision, was I wrapt  
 In this white sheet ; and in derision bore  
 This burning taper, to express my folly,  
 That having light of reason to direct me,  
 Delighted yet in by-ways of dark error.

*Sec. Ap.* Well, mistress Shore ! I hope you grudge not us.  
 We show'd you all the favour poor men could.

*Jane.* Oh, God forbid ! I know the King's edict  
 Set you a-work, and not your own desires.

*First Ap.* Ay, truly, mistress ; and for our parts  
 We could be well content 'twere otherwise,  
 But that the law's severe. And so we leave you. [*Exeunt.*]

*Jane.* Farewell to you both ! and London too !  
 Farewell to thee, where I was first enticed,  
 That scandaliz'd thy dignity with shame ;

But now thou hast return'd me treble blame ;  
My tongue, that gave consent, enjoin'd to beg ;  
Mine eyes adjudg'd to hourly laments ;  
Mine arms, for their embracings, catch the air ;  
And these quick, nimble feet, that were so ready  
To step into a King's forbidden bed,  
London ! thy flints have punish'd for their pride,  
And thou hast drunk their blood for thy revenge.  
What now avails to think what I have been ?  
Then welcome, nakedness and poverty !  
Welcome, contempt ! welcome, you barren fields !  
Welcome the lack of meat and lack of friends !  
And, wretched Jane ! according to thy state,  
Sit here, sit here, and lower if might be !  
All things that breathe, in their extremity,  
Have some recourse of succour. Thou hast none.  
The child, offended, flies unto the mother.  
The soldier, struck, retires unto his Captain.  
The fish, distressèd, slides into the river.  
Birds of the air do fly unto their dams,  
And underneath their wings are quickly shrouded.  
Nay, beat the spaniel, and his master moans him.  
But I have neither where to shroud myself,  
Nor any one to make my moan unto.  
Come, patience, then ; and, though my body pine,  
Make thou a banquet to refresh my soul.  
Let heart's deep throbbing sighs be all my bread ;  
My drink salt tears ; my guests repentant thoughts ;  
That whoso knew me, and doth see me now,  
May shun by me the breach of wedlock's vow.

*Enter BRACKENBURY, with a prayer-book, and some relief in a cloth.*

*Bra.* Oh, God ! how full of dangers grow these times,  
And no assurance seen in any state

No man can say that he is master now  
 Of any thing is his, such is the tide  
 Of sharp disturbance running through the land !  
 I have given over my office in the Tower,  
 Because I cannot brook their vile complots,  
 Nor smother such outrageous villanies.  
 But, mistress Shore to be so basely wrong'd  
 And vilely us'd, that hath so well deserved,  
 It doth afflict me in the very soul !  
 She sav'd my kinsman's, Harry Stranguidge, life ;  
 Therefore, in duty am I bound to her  
 To do what good I may, though law forbid.  
 See where she sits ! God comfort thee, good soul !  
 First, take that to relieve thy body with ;  
 And next receive this book, wherein is food,  
 Manna of Heaven to refresh thy soul !  
 'These holy meditations, mistress Shore !  
 Will yield much comfort in this misery,  
 Whereon contemplate still, and never lin,  
 That God may be unmindful of thy sin.

*Jane.* Master Lieutenant ! in my heart I thank ye  
 For this kind comfort to a wretched soul.  
 Welcome, sweet prayèr-book, food of my life,  
 The sov'reign balm for my sick conscience !  
 Thou shalt be my soul's pleasure and delight,  
 To wipe my sins out of Jehovah's sight.

*Bra.* Do so, good Mistress Shore. Now I must leave ye,  
 Because some other bus'ness calls me hence ;  
 And God, I pray, regard your penitence ! [*Exit.*

*Jane.* Farewell, sir Robert ! and for this good to me,  
 The God of Heav'n be mindful still of thee !

*As she sits weeping and praying, Enter on one side  
 AYRE, and on the other RUFFORD.*

*Ayre.* This way she went, and cannot be far off :

For but ev'n now I met the officers  
 That were attendant on her in her penance.  
 Yonder she sits! now then, Ayre! show thyself  
 Thankful to her, that sometime sav'd thy life,  
 When law had made thee subject to base death.  
 Give her thy purse; for here comes somebody.  
 Stand by awhile, for fear thou be discover'd.

*Ruf.* What, mistress Shore? King Edward's concubine

Set on a molehill? oh, disparagement!  
 A throne were fitter for your ladyship.  
 Fie, will you slubber these fair cheeks with tears,  
 Or sit so solitary? where's all your servants?  
 Where is your gown of silk, your periwigs,  
 Your fine rebatoes, and your costly jewels?  
 What, not so much as a shoe upon your foot?  
 Nay, then, I see the world goes hard with whores.

*Ayre.* The villain slave gibes at her misery.

*Ruf.* Now, whether is it better to be in Court,  
 And there to beg a licence of the King,  
 For transportation of commodities,  
 Than here to sit forsaken as thou dost?  
 I think, upon condition Edward lived,  
 And thou were still in favour as before,  
 Thou wouldst not say that Rufford had deserved  
 To have his ears rent for a worsor suit  
 Than licence to ship over corn and lead.  
 What, not a word! 'faith, wench! I'll tell thee what;  
 If thou dost think thy old trade out of date,  
 Go learn to play the bawd another while.

*Ayre.* Inhuman wretch! why dost thou scorn her so?  
 And vex her grievèd soul with bitter taunts?

*Ruf.* Because I will. She is a curtizan,  
 And one abhorrèd of the world for lust.

*Ayre.* If all thy faults were in thy forehead writ,

Perhaps thou would'st thyself appear no less,  
But much more, horrible than she doth now.

*Ruf.* You are no judge of mine, sir.

*Ayre.* Why, nor thou of her.

*Ruf.* The world hath judg'd and found her guilty,  
And 'tis the King's command she be held odious.

*Ayre.* The King of Heav'n commandeth otherwise;  
And if thou be not willing to relieve her,  
Let it suffice thou seest her miserable,  
And study not to amplify her grief.

*Enter Mrs. BLAGUE, poorly drest, begging with her  
basket and clap-dish.*

What other woful spectacle comes here?

*[When RUFFORD looks away, AYRE gives his  
purse to JANE SHORE.*

Mistress, take that, and spend it for my sake.

*Mrs. Bla.* Oh, I am pinch'd with more than common  
want.

Where shall I find relief? Good gentleman,  
Pity a wretched woman, like to starve,  
And I will pray for ye. One halfpenny,  
For Christ's sake, to comfort me withal.

*Ruf.* What, Mistress Blague! is't you? no marvel, sure,  
But you should be relieved: a halfpenny, quotha?  
Ay, marry, sir; and so be hang'd myself!  
Not I: this gentleman may, if he please.  
Get you to your companion, mistress Shore,  
And then there is a pair of queans well met.  
Now I bethink me, I'll go to the King,  
And tell him that some will relieve Shore's wife,  
Except some officer there be appointed  
That carefully regards it be not so.  
Therefore, myself will I make offer to him,  
Which questionless he cannot but accept:

So shall I still pursue Shore's wife with hate,  
That scorn'd me in her high whore's estate. [Exit.

*Mrs. Bla.* Good gentleman, bestow your charity!  
One single halfpenny to help my need.

*Ayre.* Not one, were I the Master of the Mint.  
What? succour thee that didst betray thy friend?  
See where she sits! whom thou didst scorn indeed,  
And therefore rightly art thou scorn'd again.  
Thou thought'st to be enrichèd with her goods,  
But thou hast now lost both thy own and her's;  
And for my part, knew I 'twould save thy life,  
Thou should'st not get so much as a crumb of bread.  
Pack, counterfeit! pack away, dissembling drab!

*Mrs. Bla.* Oh, misery! but shall I stay to look  
Her in the face whom I so much have wronged?

*Jane.* Yes, mistress Blague! I freely pardon you.  
You have done me no wrong. Come, sit by me.  
'Twas so in wealth; why not in poverty?

*Mrs. Bla.* Oh, willingly, if you can brook her presence,  
Whom you have greater reason to despise.

*Jane.* Why, woman! Richard, that hath banish'd me  
And seeks my ruin (causeless though it be)  
Do I in heart pray for, and will do still.  
Come thou, and share with me what God hath sent:  
A stranger gave it me; and part thereof  
I do as freely now bestow on you.

*Mrs. Bla.* I thank you, mistress Shore! this courtesy  
Renews the grief of my inconstancy.

*Enter SHORE, with relief for his Wife.*

*Shore. (aside.)* Yonder she sits, how like a wither'd tree,  
That is in winter leafless and bereft  
Of lively sap, sits the poor abject soul!  
How much unlike the woman is she now,  
She was but yesterday! so short and brittle

Is this world's happiness! But who is that?  
False mistress Blague? how canst thou brook her,  
Jane?

Ay, thou wast always mild and pitiful!  
Oh, hadst thou been as chaste, we had been blest!  
But now no more of that: she shall not starve,  
So long as this, and such as this, may serve.

(*Aloud.*) Here, mistress Shore! feed on these homely  
cates,

And there is wine to drink them down withal.

*Jane.* Good sir, your name? that pities poor Jane  
Shore,

That in my prayers I may remember you.

*Shore.* No matter for my name; I am a friend  
That loves you well. So farewell, mistress Shore!  
When that is spent, I vow to bring you more. [*Exit.*]

*Jane.* God's blessing be your guide, where'er you go!  
Thus, mistress Blague, you see, amidst our woe,  
For all the world can do, God sends relief,  
And will not yet we perish in our grief.  
Come, let us step into some secret place,  
Where undisturb'd we may partake this grace.

*Mrs. Bla.* 'Tis not amiss, if you be so content,  
For here the field's too open and frequènt. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter SHORE.*

*Shore.* What, is she gone so soon? alack, poor Jane,  
Now I compassionate thy woful case!  
Whereas we liv'd together man and wife,  
Oft on an humble stool by the fire-side  
Sat she contented, when as my high heat  
Would chide her for it; but what would she say?  
"Husband, we both must lower sit one day,"  
When I dare swear she never dream'd of this:  
But see, good God! what prophesying is!



*Enter RUFFORD and FOGG with the counterfeit letters-patent. SHORE stands aside.*

*Ruf.* This is King Richard's hand ; I know it well ;  
And this of thine is justly counterfeit,  
As he himself would swear it were his own.

*Shore. (aside.)* The King's hand counterfeit ! list more  
of that.

*Ruf.* Why, ev'ry letter, ev'ry little dash  
In all respects alike ! Now may I use  
My transportation of my corn and hides,  
Without the danger of forbidding law ;  
And so I would have done in Edward's days,  
But that good mistress Shore did please to cross me ;  
But mark how now I will requite her for it !  
I mov'd my suit, and plainly told the King  
Some would relieve her, if no man had charge  
To see severely to the contrary.  
Forthwith his grace appointed me the man,  
And gave me officers to wait upon me,  
Which will so countenance thy cunning work,  
As I shall no way be suspected in it.  
How saist thou, Fogg ?

*Fogg.* It will do well, indeed.  
But, good sir, have a care in any case,  
For else you know what harm may come thereon.

*Ruf.* A care, say'st thou ? Why, man, I will not trust  
My house, my strongest locks, nor any place  
But mine own bosom. There will I keep it still.  
If I miscarry, so doth it with me.

*Shore. (aside.)* Are ye so cunning, sir ? I say no more.  
Jane Shore or I may quittance you for this. [*Exit.*

*Ruf.* Well, Fogg ! I have contented thee.  
Thou may'st be gone : I must about my charge,  
To see that none relieve Shore's wife with aught.

[*Exit FOGG.*

*Enter the Officers, with bills.*

Come on, good fellows! you that must attend  
King Richard's service, under my command,  
Your charge is to be very vigilant  
Over that strumpet, whom they call Shore's wife.  
If any traitor give her but a mite,  
A draught of water, or a crust of bread,  
Or any other food, whate'er it be,  
Lay hold on him; for it is present death  
By good King Richard's proclamation.  
This is her haunt: here stand I sentinel.  
Keep you unseen, and aid me when I call.

*Enter JOCKY and JEFFREY, with a bottle of ale, cheese,  
and halfpenny loaves, to play at bowls. Enter JANE  
SHORE, and sits where she was wont.*

*Jocky.* Now must I, under colour of playing at bowls,  
help till relieve my gude maistress, maistress Shore.  
Come, Jeffrey! we will play five up, for this bottle of  
ale, and yonder gude puir woman shall keep the stakes,  
and this cheese shall be the maister.

*[They play towards her, and JOCKY often gives her  
pieces of food, till JEFFREY being called away, he  
gives her all, and is apprehended by the Officers.]*

*Ruf.* Here is a villain that will not relieve her,  
But yet he'll lose: he bowls that way to help her.  
Apprehend him, fellows, when I bid ye.  
Although his mate be gone, he shall pay for it.  
Take him, and let the beadles whip him well.

*Jocky.* Hear ye, sir! shall they be whipt and hanged  
that give to the puir? then they shall be damned that  
take fro' the puir. *[He is led away.]*

*Re-enter AYRE, and SHORE aloof.*

*Ayre.* Ah, yonder sits the sweet forsaken soul

To whom for ever I stand deeply bound.  
She sav'd my life : then, Ayre, help to save her's.

*Ruf.* Whither go ye, sir ?

You come to give this strumpet some relief.

*Ayre.* She did more good than ever thou can'st do,  
And if thou wilt not pity her thyself,  
Give others leave, by duty bound thereto.  
Here, mistress Shore ! take this ; and would to God  
It were so much as my poor heart could wish !

[*Gives his purse.*]

*Shore (aside.)* Who is it that thus pities my poor wife ?  
'Tis Master Ayre ; God's blessing on him for it !

*Ruf.* Darèst thou do so, Ayre ?

*Ayre.* Rufford, I dare do more.

(*To JANE.*) Here is my ring : it weighs an ounce of  
gold ;

And take my cloak to keep ye from the cold.

*Ruf.* Thou art a traitor, Ayre.

*Ayre.* Rufford, thou art a villain so to call me.

*Ruf.* Lay hold on him. Attach him, officers !

*Ayre.* Rufford ! I'll answer thine arrest with this.

[*Draws his rapier, but is apprehended.*]

*Ruf.* All this contending, sir, will not avail.

This treason will be rated at thy life.

*Ayre.* Life is too little for her sake that sav'd it.

*Shore.* Is he a traitor, sir, for doing good ?

God save the King ! a true heart means no ill.

I trust he hath reclaim'd his sharp edict,

And will not that his poorest subject perish ;

And so persuaded, I myself will do

That which both love and nature bind me to.

I cannot give her as she well deserves ;

For she hath lost a greater benefit.

Poor woman ! take that purse.

*Ruf.* I'll take't away.

*Shore.* You shall not, sir; for I will answer it  
Before the King, if you enforce it so.

*Ruf.* It must be so. You shall unto the King.

*Shore.* You will be he will first repent the thing.  
Come, master Ayre, I'll bear ye company,  
Which wise men say doth ease calamity. [Exeunt.

*Jane.* (*sola.*) If grief to speech free speech could  
afford,  
Or for each woe I had a fitting word,  
I might complain, or if my floods of tears  
Could move remorse of minds, or pierce dull ears,  
Or wash away my cares, or cleanse my crime, —  
With words and tears I would bewail the time.  
But it is bootless; why live I to see  
All those despisèd that do pity me?  
Despis'd? alas, destroy'd and led to death,  
That gave me alms here to prolong my breath.  
Fair dames, behold! let my example prove,  
There is no love like to a husband's love. [Exit.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—The Palace.

*Enter King RICHARD, LOVELL, CATESBY, and RUFFORD,  
with SHORE and AYRE pinioned, and led betwixt two  
Officers.*

*Glos.* Now, tell us, Rufford, which of these it is,  
That, in the heat of his upheavèd spleen,  
Contemns our crown, disdains our dignity,  
And arms himself against authority.

*Ruf.* Both have offended, my dread sovereign,  
Though not alike, yet both faults capital.  
These lines declare what, when, and where it was.

[Gives a paper.]

*Glos.* (*reads.*) Which is that Ayre?

*Ruf.* This young man, my liege!

*Glos.* I thought it was some hot distemper'd blood,  
That fired his giddy brain with business.  
Is thy name Ayre?

*Ayre.* It is.

*Glos.* This paper says so.

*Ayre.* Perish may he, that made that paper speak!

*Glos.* Ha! dost thou wish confusion unto us?  
This paper is the organ of our power,  
And shall pronounce thy condemnation.  
We make it speak thy treasons to thy face,  
And thy malicious tongue speaks treason still.  
Reliev'st thou Shore's wife, in contempt of us?

*Ayre.* No; but her just desert.

She sav'd my life, which I had forfeited,  
Whereby my goods and life she merited.

*Glos.* And thou shalt pay it, in the selfsame place  
Where thou this man (our officer) did'st outface,  
And scorned'st us, saying, if we stood by,  
Thou would'st relieve her.

*Ayre.* I do not deny

For want of food her breath was near expir'd:  
I gave her means to buy it, undesir'd,  
And rather choose to die for charity,  
Than live condemnèd of ingratitude.

*Glos.* Your good devotion brings you to the gallows:  
He hath his sentence. Rufford, see him hanged.

[*They lead out* AYRE.]

Now, sir, your name?

*Shore.* Is it not written there?

*Glos.* Here's Matthew Flood.

*Ruf.* That is his name, my lord.

*Glos.* Is thy name Flood?

*Shore.* So master Rufford says.

*Glos.* Flood and Air ! the elements conspire,  
In air and water, to confound our power.

Did'st thou relieve that hateful wretch, Shore's wife ?

*Shore.* I did relieve that woful wretch, Shore's wife.

*Glos.* Thou seem'st a man well staid and temperate :  
Durst thou infringe our proclamation ?

*Shore.* I did not break it.

*Ruf.* Yes, and added more,  
That you would answer it before the King.

*Shore.* And added more, you would repent the  
thing.

*Ruf.* Who ? I ? his highness knows my innocence,  
And ready service with my goods and life :  
Answer thy treasons to his majesty.

*Glos.* What canst thou say, Flood, why thou should'st  
not die ?

*Shore.* Nothing ; for I am mortal, and must die,  
When my time comes ; but that, I think's, not yet,  
Although (God knows) each hour I wish it were,  
So full of dolour is my weary life.  
Now say I this, that I do know the man  
Which doth abet that trait'rous libeller,  
Who did compose and spread that sland'rous rhyme,  
Which scandals you and doth abuse the time.

*Glos.* What libeller ? another Collingborne ?  
That wrote "*The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell our Dog,*  
*Do rule all England under a Hog.*"  
Canst thou repeat it, Flood ?

*Shore.* I think I can, if you command me so.

*Glos.* We do command thee.

*Shore.* In this sort it goes :

“ The crook-back'd Boar the way hath found  
To root our roses from the ground.  
Both flow'r and bud will he confound,  
'Till King of Beasts the Swine be crown'd ;

And then the Dog, the Cat, and Rat,  
Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

Finis, quoth master Fogg, chief secretary and counsellor  
to master Rufford.

*Glos.* How say'st thou, Flood? doth Rufford foster this?

*Shore.* He is a traitor, if he do, my lord.

*Ruf.* I foster it? dread lord, I ask no grace,  
If I be guilty of this libelling.

Vouchsafe me justice, as you are my prince,  
Against this traitor that accuseth me.

*Shore.* What justice crav'st thou? I will combat thee.  
In sign whereof, I do unbutton me,

And in my shirt my challenge will maintain.  
Thou call'st me traitor: I will prove thee one.  
Open thy bosom like me, if thou darest.

*Ruf.* I will not be so rude, before his grace.

*Shore.* Thou wilt not ope the pack of thy disgrace.  
Because thy doublet's stufft with trait'rous libels.

*Glos.* Catesby, tear off the buttons from his breast.  
What find'st thou there?

*Cat.* Your highness' hand and seal,  
For transportation of hides, corn, and lead.

*Glos.* Traitor! did I sign that commission?

*Ruf.* O pardon me, most royal King!

*Glos.* Pardon! to counterfeit my hand and seal!  
Have I bestow'd such love, such countenance,  
Such trust on thee and such authority,  
To have my hand and signet counterfeit?  
To carry corn, the food of all the land,  
And lead, which after might annoy the land,  
And hides, whose leather must relieve the land,  
To strangers, enemies unto the land,  
Didst thou so nearly counterfeit my hand?

*Ruf.* Not I, my liege! but Fogg the attorney.

*Glos.* Away with him, Lovell and Catesby! go



Command the Sheriffs of London presently,  
 To see him drawn, and hang'd, and quartered.  
 Let them not drink before they see him dead.  
 Haste you again.

*Ruf.* Well, Flood, thou art my death.  
 I might have liv'd to have seen thee lose thy head.

*Shore.* Thou hast but justice for thy cruelty  
 Against the guiltless souls in misery.  
 I ask no favour, if I merit death.

[*Exeunt* LOVELL and CATESBY with RUFFORD.

*Glos.* Crav'st thou no favour? then I tell thee, Flood,  
 Thou art a traitor, breaking our edict,  
 By succouring that trait'rous quean, Shore's wife,  
 And thou shalt die.

*Shore.* If I have broke the law.

*Glos.* If, traitor? didst thou not give her thy purse?  
 And dost thou not maintain the deed?

*Re-enter* LOVELL and CATESBY.

*Shore.* I do,

If it be death to the relenting heart  
 Of a kind husband, wrongèd by a king,  
 To pity his poor weak seducèd wife,  
 Whom all the world must suffer, by command,  
 To pine and perish for the want of food—  
 If it be treason for her husband, then,  
 In the dear bowels of his former love  
 To bury his own wrong and her misdeed,  
 And give her meat whom he was wont to feed,  
 Then Shore must die; for Flood is not my name,  
 Though once I took it to conceal my shame.  
 Pity permits not injur'd Shore pass by,  
 And see his once-lov'd wife with famine die,

*Glos.* Lovell and Catesby! this is Shore, indeed.  
 Shore! we confess that thou hast privilege,  
 And art excepted in our proclamation,

Because thou art her husband, whom it concerns ;  
 And thou may'st lawfully relieve thy wife,  
 Upon condition thou forgive her fault,  
 Take her again, and use her as before ;  
 Hazard new horns ; how say'st thou, wilt thou, Shore ?

*Shore.* If any but your Grace should so upbraid,  
 Such rude reproach should roughly be repaid.  
 Suppose for treason that she lay condemn'd,  
 Might I not feed her till her hour of death,  
 And yet myself no traitor for it ?

*Glos.* Thou mightest.

*Shore.* And why not now, (O pardon me, dread lord !)  
 When she hath had both punishment and shame  
 Sufficient, since a king did cause her blame,  
 May I not give her food to save her life,  
 Yet never take and use her as my wife ?

*Glos.* Except thou take her home again to thee,  
 Thou art a stranger, and it shall not be.  
 For if thou do, expect what doth belong.

*Shore.* I never can forget so great a wrong.

*Glos.* Then never feed her whom thou can'st not love.

*Shore.* My charity doth that compassion move.

*Glos.* Move us no more. Lovell, let Ayre be hanged,  
 Just in the place where he reliev'd Shore's wife.  
 Shore hath his pardon for this first offence :  
 The name of husband pleads his innocence.  
 Away with them ! Catesby, come you with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A place of Execution.

*JOCKY is led over the stage to be whipt. Then AYRE is brought forth to execution by the Sheriff and Officers, JANE SHORE weeping, and SHORE standing by.*

*Ayre.* Good mistress Shore ! grieve me not with your  
 tears ;

But let me go in quiet to mine end.

*Jane.* Alas ! poor soul !

Was never innocent thus put to death !

*Ayre.* The more's my joy that I am innocent.  
My death is the less grievous, I am so.

*Jane.* Ah, master Ayre ! the time hath been ere  
now,

When I have kneel'd to Edward on my knees,  
And begg'd for him that now doth make me beg.  
I have giv'n him when he hath begg'd of me,  
Though he forbids to give me when I beg.  
I have ere now relievèd him and his,  
Though he and his deny relief to me.  
Had I been envious then, as Richard now,  
I had not starv'd, nor Edward's sons been murder'd,  
Nor Richard liv'd to put you now to death.

*Ayre.* The more, Jane, is thy virtue and his sin.

*Sheriff.* Come, sir, despatch !

*Ayre.* Despatch, say you ? despatch you may it call :  
He cannot stay, when death despatcheth all.

*Jane.* Lord, is my sin so horrible and grievous,  
That I should now become a murderer ?  
I've sav'd the life of many a man condemn'd,  
But never was the death of man before.  
That any man thus for my sake should die,  
Afflicts me more than all my misery.

*Ayre.* Jane, be content !

I am as much indebted unto thee,  
As unto nature : I ow'd thee a life  
When it was forfeit unto death by law.  
Thou begg'd'st it of the king and gav'st it me.  
This house of flesh, wherein this soul doth dwell,  
Is thine, and thou art landlady of it,  
And this poor Life a tenant but at pleasure.  
It never came to pay the rent till now,  
But hath run in arrearage all this while,

And now for very shame comes to discharge it,  
 When Death distrains for what is but thy due.  
 I had not ought thee so much as I do,  
 But by thy only mercy to preserve it,  
 Until I lose it for my charity.

Thou giv'st me more than ever I can pay.

Then do thy pleasure, executioner !

And now, farewell, kind, virtuous, mistress Shore !

In heav'n we'll meet again : on earth no more.

[*He is executed.*]

*Jane.* Farewell, farewell ! thou for thy alms dost die,  
 And I must end here, starv'd in misery !  
 In life my friend, in death I'll not forsake thee.  
 Thou go'st to heav'n ; I hope to overtake thee.

*Shore.* O world, what art thou ? man, ev'n from his  
 birth,

Finds nothing else but misery on earth,  
 Thou never (world !) scorn'd'st me so much before ;  
 But I (vain world !) do hate thee ten times more.  
 I'm glad I feel approaching death so nigh.  
 World ! thou hat'st me : I thee, vain world, defy !

I pray ye yet, good master officers !

Do but this kindness to poor wretched souls,  
 As let us have the burial of our friend :  
 It is but so much labour sav'd to you.

*Sheriff.* There, take his body ! bury it where you  
 will ;

So it be quickly done out of the way.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Officers.*]

*Jane.* What's he that begs the burial of my friend ?  
 And hath so oftentimes relievèd me ?  
 Ah, gentle sir ! to comfort my sad woe,  
 Let me that good kind man of mercy know.

*Shore.* Ah, Jane ! now there is none but thou and I,  
 Look on me well. Know'st thou thy Matthew Shore ?



*Shore.* Oh, happy grave! to us this comfort giving!  
 Here lies two living-dead! here one dead-living!  
 Here for his sake, lo! this we do for thee!  
 Thou look'st for one, and art possess'd of three.

*Jane.* Oh, dying marriage! oh, sweet married death!  
 Thou grave, which only should'st part faithful friends,  
 Bring'st us together, and dost join our hands.  
 Oh, living death! ev'n in this dying life!  
 Yet, ere I go, once, Matthew! kiss thy wife!

*[He kisses her, and she dies.]*

*Shore.* Ah, my sweet Jane! farewell, farewell, poor  
 soul!

Now, tyrant Richard! do the worst thou can'st.  
 She doth defy thee. Oh, unconstant world!  
 Here lies a true anatomy of thee!  
 A king had all my joy, that her enjoy'd,  
 And by a king again she was destroy'd.  
 All ages of my kingly woes shall tell.  
 Once more, inconstant world! farewell, farewell! *[Dies.]*

*Enter Sir ROBERT BRACKENBURY with two or three  
 Servants.*

*Bra.* Sirs! if the King, or else the Duke of Buck-  
 ingham,  
 Do send for me, I will attend them straight.  
 But what are these, here openly lie dead?  
 Oh, God! the one is mistress Shore; and this is  
 Flood,  
 That was my man. The third is master Ayre,  
 Who suffer'd death for his relieving her.  
 They shall not thus lie in the open way.  
 Lend me your hands and heavy hearts withal!  
 At my own charge, I'll give them burial.

*[Exeunt with the bodies.]*

## SCENE III.—The Palace.

*Enter King RICHARD, crowned, BUCKINGHAM, Lady Ann of WARWICK, LOVELL, CATESBY, FOGG, and Attendants.*

*Rich.* Most noble Lords! since it hath pleasèd you,  
Beyond our expectations, on your bounties,  
T'empale my temples with the diadem,  
How far my quiet thoughts have ever been  
From this so great majestic sovereignty,  
Heav'n best can witness. Now I am your king,  
Long may I be so to deserve your love!  
But I will be a servant to you all.  
Pray God my broken sleeps may give you rest!  
But only that my blood doth challenge it,  
Being your lawful prince by true succession,  
I could have wish'd, with all my heart I could,  
This majesty had sitten on the brow  
Of any other!  
So much do I affect a private life,  
To spend my days in contemplation!  
But since that Heav'n and you will have it so,  
I take the crown as meekly at your hands,  
As free and pure from an ambitious thought,  
As any new-born-babe! (*aside.*) Thus must thou, Richard,  
Seem as a saint to men in outward show,  
Being a very devil in thy heart.  
Thus must thou cover all thy villanies,  
And keep them close from overlookers' eyes.

*Buck.* My sovereign! by the general consent  
Of all the lords and commons of the land,  
I tender to your royal majesty  
This princely lady, the Lady Anne of Warwick,  
Judgèd the only worthiest of your love,  
To be your highness' bride, fair England's Queen.



*Rich.* My royal princely cousin, Buckingham!  
I see you strive to bless me more and more.  
Your bounty is so large and ample to me,  
You overflow my spirits with your great love.  
I willingly accept this virtuous princess,  
And crown her angel-beauty with my love!

*Lov.* Then, as the hand of your high parliament,  
I give her here unto your majesty.

*Rich.* Lord Lovell! I as heartily receive her.  
Welcome, fair Queen!

*Cat.* And from the lords and commons of your land,  
I give the free and voluntary oath  
Of their allegiance to your majesty,  
As to their sov'reign and liege lord and lady,  
Richard the third and beauteous Anne, his queen,  
The true and lawful king and queen of England.

*Rich.* I do accept it, Catesby, and return  
Exchange of mutual and party love.  
Now, Fogg too, that in your trait'rous libels,  
Besides the counterfeiting of our hand and seal  
For Rufford, though so great a fault deserv'd  
To suffer death, as he already hath,  
Going about to slubber our renown,  
And wound us with reproach and infamy,  
Yet, Fogg, that thou thyself may'st plainly see  
How far I am from seeking sharp revenge,  
Fogg, I forgive thee. And withal we do  
Repeal our heavy sentence 'gainst Shore's wife,  
Restoring all her goods; for we intend  
With all the world now to be perfect friend.

*Cat.* Why, my good lord, you know she's dead already.

*Rich.* (*aside.*) True, Catesby! else I ne'er had spoke  
such words.

(*Aloud.*) Alas! I see, our kindness comes too late.  
For Catesby tells me she is dead already!

*Cat.* Ay, my good lord, so is her husband too.

*Rich.* Would they had liv'd, to see our friendly change!  
But, Catesby, say, where died Shore and his wife?

*Cat.* Where Ayre was hang'd for giving her relief,  
There both of them, round circling his cold grave,  
And arm in arm, departed from this life.  
The people, from the love they bear to her  
And her kind husband, pitying his wrongs,  
For ever after mean to call the ditch  
Shore's Ditch, as in the memory of them.  
Their bodies, in the Friars minorites,  
Are in one grave interrèd all together.  
But mistress Blague, for her ingratitude  
To mistress Shore, lies dead unburièd,  
And no one will afford her burial.

*Rich.* But mistress Blague, she shall have burial too.  
What now? we must be friends; indeed we must.  
And now, my lords, I give you all to know,  
In memory of our eternal love,  
I do ordain an Order of the Bath,  
Twelve knights in number of that royal sort,  
Which Order, with all princely ceremonies,  
Shall be observèd in all royal pomp,  
As Edward's, our forefather, of the Garter,  
Which feast our self and our belovèd queen  
Will presently solemnize in our person.

*Buck.* Now am I bold to put your grace in mind  
Of my long suit, and partly your own promise,  
The Earl of Hereford's lands.

*Rich.* Cousin! we'll better think of that hereafter.

*Buck.* My pains, my lord, have not deserv'd delay.

*Rich.* Will you appoint our time? then you shall stay.  
For this hot hastiness, sir, you shall stay.  
Move us no more, you were best.

*Buck.* (*aside.*) Ay, Richard! is it come to this?

In my first suit of all, dost thou deny me,  
Break thine own word, and turn me off so slightly?  
Richard, thou had'st as good have damn'd thy soul,  
As basely thus to deal with Buckingham.  
Richard, I'll sit upon thy crumpèd shoulder,  
I'faith, I will, if heav'n will give me leave;  
And, Harry Richmond! this hand alone  
Shall fetch thee home, and seat thee in his throne.

[*Exit.*

*Rich.* What! is he gone in heat? why, farewell he!  
He is displeas'd: let him be pleas'd again!  
We have no time to think on angry men.  
Come, my sweet queen! let us go solemnize  
Our Knighthood's Order, in most royal wise.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



## N O T E S

TO

### THE FIRST PART.

---

Page 6, line 18. A *fit* of mirth.] As opposed to a continuance. The phrase occurs in Puttenham's "Art of English Poesie," 1589, where the author speaks of "blind harpers, or such like tavern-minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat." The word *fit* refers to the portions or pauses in a ballad or romance.

Page 7, line 26. Falconbridge.] "The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to Lord Falconbridge; 'a man (says Hall) of no less courage then audacity, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard.' He once brought his ships up the Thames, and, with a considerable body of the men of Kent and Essex, made a spirited assault on the City, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp conflict and the loss of many lives; and, had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal consequences to Edward. After roving on the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded."—RITSON. It appears from both the Camden Society's publications, hereafter quoted, that he was taken at Sandwich.

Page 10, line 7.] Leadenhall was a public graunary. See Thoms's Stow's *Survey of London*, p. 59.

Page 10, line 29, that euer *pund* spice in a mortar.] To *pun* is to *pound*. "He would *pun* thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit."—*Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. scene 1.

Page 11, line 12, Birchin lane shall *suit* us.] i. e. shall furnish us with suits of clothes. Birchin-lane was the Moumouth Street of the city. See Stow's *Survey of London*, Thoms's ed. p. 75. It was not inhabited by the mercers and woollen-drapers, as stated by Mr. Rimbault in his Notes to the Percy Society's *Follie's Anatomie*, but by "the fripperers or upholders,

that sold old apparel and household stuff." The mercers, as appears both from Stow and this play, lived in Cheapside.

Page 15, line 9, Clapperdudgin.] A cant term for a beggar, ingeniously derived by Mr. Collier from knocking the clapdish (which beggars carried) with a knife or dudgeon. See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, iii. 37.

Page 18, line 11. Flat-caps.] See Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 361, *Loves Labour's Lost*, variorum ed., act v. scene 2.

Page 19, line 15, And cutting of throats be called *havock*.] See *Coriolanus*, var. ed., act iii. scene i. Crying *havock* by the conqueror was the converse of crying *quarter* by the conquered.

Page 19, line 18, sallet.] A helmet. See the commentators on 2 *Henry VI.*, act iv. scene 10.

Page 19, line 31, a true finger.] i. e. the finger of a true, or honest man.

Page 21, line 18, The Mouth of Bishopsgate.] Some inn at the gate, where liquors were sold.

Page 21, line 29, mazer.] Mazard, the face.

Page 22, line 9, as tall a man.] i. e. as brave a man.

Page 26, line 27. What then? We should now say, *What next?*

Page 33, line 1.] It appears from Stow that Sir John Crosby was sheriff, not mayor, in this year, and that Sir Ralph Joceline was mayor, and knighted, in 1464. Crosby never was mayor. The following is Stow's annal of the year 1470:—

"1470. The 10th. [Edw. IV.] Sir John Crosbie, John Ward, [Sheriffs]; mayor, Sir John Stockton, mercer.

"Thomas the Bastard Fauconbridge, with a riotous company, set upon this city at Aldgate, Bishopsgate, the Bridge, &c., and twelve aldermen, with the recorder, were knighted in the field by Edward IV., to wit, John Stockton, mayor, Raph Verney, late mayor, John Yong, late mayor, William Tayler, late mayor, Richard Lee, late mayor, Matthew Phillips, late mayor, George Ireland, William Stoker, William Hampton, since mayor, Thomas Stolbroke, John Crosbie, and Bartlemew James, since mayor, with Thomas Urswike, recorder."—*Stow's Survey of London by Thoms*, p. 193. See also Mr. Bruce's Notes to the Camden Society's *Historie of the Arrival of Edward IV.*, and the same Society's *Warkworth's Chronicle*, p. 21.

Page 35, line 30. Whether accuseth other wrongfully.] i. e. which of the two accuseth the other wrongfully.

Page 38, line 22. Miller, thy duty is a thousand marks.] i. e. that which is due to thee.

Page 38, line penult., paned hose.] Ribbed breeches. See Gifford's *Massinger*, vol. iv. p. 481.

Page 39, line 12. Farewell, pink and pinnace, flyboat and carvel, turn-

bull and spittal.] The four names of *craft* are used for the ladies of Spicing's acquaintance. For turnbull, see Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. iv. p. 407. A spittal is an hospital, or pest-house.

Page 40, line 11, dicker.] A dicker of leather is ten hides.

Page 40, line 27, imboſt.] "When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imboſt*."—*Warton on Taming of the Shrew*, act i. scene i.

Page 40, line 29. That makes ye prate to me so fondly.] Hobs does not understand "deer imboſt," and takes it for foolish love-talk.

Page 41, line 2, megholly.] I conjecture this to be a contraction or corruption for the Virgin Mary.

Page 42, l. 8, by the mouse-foot.] "I know a man that will never swear but by *cock and pye*, or *mouse-foot*. I hope you will not say these be oaths."—*The Plaine Man's Pathway to Heaven*. By Arthur Dent. 1601.

Page 42, line 16, these courtnols.] This word occurs in the old ballad of the *King and the Miller of Mansfield*, and is a contemptuous word for *courtier* — *court-noddle*. So *grout-noll* means *grosse-teste*. See SHERWOOD.

Page 43, line 1, His majesty?] Although Mr. Douce has shown that the word *majesty* was occasionally applied to kings, long before the time of James I., a few years previous to which this play was written, yet Bp. Warburton is probably right in saying that this king was the first in England that assumed the words *sacred majesty* as a settled style, to the exclusion of *highness* and *grace*, which were previously employed, at the option of the speaker. Thus, indiscriminately, Shakespeare uses all these words, making his historical characters speak the language of his, and not of their own, time; and it is therefore perfectly natural that the Tanner of Heywood's days should not know what "his majesty" means, and, like Falstaff, should quibble at the word *grace*.

Page 43, line 19, Dost thou not know me? Then thou knowest nobody.] Heywood wrote a play with this title, A.D. 1605.

Page 44, line 1, God's blue budkin.] I think this is the oathkin of *Ods-bodikins*, or *by God's body*. The epithet *blue* is analogous to the French *ventre bleu*, or *morbleu*.

Page 44, line antepenult, scorce.] Exchange.

Page 45, line 2, my mare knows *ha* and *ree*.] *Ar* and *ré* are the words one hears from the mule-drivers, all day long, in Spain, where the verb *to drive* is *arréar*.

Page 45, line penult. Nay, that's counsel.] i. e. that's a secret.

Page 46, line 9, York, York, for my money.] See this old song in Ritson's *Northern Gurlands*.



Page 47, line 25, kiss the post.] This was a by-word for being shut out. See the Society's *Patient Grisell*, p. 75, *Every Man in his Humour*, act iii. scene 3. *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness*, Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vii. 256. I collect so many references, because the by-word has not been before noticed by either Mr. Gifford or Mr. Collier.

Page 52, line 17, condition she had all.] It was not uncommon, in familiar language, to omit the word *upon*. See Gifford's *Massinger*, vol. iv. p. 488.

Page 53, line 13, gramercies.] *Grande merci*, French, many thanks.

Page 65, line 27, If any gallant strive to have the wall.] In Heywood's days, and long afterwards, a contest for the wall-side, in walking the streets, was an uncivil characteristic of the manners of the metropolis.

Page 66, line 29, He were too fond, &c.] i.e. foolish.

Page 69, line 27, As set so rich a beauty as this is.] i.e. As *to set*, &c.

Page 70, line ult. Our kind benevolence.] "This tax (called benevolence) was devised by Edward the Fourth, for which he sustained much enuie."—*Bacon's Historie of the Raigne of King Henry the Seventh*.

Page 72, line 23, Here's old polling, subsidy, fifteen, soldiers and to the poor!] *Old* is equivalent to what we should now call *everlasting*. Polling was a poll-tax; a subsidy was the fifth part of a man's land and goods, according to a low valuation; and for fifteens, see Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 197.

Page 72, line 27, By my halidome.] "This Mr. Ritson explains, *by my holy doom*, or sentence at the resurrection, from the Saxon *haligdom*; but the word does not appear to have had such a meaning. It rather signifies *holiness*, or *honesty*. It likewise denoted a sacrament, a sanctuary, relics of saints, or any thing holy. It seems in later times to have been corrupted into *holidame*, as if it expressed the holy virgin. Thus we have *So help me God and holidame!* See Bullein's *Book of the use of sicke men*, 1579, fo. 2 b."—DOUCE.

My friend Mr. Crabb Robinson also rejects *doom*, or *judgment*, and considers *dom* as a mere suffix, corresponding with the German *thum*, in which language *heiligthum* is the ordinary word for *sanctuary*, or holy place or thing. *Thum*, in German, answers to our *dom* in *Christendom*, *kingdom*, *freedom*, *wisdom*. *By my halidom*, therefore, means *by my goodness*, *by my holiness!* The English dictionaries attribute the suffix *dom* to the Saxon word for *dominion*, or *doom*; but this is doubtful.

Page 73, line penult. Dybell in Caperdochy.] This is some cant term for a prison, which we have not met with elsewhere.

Page 73, line ult. Outstep the king be miserable.] Unless the king be compassionate.

Page 78, line 5, His tongue entreats, controls the greatest peer.] i. e. his tongue, which controls the greatest peer, entreats.

Page 82, line 24, That honest, merry hangman, how doth he?] *Hangman* was a term of endearment, and this explains the following passage in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act. iii. scene 2, without having recourse to Dr. Farmer's exquisite reason :

“ He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot.”

So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. scene 2.

“ Cupid a boy,

Ay, and a shrewd unhappy *gallows* too.”

Page 92, line 41, tan-fat.] Tan-vat, or tan-pit.

# NOTES

TO

## THE SECOND PART.

---

Page 96, line 9, Nuse.] Neuss?

Page 97, line 18, Black jack.] The thing and the word are still used at the Blue Coat School of Christ's Hospital. So are a *cowl-staff*, a *placket*, and a *settle*.

Page 103, line 30.] This is the converse of what each was to do; but it is of no great importance.

Page 105, line 20.] The original is *battaile*, evidently used as a trissyllable. So in *Richard III.*, act v. scene 3:

“Why, our battalia trebles that account.”

Mr. Gifford says, that by *battalia* our old writers meant the main body of the army. See his *Massinger*, iii. 140.

Page 106, line antepenult, battles.] For *battalions*.

Page 110, line 28, crowns of the sun.] Mr. Douce says these were gold, originally coined by Louis XI., and that their name was derived from the mint-mark of a sun. They were current in this kingdom by weight, as certain English coins were in France. See also Gifford's *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 131.

Page 111, line 24, Somewhat, it gives me, you will bring from thence.] i. e. my mind gives me, or misgives me.

Page 113, line penult, a couple of capons too every year beside.] This is a common reservation in old leases, besides the rent.

Page 115, line 4, Hath secretly with Edward thus *compact*.] I think this orthography proves that the word *pact*, in the following passage, is equally a participle, and not a substantive, as Mr. Collier, in his excellent edition of *Shakespeare*, makes it:—

This naughty man  
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,  
Who I believe was *pact* in all this wrong.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, act v. scene 1.

I consider *pact* to be the usual orthography of the times, as it is of the old

copies of Shakespeare, for the verb *packed*, and not, as Mr. Collier understands it, as the noun *pact*—a bargain, or contract. In both these passages it is used in the bad sense, in which a jury used sometimes to be said to be packed, before Sir Robert Peel's Jury Act. A *pact* is an agreement in a good sense, and I have never seen an instance of the phrase *to be pact*, for *to be an agreement*. Every body will recollect—

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all *compact*,

or *made up*, here not in a bad sense.

116, line 2, play'd John.] Contemporary plays are full of *playing Jack* and *playing the flouting Jack*; but the Rev. Mr. Dyce kindly informs me that the allusion here is to the song so named: "Shee enerie day sings *John for the King*."—*Sharpham's Fleire*, sig. F. ed. 1610.

Page 121, line 9, Here's vying of villany, who shall have all.] To *vie* is to *wager*.

Page 122, line 7, hypocrite] The black letter edition of 1613, and the Roman of 1626, read *heretic*, which seems better. The other various readings are so numerous and so trivial, that I have not noted them.

Page 123, line 16, creeple] Cripple. See Dyce's *Greene's Works*, ii. 315. In Shakespeare, the first folio spells, "And chide the *creeple* tardy-gaited night."

Page 105, line 26, Engineer] The old word for engineer. See Field's *Woman's a Weathercock*, act iv. scene 1., Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, act iii. scene 4.

Page 133, line 11, *Exit Marquis*.] Was Heywood aware that he who has shown this hatred of Jane Shore, himself took her into keeping, after the deaths of King Edward and Lord Hastings, whose mistress she also was?

Page 148, line 7, what is Richard, then?] See Malone's note on *King Richard III.*, act iii. scene 6.

Page 165, line 7.] A similar trait of ingratitude is exhibited towards Jane Shore by one of her clients in the *True Tragedy of Richard III.*—

"*Lodowick*. I cannot deny but my lands she restored me; but shall I, by relieving of her, hurt myself? No; for straight [strict] proclamation is made that none shall succour her. Therefore, for fear I should be seen talk with her, I will shun her company and get to my chamber, and there set down in heroical verse the shameful end of a king's concubine."

This is one of the best things in this old play.

Page 168, line 3.] This text is from the Vulgate version of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, iii. 4.

Page 172, line 19, *lin.*] Leave.

Page 173, line 14, rebatoes.] A collar for a lady's neck. See *Patient Grisil*, p 48.

Page 178, line 20, maister] Usually called the mistress. See *Troilus and Cressida*, var. ed., act iii. scene 2. Now the *jack*.

Page 192, line 10, Shore's Ditch] The old ballad of *Jane Shore* has the same idea; but the place was so called hundreds of years before. See Stow's *Survey of London*, Thoms's ed., p. 158, and Fuller's *Worthies, Middlesex*. A ditch, or *sewer*, is vulgarly called a *shore*. Heywood has taken his facts from the old ballad, and not from history. Jane Shore was living thirty years after the death of Edward IV., when Sir Thomas More wrote his *History of Richard III*. It appears, from a letter of King Richard's in the Harleian MSS. (Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 405), that, while she was imprisoned, the solicitor-general wished to marry her, and that the king would have released her for that purpose, if the learned gentleman could not be dissuaded from the match. Shore is in that letter called *William*; but Heywood has strictly followed the names and tragedy of the old ballad.

THE END.

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THE  
FAIR MAID OF THE EXCHANGE;

A COMEDY,

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD :

AND

FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA ;

A TRAGI-COMEDY,

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD AND WILLIAM ROWLEY.

EDITED BY

BARRON FIELD, ESQ.



LONDON :

PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

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1846.

FREDERICK SHOBERL, JUNIOR,  
PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,  
51, EUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.



THE  
FAIR MAID OF THE EXCHANGE;  
A COMEDY,

BY  
THOMAS HEYWOOD.

EDITED BY  
BARRON FIELD, ESQ.

From dusty shops neglected authours come,  
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the [trunk]:  
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogilby, there lay.

DRYDEN.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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The following comedy was first published in the year 1607. The present reprint is from that copy, collated with the edition of 1637, the only date given by Langbaine; who undervalues the piece, and adds: "I question, notwithstanding Mr. Kirkman has ascribed it to our Author, whether it be his, since his name is not prefixt, neither does the style or œconomy resemble the rest of his labours." The writer of an article in the *Retrospective Review*<sup>1</sup> and the editor of *Baldwyn's Old English Drama*, echo this strain, for it is easier to join in a cry than to read for oneself; but the comedy appears to me and others, who are better judges than I, very entertaining, and very much in Heywood's style. The Cripple, (he has no name) whom Charles Lamb calls the hero of it, is a very original character, not unworthy of Ben Jonson. He is called a "drawer," meaning a pattern-drawer, and keeps a little shop or seat in the Exchange. He appears also to be a scrivener, a writer

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xi., p. 127.

of letters and memorials, such as used to sit at desks in public places in London, and still do on the Continent. It appears from page 48, that such persons used to keep forms of letters ready written, and that they could be sent without signature, in those days when few could write, through messengers, who named their sender. The Exchange, I think, must mean the Royal Exchange, since the New Exchange in the Strand was not built till after the first publication of the play. The Royal Exchange was then full of shops, like a bazaar. The Fair Maid, Phillis Flower, though her parents are wealthy, is an apprentice to a sempstress in this Exchange; and, one night, in company with a female servant, taking home some work to a lady at Mile-End, they are assaulted by Scarlet and Bobbington, two men of broken fortune, from whom they are at first rescued by the Cripple with his crutch; and, the ruffians having returned, secondly by the assistance of Frank Goulding, the lover-hero of the comedy. Grateful for these services, the Fair Maid falls in love, not with Frank, but with the Cripple. Frank is the younger brother of Ferdinand and Anthony Goulding, who afterwards severally confide to him their passion for the same Fair Maid. Frank scoffs at love, but is subsequently himself caught in the very same snare. The two elder brothers, overhearing each other confess their love for the same object, set about mutual circumvention, and entrust their respective stratagems to Frank, who, by the help of his friend the Cripple, cheats them both, and, in the disguise of his "crooked habit," eventually gains the hand of the Fair

Maid. Her father had favoured the suit of Ferdinand, and her mother that of Anthony; but they are all outwitted by Frank, and rejected by Phillis. "The Cripple" (says Mr. Lamb) "is an excellent fellow, and the hero of the comedy. He is described (albeit a tradesman, yet wealthy withal) with heroic qualities of mind and body; the latter of which he evinces by rescuing the Fair Maid from robbers by the main force of his crutch, and the former by his foregoing the advantage which this action gained him in her good opinion, and bestowing his wit and finesse in procuring for her a husband, in the person of his friend, more worthy of her beauty than he could conceive his own maimed and halting limbs to be. It would require" (he adds) "some boldness in a dramatist now-a-days to exhibit such a character, and some luck in finding a sufficient actor, who would be willing to personate the infirmities, together with the virtues, of the noble Cripple."<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lamb himself, in his admirable "Essay on the tragedies of Shakespeare, considered with reference to their fitness for Stage-representation," has given the sufficing reason why these personal deformities, however consistent with heroism in the reading of works of fiction, cannot be embodied by an actor without ridicule. And he instances Othello. "Nothing" (he says) "can be more soothing, more flattering to the noble parts of our natures, than to read of a young Venetian lady of highest extraction, through the

<sup>1</sup> Specimens of Eng. Dram. Poets, vol. ii., p. 188.

force of love and from a sense of merit in him she loved, laying aside every consideration of kindred, and country, and colour, and wedding with a *coal-black Moor* (for such he is represented in the imperfect state of knowledge respecting foreign countries in those days, compared with our own, or in compliance with popular notions, though the Moors are now well enough known to be, by many shades, less unworthy of a white woman's fancy): it is the perfect triumph of virtue over accidents, of the imagination over the senses. She sees Othello's visage in his mind. But, upon the stage, when the imagination is no longer the ruling faculty, but we are left to our poor, unassisted senses, I appeal to every one that has seen Othello played, whether he did not, on the contrary, sink Othello's mind in his colour; whether he did not find something extremely revolting in the courtship and wedded caresses of Othello and Desdemona; and whether the actual sight of the thing did not overweigh all that beautiful compromise which we make in reading: and the reason why it should do is obvious, because there is just so much reality presented to our senses as to give a perception of disagreement, with not enough of belief in the internal motives (all that which is unseen) to overpower and reconcile the first and obvious prejudices. What we see upon a stage is body and bodily action; what we are conscious of, in reading, is almost exclusively the mind and its movements." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Works of Charles Lamb, 1818, vol. ii., p. 27.

In one of "Two Old Men's Tales," 1834, entitled *The Deformed*, there is a story of a Hunchback Lover, who is beloved by a beautiful girl; but the authoress was afraid of the ridicule of carrying the pair to the altar, and has cut the knot by killing everybody. In an anonymous Poem, published by Whittaker in 1836, entitled *The Deformed Artist*, the marriage is effected; but the ceremony is judiciously slurred over, and the beauty of the child, the fruits of the marriage, is dwelt upon with good effect. "In all these cases," (as Sir Joshua Reynolds says) "the poet or historian can expatiate and impress the mind with great veneration for the character of the hero or saint he represents, though he lets us know, at the same time, that the one was deformed, or the other lame. The painter and actor have no other means of giving an idea of the dignity of mind, but by that of external appearance, which grandeur of thought does generally, though not always, impress on the countenance, and by that correspondence of figure to sentiment and situation, which all men wish but cannot command."

Acting upon these principles, my friend Mr. Horace Smith has, in his late novel of "Arthur Arundel," ventured, I think with success, to crook the back of his successful lover-hero; but upon the stage this can never be done. Mr. Sheridan Knowles's "Hunchback" is a father, and not a lover; and even the dramatist before us has not dared to let his deformed Cripple accept the offered love of the heroine; and this at the expense of destroying the interest we take in her, by



making her most unaccountably transfer her affections at last, for the mere purpose of letting the curtain fall upon her marriage with somebody. But this is a comedy of intrigue, though containing one well-drawn character; and in comedies of intrigue the ladies resemble pullets, who transfer their affections to the cunningest conqueror, and are as readily deceived by the disguise of dress as Dame Partlet takes a lump of chalk for an egg.

To conclude the argument of this comedy. There is an underplot, which is not so good. Bowdler and Bernard, two spendthrifts, but friends of the Cripple, make love to Moll Berry, both of whom she treats with witty disdain, but is really in love with Bowdler, and even affiances herself to him. Bernard owes her father a hundred pounds, for which he causes him to be arrested; when the Cripple persuades her, most unaccountably, that she is in love with Bernard, and to marry him: this she does, and then offers herself to her father, as bail for her husband, who, upon the usual promise of reform, is forgiven and released.

There is a still more unnecessary incident of Master Flower's lending Bobbington ten pounds upon a diamond, which afterwards appears to have been stolen; and the comedy concludes with the father of our bride and bridegroom being taken before the judges upon a charge of felony, leaving us in ignorance of the result.

No apology is necessary for putting forth this piece in the name of the Shakespeare Society. Almost all Heywood's dramas deserve to be reprinted. They have

not only great merit in themselves, but they are full of illustrations of our Poet.

There is a ballad by Dekker called *The Cripple of Cheapside*, the story of which is similar to this play. See Collier's "New Particulars regarding Shakespeare's Works," page 46.

With the exception of the title-page, *dramatis personæ*, and *prologus*, I have modernized the orthography of this play; and the originals are not divided into acts or scenes.



THE  
Fayre Mayde of the  
Exchange :

WITH

The pleasaunt Humours of the  
*Cripple of Fanchurch.*

Very delectable, and full of mirth.

LONDON :

Printed for *Henry Rockit*, and are to be solde  
at the shop in the Poultry under the  
Dyall. 1607.



ELEAUVEN MAY EASILY ACTE THIS  
 COMEDIE.

|                                      |   |          |
|--------------------------------------|---|----------|
| BERRY, <i>an old man,</i>            | } | for one. |
| BOBBINGTON,                          |   |          |
| GARDINER,                            |   |          |
| OFFICERS,                            |   |          |
| MALL BERRY,                          |   | for one. |
| FLOWER, <i>an humorous old man,</i>  | } | for one. |
| BENNET,                              |   |          |
| SCARLET,                             |   |          |
| RALPH,                               |   |          |
| CRIPPLE,                             |   | for one. |
| BARNARD,                             | } | for one. |
| FLOWER'S <i>wife,</i>                |   |          |
| VRSULA,                              |   |          |
| BOY,                                 |   |          |
| ANTHONY GOLDING, <i>gentleman,</i>   |   | for one. |
| FERDIN. GOLD., <i>gent.,</i>         | } | for one. |
| <i>and</i> WOOD,                     |   |          |
| FRANKE GOLDING, <i>gentleman,</i>    |   | for one. |
| BOWDLER, <i>an humorous gallant,</i> |   | for one. |
| PHILLIS, <i>the faire Maide,</i>     |   | for one. |
| FIDDLE, <i>the Clowne,</i>           |   | for one. |





## PROLOGUS.

The humble Socke that true Comedians weare,  
Our Muse hath don'd, and, to your fav'ring eyes,  
In lowest Plaine-song, doth herselfe appeare,  
Borrowing no colours from a quaint disguise:  
If your faire fauours cause her spirite to rise,  
Shee to the highest pitch her wings shall reare,  
    And prow'd quothernicke action shall deuise,  
    To winne your sweet applause she deemes so deare.

Meane while, shore up our tender pamping twig,  
That yet on humble ground doth lowely lie—  
Your fauour's sunneshine gilding once this sprig,  
It may yeeld *Nectar* for the gods on hie;  
    Though an Inuention lame, imperfect be,  
    Yet giue the Cripple almes for charitie.

[*Exit.*



THE  
FAIR MAID OF THE EXCHANGE.

---

ACT I., SCENE I.

*The Suburbs of London. Enter SCARLET and BOBBINGTON.*

*Scar.* Even now the welcome twilight doth salute  
Th' approaching night, clad in black sable weeds,  
Black as my thoughts, that harbour nought but death,  
Thefts, murders, rapes, and such like damnéd acts,  
The infant babes to whom my soul is nurse.  
Come, Bobbington, this star-bespangled sky  
Bodeth some good: the weather's fair and dry.

*Bob.* My scarlet-hearted Scarlet, gallant blood,  
Whose bloody deeds are worthy memory  
Of after-ages, let me embrace thee: so,  
So, now methinks I fold a richer gem  
Than wealthy India can afford to Spain.  
There lies my treasure, and, within thy arms,  
Security that never breedeth harms.

*Scar.* Brave resolution! I am proud to see  
So sweet a graft upon a wormwood tree,  
Whose juice is gall, but yet the fruit most rare.  
Who recks the tree, if that the fruit be fair?  
Therefore, resolve, if we a booty get,  
It boots not whence, from whom, when, where, or what.

*Bob.* Well, God forgive us ! here let's take our stands ;  
We must have gold, although we have no lands.

*Enter PHILLIS and URSULA.*

*Phil.* Stay, Ursula ; have you those suits of ruffs,  
Those stomachers, and that fine piece of lawn,  
Mark'd with the letters double C and S ?

*Urs.* I have.

*Phil.* If your forgetfulness cause any defect,  
You're like to pay for't ; therefore look unto it.

*Urs.* I would our journey had as safe an end,  
As I am sure my lady's ruffs are here,  
And other wares, which she bespoke of you.

*Phil.* 'Tis good ; but stay, give me thy hand, my girl ;  
'Tis somewhat dark ; come, let us help each other.  
She passed her word, one of her gentlemen  
Should meet us at the bridge, and that's not far :  
I muse they are not come ; I do assure thee,  
Were I not much beholding to her ladyship  
For many kindnesses, Mile End should stand,  
This gloomy night, unvisited for us.  
But, come, methinks I may discern the bridge,  
And see a man or two : in very deed,  
Her word, her love, and all is honorable.

*Bob.* A prize, young Scarlet ! oh, a gallant prize,  
And we the pirates that will seize the same  
To our own uses.

*Scar.* But hold, man, not too fast :  
As far as I can gather by their words,  
They take us for my lady's gentlemen,  
Who, as it seems, should meet them on their way.  
Then, if thou say'st the word, we'll seem those men,  
And, by those means, withdraw them from their way,  
Where we may rifle them of what they carry,  
I mean both goods and their virginity.

*Bob.* 'Tis well advis'd. But, Scarlet, give me leave  
To play the gentleman and welcome them.

*Scar.* Enjoy thy wish.

*Bob.* Welcome! you sacred stars,  
That add bright glory to the sable night.

*Scar.* Excellent, by heaven!

*Bob.* I am sorry your beauty's so discomfited,  
Treading so many tedious, weary steps,  
And we not present to associate you.

*Scar.* Oh, blessed Bobbington!

*Phil.* Sir, I do thank you for this taken pains,  
That, as your worthy lady promis'd me,  
We now enjoy your wish'd company.

*Scar.* She's thine own, boy, I warrant thee.

*Bob.* And I am proud, too proud of this employment.  
Come, Master Scarlet, take you that pretty sweet.  
You see my lady's care—she promis'd one,  
But hath sent two.

*Phil.* 'Tis honorably done.

*Bob.* This is your way.

*Phil.* That way? alas, sir, no!

*Bob.* Come, it is: nay, then, it shall be so.

*Phil.* What mean you, gentlemen?

*Urs.* Oh, he will rob me!

*Phil.* Look to the box, Ursula.

*Phil. and Urs.* Help! help! murder! murder!

*Enter the CRIPPLE.*

*Crip.* Now, you supporters of decrepit youth,  
That mount this substance 'twixt fair heav'n and earth,  
Be strong to bear that huge deformity,  
And be your hands as nimble to direct them,  
As your desires to waft me hence to London.

*Phil. and Urs.* Help! help! he'll ravish me!

*Crip.* Methinks I hear the sound of ravishment.

*Phil. and Urs.* Help! help!

*Crip.* Marry and will, knew I but where and how.

What do I see?

Thieves full of lust beset virginity.

Now stir thee, Cripple; and of thy four legs

Make use of one to do a virgin good.

Hence, rav'ning curs! what, are you at a prey?

Will nothing satisfy your greedy chaps

But virgin's flesh? I'll teach you prey on carrion.

[*Fights, and beats them away.*]

Pack, damnéd ravishers! hence, villains!

*Phil.* Thanks, honest friend, who from the gates of death  
Hath set our virgin souls at liberty.

*Crip.* Give God the glory, that gave me the power.

*Phil.* I do, kind sir; and think myself much bound  
To him above, to thee that treads this ground.  
And for this aid, Ill ever honour thee.

My honour you have sav'd—redeem'd it home—  
Which were't not done, by this time had been gone.

*Crip.* Hereafter more of this; but tell me now  
The cause of these events, th' effect, and how.

*Phil.* I'll tell you, sir—but let us leave this place,  
And onward on our way.

[*Re-enter SCARLET and BOBBINGTON.*]

*Bob.* It shall be so. See where they walk along;  
I'll cross the other way, and meet them full.  
Keep thou this way, and when thou hear'st us chat,  
Come thou behind him, snatch away his crutches,  
And then thou know'st he needs must fall to ground.  
And what shall follow, leave the rest to me.

[*Exit BOB.*]

*Scar.* About it then.

*Crip.* I'faith, she is an honorable lady,  
And I much wonder that her ladyship  
Gives entertain to such bad men as these.

*Re-enter* BOBBINGTON.

*Bob.* Stand, thou that hast more legs than Nature gave thee!

*Crip.* Mongrel! I'll choose.

*Scar.* Then go to, sir, you shall.

*All.* Murder! murder!

*Enter* FRANK GOULDING.

*Frank.* Stay there, my horse!

Whence comes this echo of extremity?

*All.* Help! help!

*Frank.* What do I hear? a virgin call for help?

Hands off, damn'd villains, or, by heav'n I swear,

I'll send you all to hell! [*Fights, and drives them away.*]

*Crip.* Hold! forbear!

I came in rescue of virginity.

*Phil.* He did, he did, and freed us once from thrall.

But now, the second time, they wrought his fall.

*Frank.* Now, you distressed objects, do you tell

Upon what mount of woe your sorrows dwell.

*Phil.* First, get we hence away, and as we go,

Kind gentleman, our fortunes you shall know.

*Crip.* Thanks, worthy sir. May but the Cripple be

Of power to gratify this courtesy;

I then shall think the heavens favour me.

*Phil.* No more now; for God's sake, let us hence!

*Crip.* If I do live, your love I'll recompence.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Exchange. Before the CRIPPLE'S Shop. Enter*  
MOLL BERRY.

*Moll.* Now for my true-love's handkercher! these flowers  
Are pretty toys, are very pretty toys:



Oh, but methinks the peascod would do better,  
 The peascod and the blossom, wonderful !  
 Now, as I live, I'll surely have it so.  
 Some maids will choose the gilliflower, some the rose,  
 Because their sweet scents do delight the nose ;  
 But very fools they are, in my opinion.  
 The very worst being drawn by cunning art,  
 Seems in the eye as pleasant to the heart.  
 But here's the question—whether my love, or no,  
 Will seem content ? Ay, there the game doth go ;  
 And yet I'll pawn my head he will applaud  
 The peascod and the flow'r, my pretty choice.  
 For what is he, loving a thing in heart,  
 Loves not the counterfeit, tho' made by art ?  
 I cannot tell how others' fancies stand,  
 But I rejoice sometime to take in hand  
 The simile of that I love ; and I protest  
 That pretty peascod likes my humour best.  
 But I'll unto the Drawer's ; he'll counsel me :  
 Here is his shop : alas ! what shall I do ?  
 He's not within : now all my labour's lost.  
 See, see how forward love is ever crost !  
 But stay, what gallant's this ?

*Enter BOWDLER.*

*Bow.* A plague on this Drawer ! he's never at home.  
 Good morrow, sweetheart ! tell me how thou dost ?

*Moll.* Upon what acquaintance ?

*Bow.* That's all one. Once, I love thee. Give me thy  
 hand, and say Amen !

*Moll.* Hands off, sir knave ; and wear it for a favour.

*Bow.* What ? dost thou mean thy love, pretty fool ?

*Moll.* No fool, the knave, O, gross !

A gentleman, and of so shallow wit !

*Bow.* I know thou camest to the Drawer.

*Moll.* How then ?

*Bow.* Am not I the properer man ?

*Moll.* Yes, to make an ass on.

*Bow.* Will you get up and ride ?

*Moll.* No, I'll lackey by his side, and whip the ass.

*Bow.* Come, come, leave your jesting : I shall put you down.

*Moll.* With that face ? away, you want wit.

*Bow.* By this hand, I shall.

*Moll.* By the ass-head, you shall not.

*Bow.* Go to, you are a woman.

*Moll.* Come, come, you are a man.

*Bow.* I have seen as fair.

*Moll.* I have heard as wise.

*Bow.* As fair as Moll Berry.

*Moll.* As wise as young Bowdler.

*Bow.* As Master Bowdler.

*Moll.* Heyday, come up !

*Bow.* Go thou down then !

*Moll.* No, good ass ; bate an ace of that.

*Enter* BERNARD.

*Ber.* What, Master Bowdler, will it ne'er be otherwise ?  
Still, still a hunting, every day wenching ?

*Bow.* Faith, sir, the modest behaviour of this gentlewoman  
hath insinuated my company.

*Moll.* Lord ! how eloquence flows in this gentleman !

*Bow.* Faith, I shall put you down in talk ; you were best to  
yield.

*Moll.* No, sir ; I will hold out as long as I may,  
Tho' in the end you bear the fool away.

*Bow.* Mean you by me ? you gull me not ?

*Moll.* No, by this night, not I.

*Bow.* For if you did, I would intoxicate my head.

*Moll.* Yea, I dare swear, you'll go a fool to bed.

*Bow.* Mean you by me ? you gull me not ?

*Ber.* No, I dare swear the gentlewoman means well.

*Moll.* And so I do, indeed ; himself can tell.

But this it is : speak maidens what they will,

Men are so captious, they'll e'er conster ill.

*Ber.* To her, sir, to her ; I dare swear she loves you.

*Bow.* Well then, fair Moll, you love me as you say.

*Moll.* I never made you promise ; did I, pray ?

*Bow.* All in good time ; you will do ; else you lie ;  
Will you not ?

*Moll.* No, forsooth, not I.

*Bow.* Bernard, she gulls me still.

*Ber.* 'Tis but your mis-conceit. Try her again.  
You know, by course, all women must be coy.  
To her again, then she may haply yield.

*Bow.* Not I, in faith.

*Moll.* Then mine shall be the field.

Wisdom, adieu ! once more, faint heart, farewell !

Yet, if thou seest the Drawer, I prithee tell him

Moll Berry hath more work for him to do ;

And, for yourself, learn this when you do woo :

Arm you with courage, and with good take-heed—

For he that spares to speak must spare to speed.

And so farewell !

[*Exit.*

*Bow.* Call her again, Bernard.

*Ber.* She's too swift for me :

Why, this is the right course of gullery.

What did you mean, having so fair an aim,

So fondly to let slip so fair a game ?

Bowdler, become a man, for maids will stand ;

And then strike home. Art thou not young and lusty,

The minion of delight, fair from thy birth,

Adonis' play-pheer, and the pride of earth ?

*Bow.* I know it ; but a kind of honest blood

Tilts in my loins, with wanton appetites.

She bad me do a message to the Drawer.

And I will do it. There will come a day,  
 When Humphrey Bowdler will keep holiday.  
 Then, Moll, look to yourself; see you be sped;  
 Or, by this light, I'll have your maidenhead.

*Ber.* Spoke like a gallant, spoke like a gentleman, spoke like yourself!

Now do I see some sparks of manhood in you.  
 Keep in that key, keep in the self-same song,  
 I'll gage my head, you'll have her love ere long. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same. Enter FERDINAND and FRANK.*

*Frank.* Wilt thou not tell me, brother Ferdinand?  
 Now, by this light, I'll haunt thee like a sprite,  
 Until I know whence springs this melancholy.

*Ferd.* O, Brother!  
 Thou art too young to reach the depth of grief,  
 That is immur'd within my heart's deep closet.  
 A thousand sighs keep daily sentinel,  
 That beat like whirl-winds all my comfort back.  
 As many sobs guard my distress'd heart,  
 That no relief comes near to aid my soul.  
 Millions of woes, like bands of arm'd men,  
 Stop up the passage of my sweet relief.  
 And art thou then persuaded that thy words  
 Can any comfort to my soul afford?  
 No, no, good Frank: dear brother, then forbear,  
 Unless with grief in me you'll take a share.

*Frank.* Grief me no griefs, but tell me what it is  
 Makes my sweet Ferdinand thus passionate:  
 I'll conjure grief, if grief be such an evil,  
 In spite of Fortune, Fates, or any Devil.

*Ferd.* Wilt thou not leave me to myself alone?

*Frank.* Brother, you know my mind.

If you will leave your dumpish melancholy,  
 And, like myself, banish that puling humour,  
 Or satisfy my expectation,  
 By telling whence your sorrow doth proceed,  
 I will not only cease to trouble you,  
 But, like a true skilful physician,  
 Seek all good means for your recovery.

*Ferd.* Well, brother, you have much importun'd me,  
 And for the confidence I have in you,  
 That you'll prove secret, I will now unfold  
 The load of care that presseth down my soul.  
 Know, then, good Frank, love is the cause thereof.

*Frank.* How, love ! why, what's that love ?

*Ferd.* A child—a little, little boy that's blind.

*Frank.* And be o'ercome by him ? plaguéd by him ?  
 Driv'n into dumps by him ? put down by a boy ?  
 Master'd by Love ? Oh, I am mad for anger !  
 By a boy ?

Is there no rosemary and bays in England,  
 To whip the ape ?—by a boy !

*Ferd.* Ay, such a boy as thou canst never see,  
 And yet ere long mayst feel his tyranny.  
 He is not visible, yet aims at the heart.  
 Wo be to those that feel his wounding dart !  
 And one of them I am ; wounded so deep,  
 That in my passions I no mean can keep.  
 Unhappy time ! wo to that dismal hour,  
 When Love did wound me with fair Phillis Flower.  
 O, Phillis, Phillis ! of Flowers the sweetest flower  
 That ever garnish'd any princely bower !  
 Farewell, farewell, my woes will ne'er remove,  
 Till I enjoy fair Phillis for my love !

[*Exit.*

*Frank.* What's here ? Phillis and love, and love and Phillis !  
 I have seen Phillis, and have heard of love :  
 I will see Phillis, and will hear of love ;

But neither Phillis nor the power of love  
Shall make me bond-slave to a woman's beck.

*Enter ANTHONY.*

Who's here ? my second brother mal-content ?  
I'll stand aside and note his passions.

*Anth.* O, Love ! that I had never known thy power !

*Frank.* More lovers yet ! what the devil is this love ?

*Anth.* That these my wandering eyes had kept their stay !  
That I myself had still been like myself !

That my poor heart had never felt the wound,  
Whose anguish keeps me in a deadly swound !

Oh, how deluding dreams, this night o'erpast,  
Drench'd my sad soul in pleasure's floating sea !

Methought I clasp'd my love within my arms,  
And, circling her, sav'd her from threat'ning harms :

Methought there came an hundred in an hour,  
That sought to rob me of my sweetest flower ;

But, like a champion, I did keep her still

Within this circle, free from ev'ry ill :

But, when I wak'd, and miss'd my Phillis there,

All my sweet joys converted into fear.

*Frank.* What, brother Anthony ! at prayers so hard ?

Tell me what saint it is thou invocat'st ?

Is it a male, or female ? howsoever,

God bless thee, brother, thou'rt in a good mind.

But now I remember me, thy saint is blind.

*Anth.* How, blind ?

*Frank.* Ay, brother, blind : I heard thee talk of Love,  
And Love is blind, they say.

*Anth.* I would it were as blind as ebon night,  
That Love had never hit my heart so right !

But what is love in your opinion ?

*Frank.* A voluntary motion of delight,  
Touching the superficies of the soul ;

A substance less divine than is the soul,  
 Yet, more than any other power in man,  
 Is that which loves ; yet neither is enforc'd,  
 Nor doth enforce the heart of man to love ;  
 Which motion, as it unbeseems a man,  
 So, by the soul and reason which adorn  
 The life of man, it is extinguished  
 Even at his pleasure that it doth possess.

*Anth.* Thus may the free man jest at manacles ;  
 The fur-clad citizen laugh at a storm ;  
 The swarthy Moor, diving to gather pearl,  
 Challenge the scalding ardour of the Sun ;  
 And aged Nestor, sitting in his tent,  
 May term wounds sport, and war but merriment.

*Frank.* 'Tis true, 'fore God it is : and now methinks  
 My heart begins to pity hearts in love.  
 Say once more, Anthony ; tell me thy griefs ;  
 Let me have feeling of thy passion ;  
 Possess me deeply of thy melting state,  
 And thou shalt see.

*Anth.* That thou wilt pity me.

*Frank.* No, by my troth ! if ev'ry tale of love,  
 Or love itself, or fool-bewitching beauty,  
 Make me cross-arm myself, study *ah-mes*,  
 Defy my hat-band, tread beneath my feet  
 Shoe-strings and garters, practise in my glass  
 Distress'd looks, and dry my liver up,  
 With sighs enough to wind an argosy,  
 If ever I turn thus fantastical,  
 Love plague me ; never pity me at all.

*Enter* PHILLIS.

*Anth.* Yonder she comes that holds me prisoner.

*Frank.* What, Phillis, the fair maid of the Exchange ?  
 Is she god Cupid's judge over men's hearts ?



Brother, I'll have one venny with her tongue,  
To breathe my wit, and jest at passion :  
By your leave, mistress Flower.

*Phil.* Your rude behaviour scarce offers you welcome.

*Frank.* I prithee tell me, Phillis, I hear say  
Thou keep'st Love captive in thy maiden thoughts.

*Phil.* That is a thought beyond your reach to know.

*Frank.* But shall I know it ?

*Phil.* On what acquaintance ? then might you deem me  
fond,

If, (as you say,) Love be at my command.

*Frank.* May not your friend command as great a  
matter ?

*Phil.* I'll know him well, first, for that friend may  
flatter.

*Frank.* Why, I hope you know me.

*Phil.* That's a question.

*Frank.* Well, if you do not, you shall before I stir.

Know you yonder lump of melancholy,  
Yonder bundle of sighs, yonder wad of groans ?  
The same and I were chickens of one brood,  
And if you know him, as I am sure you do,  
Being his brother, you needs must know me too.

*Phil.* I partly have a guess of yonder gentleman.  
His name is master Goulding, as I take it.

*Anth.* Goulding I am ; and thine, sweet fair, I am ;  
And yet, not thine, but a most wretched man.  
Thou know'st my cause of grief, my wound of wo ;  
And, knowing it, why wilt thou see it so ?  
Put salves of comfort to my grief's unrest,  
So may'st thou heal my sore of heaviness.

*Frank.* Hark you, fair maid, are you a surgeon ?  
I prithee give my brother Anthony  
Somewhat to heal the love-sore of his mind ;  
And yet 'tis pity that he should have help :

A man as free as air or the sun's rays,  
 As boundless in his function as the heavens,  
 The male and better part of flesh and blood,  
 In whom was poured the quintessence of reason,  
 To wrong the adoration of his Maker  
 By worshipping a wanton female skirt,  
 And making Love his idol ! fie, dotard, fie !  
 I am ashamed of this apostacy !  
 I'll talk with her to hinder his complaints.  
 Phillis, a word in private ere you go ;  
 I love you, sweet !

*Phil.* Sour, it may be so.

*Frank.* Sour and sweet ! faith that doth scarce agree.

*Phil.* Two contraries, and so be we.

*Frank.* A plague on this courting ! Come, we'll make an  
 end.

*Phil.* I am sorry for it, since you seem my friend.

*Frank.* Ay, but thou canst not weep.

*Phil.* Then had I a hard heart.

*Frank.* How say you ? Come, brother, now to your  
 part.

*Anth.* At your direction ? no, this merry glee,  
 Good brother, sorts not with my melancholy.  
 Love covets private conference ; so my sorrow  
 Craveth your absence, which I fain would borrow.

*Frank.* No marvel then we say that Love is blind,  
 If it still revel in obscurity.

I will depart ; I will not hinder love ;

I'll wash my hands. Farewell, sweet turtle-dove. [*Going.*]

*Phil. (to Anthony).* I'faith your brother is a proper  
 man.

*Frank.* What's your will with me ?

*Phil.* Ev'n what you please.

*Frank.* Did you not call me back ?

*Phil.* Not to my knowlege.

*Frank.* No? 'Sblood, somewhat did. Farewell, farewell?

*Phil.* He is a very, very proper man.

*Frank.* I am in haste. Pray, urge me not to stay.

*Phil.* The man doth doat. Pray God he hits his way.

*Frank.* 'Fore God! there's not a maid in all this town  
Should sooner win me, but my bus'ness calls me.  
Give me thy hand; next time I meet with thee,  
Lesser entreaty shall woo my company.

*Phil.* I'faith! i'faith!

*Frank.* I'faith, this was the hand, what means my blood?  
Do I not blush, nor look extremely pale?  
Is not my head a-fire, my eyes, nor heart?  
Ha! art thou there? I feel thee, Love, i'faith,  
By this light. Well, *via!* farewell, farewell!

[*Exit.*

*Anth.* Now he is gone, and we in private talk,  
Say, wilt thou grant me love, wilt thou be mine?  
For all the interest in my love is thine.

*Phil.* Your brother Ferdinand hath vow'd as much,  
Nay, more: he swears, what man soe'er he be  
Presumes to be corrival in his love,  
He will revenge it as an injury,  
And clothe the thief in basest obloquy.

*Anth.* Ay, is my brother my competitor?  
I'll court my love, and will solicit thee,  
Were Ferdinand himself in company.  
What say'st thou to my suit?

*Phil.* Time may do much. What I intend to do,  
I mean to pause upon.

*Anth.* Let it be so.

If that my brother's hinderance be all,  
I'll have thy love, tho' by my brother's fall.

[*Exit.*

*Phil.* Two brothers drown'd in love! Ay, and the third,  
For all his outward habit of neglect,  
If I judge rightly, if I did not dream,  
Hath dipt his foot, too, in Love's scalding stream.

Well, let them plead and perish, if they will,  
Cripple, my heart is thine, and shall be still.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* FRANK.

*Frank.* I am not well, and yet, I am not ill.  
I am—what am I? not in love, I hope?  
In love? let me examine myself. Who should I love? who did I last converse with? with Phillis. Why should I love Phillis? Is she fair? faith, so so. Her forehead is pretty, somewhat resembling the forehead of the sign of the Maiden-head Inn. What's her hair? 'faith, to Bandora-wires there's not the like simile. Is it likely yet that I am in love? What's next? her cheeks, they have a reasonable scarlet, never a dyer's daughter in the town goes beyond her. Well, yet I'm not in love. Nay, she hath a mole in her cheek, too: Venus's mole was not more natural; but what of that? I am Adonis, and will not love. Good Venus, pardon me. Let us descend. Her chin! O, Helen, Helen! where's your dimple, Helen? it was your dimple that bewitched Paris, and without your dimple, I will not love you, Helen. No: yet I am safe. Her hand; let's handle that. I saw her hand, and it was lily-white. I touched her palm, and it was soft and smooth: and then what then?—her hand did then bewitch me. I shall be in love now out of hand. In love! shall I, that ever yet have profaned Love, now fall to worship him? Shall I, that have jested at lovers' sighs, now raise whirlwinds? shall I, that have floutéd *ah! mes* once a quarter, now practise *ah! mes* every minute? Shall I defy hatbands, and tread garters and shoe-strings under my feet? shall I fall to falling-bands, and be a ruff-an no longer? I must; I am now liege-man to Cupid, and have read all these informations in his book of Statutes, the first chapter, page *millesimo-nono*: Therefore, hat-band, avaunt! ruff, regard yourself! garters, adieu! shoe-strings—so and so! I am a poor enamorate, and enforced, with the poet, to say,  
*Love o'ercomes all, and I that love obey.*

[*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

FLOWER'S *House.* *Enter* FLOWER.

*Flow.* Now, afore God ! a very good conceit !  
But too much sleep hath overtaken me,  
The night hath play'd the swift-foot runaway :  
A good conceit, a very good conceit.  
What, Fiddle ! arise, Fiddle ! Fiddle, I say !

*Enter* FIDDLE.

*Fid.* Here's a fiddling, indeed ! I think your tongue be made of nothing but fiddle-strings. I hope the fiddle must have some rest, as well as the fiddle-stick. Well, Crowd, what say you to Fiddle now ?

*Flow.* Fiddle, it is a very good conceit.

*Fid.* It is, indeed, master.

*Flow.* What dost thou mean ?

*Fid.* To go to bed again, sir.

*Flow.* No, Fiddle, that were no good conceit, Fiddle.

*Fid.* What a fiddling do you keep ? are you not ashamed to make such music ? I hope, sir, you will christen me anew shortly ; for you have so worn this name, that ne'er a wench in all the town but will scorn to dance after my fiddle.

*Flow.* Well, Fiddle, thou art an honest fellow.

*Fid.* That's more than you know, master.

*Flow.* I'll swear for thee, Fiddle.

*Fid.* You'll be damned then, master.

*Flow.* I love thee, Fiddle.

*Fid.* I had rather your daughter lov'd me.

*Flow.* 'Tis a rare conceit, i'faith.

*Fid.* I hold with you, master, if my young mistress would like so well of my music, that she would dance after nobody's instrument but mine.

*Flow.* No, Fiddle, that were no good conceit.

*Fid.* A shame on you! I thought you would not hear on that side.

*Flow.* Fiddle, thou told'st me Master Goulding was in love with my daughter.

*Fid.* True, master; therein you say well.

*Flow.* And he entreats me to meet him at the Star, in Cheap, to talk concerning the match.

*Fid.* True, still, master.

*Flow.* And I have sent for my neighbour, Master Berry, to bear me company.

*Fid.* True, all this is most natural truth.

*Flow.* And now, Fiddle, I am going on my way.

*Fid.* Nay, that's a lie that hath marred all. Was your conceit so tired you could tell truth no longer?

*Flow.* Why, Fiddle, are we not going?

*Fid.* No, indeed, sir, we are not; we stand still: your conceit failed in that.

*Flow.* 'Fore God, 'tis true; I am not ready yet. What's he?

*Enter* BOBBINGTON.

*Bob.* By your leave, sir: I would crave a word in secret, sir.

*Flow.* At your pleasure. Here's none but my man, Fiddle.

*Fid.* Ay, sir, master Fiddle is my name. Sir Lawrence Lyre was my father.

*Bob.* Sir, this is my business. My name is Racket; I have a ship of my own upon the River.

*Flow.* By your leave, sir; Captain Racket is your name.

*Bob.* Some call me so, indeed, sir.

*Flow.* It is a good conceit; I pray proceed.

*Bob.* Sir, I am now bound to sea, and wanting some money for the better furnishing of my wants.

*Flow.* Oh, you would borrow money of me.

*Bob.* That's my suit, indeed.

*Flow.* That's no good conceit.

*Bob.* Nay, hear me, sir. If you will supply me with ten



pound till my return from Barbary, I will leave in your hands a diamond of greater value than the money.

*Flow.* A diamond! is it a diamond, or but a counterfeit?  
Fiddle, my spectacles.

*Bob.* 'Tis night, I assure you, sir.

*Flow.* Then 'tis a good conceit: my spectacles.

*Fid.* Here, sir.

*Flow.* Where, sir?

*Fid.* You cannot see, master, but I can.

*Flow.* Oh, 'tis good, it is a good conceit. Well, sir, ten pound.

You are content that if at three months' end,  
You bring me not ten pound, in English coin,  
This diamond shall be my proper own.

*Bob.* I am, sir: shall I receive the money now?

*Flow.* Ay, here it is; and 'tis a good conceit.  
Will you go near, sir? Fiddle, make him drink.

*Fid.* Will you approach, cavallero? If I speak not in season, 'tis because I was never in the salt country, where you sea-captains use to march.

*Bob.* You are very eloquent, sir; I'll follow you.

*Fid.* Let me alone then for leading my men.

[*Exeunt* BOBBINGTON and FIDDLE.]

*Flow.* A diamond worth forty for ten pound,  
If he return not safe from Barbary.

'Tis good, a very good conceit.

*Enter* BERRY.

*Ber.* By your leave, master Flower.

*Flow.* Welcome, good master Berry. I was bold to intreat your company to speak with a friend of mine. It is some trouble, but the conceit is good.

*Ber.* No trouble at all, sir. Shall we be going?

*Flow.* With all my heart, sir; and as we go I'll tell you my conceit. Come, master Berry. [*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE II.

*The Exchange. Enter at one door CRIPPLE: at the other, BOWDLER.*

*Bow.* Well met, my dear bundle of rue! well met!

*Crip.* As much to thee, my humorous blossom.

*Bow.* A plague on thee, for a dog! Have I found thee? I hate thee not; and yet, by this hand, I could find in my heart—but, sirrah Crutch, I was encountered.

*Crip.* Who became your bail?

*Bow.* You filthy dog; I was encountered by a wench, I say.

*Crip.* In a wench's Counter! I thought no less: what, sirrah, did'st thou lie in the knight's ward, or on the master's side?

*Bow.* Neither, neither, i'faith.

*Crip.* Where then? In the Hole?

*Bow.* By this hand, Cripple, I'll bombast thee.

*Crip.* My crutch, you mean, for wearing out my clothes.

*Bow.* Thy nose, dog, thy nose, a plague on thee! I care not for thee; and yet I cannot chuse but love thee. Sirrah! Moll Berry was here about work thou hast of her's. Had'st thou been here, to have heard how I spurred the wench with incantations, thou would'st have given me the praise for a jester.

*Crip.* True, master Bowdler, I yield it you, I hold you for the absolutest jester. O, mistake me not: I mean to jest upon,—a juggling gull, a profound-seeing man of shallow wit, that Europe, nay, the world, I think, affords.

*Bow.* Well, thou art a jew, sirrah. I'll cut out that venomous tongue of thine, one of these days.

*Crip.* Do it in time, or I'll crush the heart of thy wit, till I have strained forth thy infectious humour to a drop, i'faith.

*Enter MOLL BERRY.*

*Bow.* Here comes my amorous vessel ! I'll board her, i'faith. Well encountered, Moll ! How dost thou, wench, how dost thou ?

*Moll.* What's that to you, sir ?

*Bow.* Why, I ask thee in kindness.

*Moll.* Why, then, in kindness, you are a fool for asking.

*Bow.* Is the fool your livery.

*Moll.* Not so ; for then, you, wearing that livery, would term yourself my fool.

*Bow.* Meaning me ! you gull me not, if you do.

*Moll.* What then ?

*Bow.* O, vile ! I would take you down.

*Moll.* Alas ! it wants wit. His wit is too narrow.

*Bow.* I'll stretch my wit, but I will take you down.

*Moll.* How ? upon the tenters ? indeed, if the whole piece were so stretch'd, and very well beaten with a yard of reformation, no doubt it would grow to a goodly breadth.

*Bow.* By this hand—

*Moll.* Away, you ass ! hinder not my business.

*Crip.* Finely put off, wench, i'faith.

*Moll.* By your leave, master Drawer.

*Crip.* Welcome, Mrs. Berry. I have been mindful of your work.

*Moll.* Is it done ?

*Crip.* Yes, and here it is.

*Moll.* Here is your money.

Cripple, ere long I'll visit thee again.

I have some ruffs and stomachers to draw.

*Crip.* At your pleasure.

*Bow.* By thy leave, Moll, a word.

*Moll.* Away, you bundle of nothing, away !

[*Exit MOLL.*

*Crip.* She hath a wit as sharp as her needle.

*Bow.* Alas ! myself have been her whetstone with my conference in the Exchange, any time these many years.

*Crip.* In the Exchange ! I have walked with thee there, before the visitation of my legs, and my expense in timber, at the least a hundred times, and never heard thee speak to a wench.

*Bow.* That's a lie : thou wert by when I bought these gloves of a wench.

*Crip.* That's true : they cost thee an English shilling at a word ; marry, it follows in the text that your shilling proved but a harper, and thou wert shamefully arraigned for it.

*Bow.* Good ; but I excused myself.

*Crip.* True, that thou thoughtest it had been a shilling ; marry, thou had'st never another ; nor so much as a shilling more to change it. Thou, talk in the Exchange !

*Bow.* Indeed, my best gift is in the morning, when the maids visit my chamber with such necessaries as I usually buy of them.

*Crip.* Oh, thou art one of those that, if an honest maid be sent to thy chamber with her mistress's goods, and return as honest and chaste as the morn, sirrah ! you are one of those that will slander the poor wenches, by speaking liberally of their proneness to love ; and, withal, brag how cheap you have bought their ware metaphorically, when, indeed, they depart as honest as they came thither, and leave you all the day after to sigh at the sight of an ill bargain.

*Bow.* When wilt thou spit out this serpent's tongue of thine ?

*Crip.* When wilt thou cast off this antick garment of ostentation ? do it, do it, or, by the Lord ! I will impress thy vanities, and so anatomize the very bowels of thy absurdities, that all the world shall take notice of thee for a fool, and shun thee, as the pox, or the pestilence.

*Enter* BERNARD.

*Ber.* News, news, news !

*Bow.* Sweet rogue, what's the matter?

*Ber.* By Jesu! the rarest dancing in Christendom.

*Bow.* Sweet rascal, where? Oh, do not kill my soul  
With such delays; tell me, kind rogue, oh, tell  
Me where it is.

*Ber.* At a wedding in Gracious street.

*Bow.* Come, come away; I long to see the man  
In dancing art that does more than I can.

*Ber.* Than you, sir? he lives not.

*Bow.* Why, I did understand thee so.

*Ber.* You only excepted, the world besides  
Cannot afford more exquisite dancers  
Than are now cap'ring in that bride-ale house.

*Bow.* I will behold them. Come, Crutch, thou shalt  
with us.

*Crip.* Not I.

*Bow.* Down, dog! I'll have thy company.

*Crip.* I have business.

*Bow.* By this hand, thou shalt go with us.

*Crip.* By this leg, I will not.

*Bow.* A lame oath! never stand to that.

*Crip.* By this crutch, but I will.

*Ber.* Come, you lose time; supper is done long since;  
And they are now a dancing.

*Enter BERRY and FIDDLE.*

*Berry.* Stay, Fiddle, with thy torch. Gentlemen, good  
even.

*Ber.* Master Berry.

*Bow.* Master Berry, I wish you well, sir. Master Fiddle,  
I am your's for a congee.

*Fid.* After the French salutation, I am yours for the like  
courtesy.

*Berry.* Master Bernard, to-morrow is your day  
Of payment, sir: I mean the hundred pound,

For which I have your bond. I know 'tis sure,  
 You will not break an hour; then if you please  
 To come to dinner, sir, you shall be welcome.

*Ber.* Sir, I did mean to visit you at home,  
 Not to pay down the money, but entreat  
 Two months forbearance.

*Berry.* How! forbear my money?  
 Your reason why I should forbear my own.

*Ber.* You know at first the debt was none of mine;  
 I was a surety, not the principal.  
 Besides, the money that was borrowed  
 Miscarried in the venture; my friend died,  
 And once already have you prison'd me,  
 To my great charge, almost my overthrow,  
 And somewhat rais'd the debt by that advantage.  
 These things consider'd, you may well forbear  
 For two months' space so small a sum as this.

*Berry.* How! I forbear, sir! I have need of money:  
 I may indeed sit moneyless at home,  
 And let you walk abroad, spending my coin.  
 This I may do; but, sir, you know my mind:  
 If you do break your day, assure yourself,  
 That I will take the forfeit of your bond.

*Crip.* The forfeit of his bond!

*Berry.* Ay, sir, the forfeit: 'tis no charity  
 To favour you that live like libertines.  
 Here's a crew!

*All.* A crew: what crew?

*Berry.* A crew of unthrifths, careless dissolutes,  
 Licentious prodigals, vile tavern-tracers.  
 Night-watching money-wasters, what should I call ye?  
 Oh, I want words for to define you rightly;  
 But this I know, London ne'er foster'd such  
 As Bernard, Bowdler, and this paltry Crutch.

*Crip.* And you want words, sirrah, I'll teach thee words.

Thou should'st have come to ev'ry one of us  
 As thus : thou wretch, thou miser, thou vile slave  
 And drudge to money, bondman to thy wealth,  
 Apprentice to a penny, thou that hoard'st up  
 The fry of silver pence and half-pennies,  
 With show of charity to give the poor,  
 But put'st them to increase, where in short time  
 They grow a child's part, or a daughter's portion.  
 Thou that invent'st new clauses for a bond  
 To cousin simple plainness. Oh ! not a dragon,  
 No, nor the devil's fangs, are half so cruel  
 As are thy claws : thus, thus, thou shouldst have railed.  
 The forfeit of his bond ! Oh, I could spit  
 My heart into thy face ; thou blood-hound, that  
 Dost hunt the dear, dear life of noble gentry.

*Berry.* Cripple, 'tis known I am an honest man ;  
 But, for thy words, Bernard shall fare the worse :  
 As for thyself—

*Fid.* Who ? he, sir ? never regard him. I know the vilest  
 thing by him. Oh, 'tis abominable.

*Berry.* Dost thou so, Fiddle ? speak : hold, take thou that ;  
 speak of his shame ; speak freely ; I'll protect thee.

*Fid.* I tell you, sir, 'twill make your hair to stand on end,  
 as stiff as a rubbing-brush, to hear his villanies. What's this  
 you have given me ?

*Berry.* A shilling, Fiddle.

*Fid.* Have you any skill in arithmetic ?

*Berry.* Why dost thou ask ?

*Fid.* Sir, I would have you to multiply ; could you not  
 make this one shilling two or three ? I would not be known  
 to beg ; but if, out of your cunning, you can do this trick of  
 multiplication, I shall speak the better.

*Berry.* Oh, there's another shilling for thee. Now let me  
 hear what villanies thou canst charge the Cripple with.

*Fid.* So, sir ; this is multiplication. Now, sir, if you know



the rule of addition, you are an excellent scholar. Can you not add ?

*Berry.* What dost thou mean ?

*Fid.* Another shilling, sir.

*Berry.* There is another shilling. Now, Fiddle, speak.

*Fid.* Why, then, attend, you hills and dales, and stones so quick of hearing : this Cripple is—

*All.* What is he, villain ?

*Fid.* An honest man as any is in all the town.

*Berry.* An honest man !

*Fid.* Ay, by this silver, and as good a fellow as ever went upon four legs ; if you would multiply till midnight, I would never speak otherwise.

*Berry.* Fiddle, thou art a knave, and so is he :  
Come, let us home ; Bernard, look to thy bond ;  
If thou do break thy day, I do protest,  
By you chaste moon—

*Fid.* The chaste moon ! why, the moon is not chaste.

*Berry.* How prov'st thou that ?

*Fid.* Why, sir, there's a man in the middle of her. How can she be chaste, then ?

*Berry.* Then, by my life, I swear, I'll clap him up  
Where he shall see neither the sun nor moon,  
Till I be satisfied the utmost penny ;  
And so farewell !

[*Exit.*

*Fid.* Gallants, good night : if time and place were in prosperity, I were your's for an hour's society. I must after you mulberry with my torch. Adieu, dear hearts, adieu !

*Bow.* Come, Bernard ; let's to the dancing ; let's tickle it to-night ; for to-morrow thy heels may be too heavy.

*Ber.* All's one ; my heart shall be as light as fire.  
Come, shall we go ?

*Bow.* Cripple, will you along ?

*Crip.* My business stays me here.

*Bow.* Farewell then, dog of Israel, farewell !

[*Exeunt.*



*Crip.* "All's one ; my heart shall be as light as fire !"

'Sblood, were I indebted a hundred pound,  
My fortunes fail'd and fled, as Bernard's are,  
Not worth an hundred pence, as Bernard is,  
I should be now devising sentences  
And caveats, for posterity to carve  
Upon the inside of the Counter-wall :  
Therefore I'll now turn provident : I'll to  
My shop, and fall to work.

*Enter PHILLIS.*

*Phil.* Yonder's his shop. Oh, now, you gods above !  
Pity poor Phillis' heart, that melts in love ;  
Instruct the Cripple to find out my love,  
Which I will shadow under the conceit  
Of my invention for this piece of work.  
Oh, teach him how to yield me love again,  
A little, little love, a dram of kind affection.  
His many virtues are my true direction.  
By your leave, master Drawer !

*Crip.* Welcome, mistress Flower ! what's your pleasure ?

*Phil.* My cause of coming's not unknown to you.  
Here is bespoken work, which must be wrought  
With expedition ; pray have care of it.  
The residue I refer to your direction :  
Only this handkercher, a young gentlewoman  
Wish'd me to acquaint you with her mind herein :  
In one corner of the same, place wanton Love,  
Drawing his bow, shooting an amorous dart—  
Opposite against him an arrow in a heart ;  
In a third corner picture forth Disdain,  
A cruel fate unto a loving vein ;  
In the fourth draw a springing laurel-tree,

Circled about with a ring of poësy :  
And thus it is :—

*Love wounds the heart, and conquers fell Disdain.  
Love pities love, seeing true love in pain :  
Love seeing Love how faithful Love did breathe,  
At length impal'd Love with a laurel-wreath.*

Thus you have heard the gentlewoman's mind.  
I pray be careful that it be well done :  
And so I leave you. More I fain would say ;  
But shame forbids, and calls me hence away.

[*Exit.*

*Crip.* Sweet fair, I pity you, yet no relief  
Harbours within the closet of my soul.  
This Phillis bears me true affection ;  
But I detest the humour of fond love :  
Yet am I hourly solicited  
As now you see ; and fain she would make known  
The true perplexion of her wounded heart :  
But modesty, checking her forwardness,  
Bids her be still ; yet she in similies  
And love-comparisons, like a good scholar,  
By figures, makes a demonstration  
Of the true love enclosed in her heart.  
I know it well, yet will not tell her so.  
Fancy shall never marry me to Woe :  
Take this of me, a young man's never marr'd,  
Till he by marriage from all joy be barr'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *continues.*

*Enter FRANK, singing.*

*Ye gods of Love, that sit above,  
And pity lovers' pain,  
Look from your thrones, upon the moans,  
That I do now sustain.*

Was ever man thus tormented with love?

## SONG.

Ye little birds that sit and sing  
 Amidst the shady vallies,  
 And see how Phillis sweetly walks,  
 Within her garden-allies ;  
 Go, pretty birds, about her bower ;  
 Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower ;  
 Ah, me ! methinks I see her frown !  
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her, through your chirping bills,  
 As you by me are bidden,  
 To her is only known my love,  
 Which from the world is hidden.  
 Go, pretty birds, and tell her so ;  
 See that your notes strain not too low,  
 For still, methinks, I see her frown.  
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,  
 And sing, I am her lover ;  
 Strain loud and sweet, that ev'ry note  
 With sweet content may move her.  
 And she that hath the sweetest voice,  
 Tell her I will not change my choice ;  
 Yet still, methinks, I see her frown.  
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly ! make haste ! see, see, she falls  
 Into a pretty slumber.  
 Sing round about her rosy bed,  
 That waking, she may wonder.

Say to her, 'tis her lover true  
 That sendeth love to you, to you ;  
 And when you hear her kind reply,  
 Return with pleasant warblings.

Avant, delusion ! thoughts cannot win my love :  
 Love, though divine, cannot divine my thoughts :  
 Why, to the air, then, do I idle here  
 Such heedless words, far off, and ne'er the near.  
 Hie thee, young Frank, to her that keeps thy heart ;  
 Then let sweet words thy sweeter thoughts impart.  
 But stay, here come my melancholy brothers.  
 I'll step aside and hear their conference.

[*Exit.*

*Enter ANTHONY and FERDINAND, severally.*

*Anth.* What, is my brother Ferdinand so near ?  
 He is my elder ; I must needs give place ;  
 Anthony, stand by, and list what he doth say ;  
 Haste calls me hence ; yet I will brook delay.

*Ferd.* Shall I exclaim 'gainst fortune and mishap ?  
 Or rail on Nature, who first framéd me ?  
 Is it hard Chance that keeps me from my love ?  
 Or is this heap of loath'd deformity  
 The cause that breeds a blemish in her eye ?  
 I know not what to think, or what to say,  
 Only one comfort yet I have in store,  
 Which I will practise, tho' I ne'er try more.

*Anth.* Oh, for to hear that comfort I do long ;  
 I'll turn it to a strain to right my wrong.

*Ferd.* I have a brother, rival in my love ;  
 I have a brother hates me for my love ;  
 I have a brother vows to win my love ;  
 That brother too he hath incenst my love,  
 To gain the beauty of my dearest love ;  
 What hope remains, then, to enjoy my love ?

*Anth.* I am that brother rival in his love ;  
 I am that brother hates him for his love ;  
 Not his, but mine ; and I will have that love,  
 Or never live to see him kiss my love.  
 What thou erst said, I am that man alone  
 That will depose you, brother, from love's throne ;  
 I am that man, tho' you my elder be,  
 That will aspire beyond you one degree.

*Ferd.* I have no means of private conference ;  
 So narrowly pursues my hinderer.  
 No sooner am I enter'd the sweet court  
 Of lovely rest, my love's rich mansion,  
 But rival love to my affection  
 Follows me, as a soon-enforcéd straw  
 The drawing virtue of a sable jet.  
 This, therefore's, my determination—  
 Within the close womb of a sealéd paper  
 Will I write down, in bloody characters,  
 The burning zeal of my affection ;  
 And, by some trusty messenger or other,  
 Convey the same into my love's own hand :  
 So shall I know her resolution,  
 And how she fancies my affection.

*Anth.* Yet, subtle fox, I may perchance to cross you.  
 Brother, well met. Whither away so fast ?

*Ferd.* About affairs that do require some haste.

*Anth.* 'Tis well done, brother ; you still seek for gain.

*Ferd.* But you would reap the harvest of my pain.  
 Farewell, good brother ! I must needs be gone :  
 I have serious business now to think upon.  
 Yet, for I fear my brother Anthony,  
 I'll step aside, and stand awhile unseen ;  
 I may perchance descry which way he goes ;  
 Thus, policy must work 'twixt friends and foes.

[*Exit aside.*]

*Anth.* So he is gone. I scarcely trust him neither ;  
 For 'tis his custom, like a sneaking fool,  
 To fetch a compass of a mile about,  
 And creep where he would be. Well, let him pass.  
 I heard him say, that since by word of mouth  
 He could not purchase his sweet mistress' favour,  
 He would endeavour what his wit might do  
 By writing, and by tokens. Oh, 'tis good,  
 Writing with ink ! Oh, no, but with his blood !  
 Well, so much for that. Now I know his mind,  
 I do intend not to be far behind.

He'll send a letter ; I will write another :  
 Do what you can, I'll be before you, brother.  
 I'll intercept his letter by the way,  
 And, as time serves, the same I will bewray :  
 Mine being made, a porter I'll procure,  
 That shall convey that heart-enticing lure.  
 About it, then. My letter shall be writ,  
 Though not with blood, yet with a reaching wit. [Exit.

*Ferd.* And shall it so, good brother Anthony ?  
 Were you so near when we in secret talk'd ?  
 Will't ne'er be otherwise ? will you dog me still ?

*Re-enter FRANK.*

Welcome, sweet Frank ! such news I have to tell,  
 As cannot chuse but like thee passing well.  
 Thou know'st my love to Phillis ?

*Frank.* Brother, say on.

*Ferd.* Thou likewise art acquainted with my rival,  
 And I do build upon your seerecy.

*Frank.* 'Sblood, and I thought you did not, I'd retire.  
 Brother, you know I love you as my life.

*Ferd.* I dare profess as much, and thereupon  
 Make bold to crave thy furtherance, in a thing  
 Concerns me much.

*Frank.* Out with it, brother ;  
If I shrink back, repose trust in some other.

*Ferd.* Then thus it is. My brother, all in haste,  
Is gone, to write a letter to my love ;  
And thinks thereby to cross me in my suit,  
Sending it by a porter to her hand.  
If ever, therefore, thou wilt aid thy brother,  
Help me in this, who seeks help from no other.

*Frank.* By the red lip of that dainty saint, I'll aid thee all  
I may.

*Ferd.* It is enough. Then, brother, I'll provide  
A porter's habit, like in ev'ry point.  
Will you but so much humble your estate  
To put yourself in that so base attire,  
And, like so mean a person, wait his coming,  
About his door, which will not be o'er long,  
Thou shalt for ever bind me to thy love.

*Frank.* Brother, 'tis a base task, by this light ;  
But to procure a further force of love,  
I'll do't ; i'faith, I will, sweet Ferdinand.  
About it then. Provide thee some disguise ;  
But see you stay not long in any wise.  
Here shall you find me. Go, despatch !

*Ferd.* For this I'll love thee everlastingly. [Exit.

*Frank.* Mean time I'll cross your love, and if I can.  
Here's no villainy betwixt us three brothers :  
My brother Ferdinand he would have the wench ;  
And Anthony he hopes to have her too.  
Then what may I ? Faith, hope well, as they do.  
Neither of them know that I love the maid,  
Yet by this hand I am half mad for love.  
I know not well what love is ; but 'tis sure,  
I'll die if I have her not. Therefore,  
Good brothers mine, beguile you one another,  
Till you be both gull'd by your younger brother.



*Re-enter* FERDINAND.

*Ferd.* Here is a porter's habit. On with it, brother.

*Frank.* Your hand then, brother, for to put it on.  
So now, 'tis well. Come, brother, what's my task?

*Ferd.* This first—that thou make haste to Anthony's,  
Ask for a burthen, and thou shalt be sure  
To have his letter to my dear love Phillis ;  
Deliver it not, but keep it to thyself,  
Till thou hast given this paper to her hands,  
Whose lines do intimate my chaste desires :  
This is the sum of all. Good Frank, make haste ;  
Love burns in me ; and I in love do waste.

[*Exit.*

*Frank.* Waste still ; but let me in my love increase.  
Now would not all the world take me for a porter ?  
How strangely am I metamorphoséd !  
And yet I need not be ashamed neither ;  
Jove, when his love-scapes he attempted, ever  
Transform'd himself, yet ever sped in love.  
Why may not I then in this strange disguise ?  
This habit may prove mighty in Love's power,  
As beast, or bird, bull, swan, or golden shower.

*Re-enter* ANTHONY.

*Anth.* Within the centre of this paper square,  
Have I wrote down, in bloody characters,  
A pretty posy of a wounded heart.  
Such is Love's force, once burst into a flame,  
Do what we can, we cannot quench the same,  
Unless the tears of pity move compassion,  
And so quench out the fire of affection,  
Whose burning force heats me in ev'ry vein,  
That I to Love for safety must complain.  
This is my orator, whose dulcet tongue

Must plead my love to beauteous Phillis.  
 Now for a trusty messenger, to be  
 Employ'd herein, betwixt my love and me !  
 And, in good time, I see a porter nigh.  
 Come hither, fellow ! dwell'st thou hereabout ?

*Frank.* Sir, my abiding is not far from hence ;  
 And 'Trusty John men call me by my name.

*Anth.* Can'st thou be trusty then, and secret too,  
 Being employ'd in weighty business ?

*Frank.* Sir, I was never yet disprov'd in either.

*Ferd.* Then mark me well. In Cornhill by th' Exchange,  
 Dwells an old merchant ; Flower they call his name.  
 He hath one only daughter, to whose hands,  
 If thou conveniently can give this letter,  
 I'll pay thee well, make thee the happiest porter  
 That ever undertook such business.

*Frank.* Sir, give me your letter. If I do it not,  
 Then let your promis'd favor be forgot.

*Anth.* Anthony Goulding is my name, my friend ;  
 About it then : thy message being done,  
 Make haste to me again : till when, I leave thee.

[*Exit.*

*Frank.* And so fare thee well, loving brother !  
 It had been better you had sent some other.  
 Let me consider what is best be done.  
 Shall I deliver his letter ? no :  
 Shall I convey it to my rival brother ? nor so :  
 Shall I tear the same ? No, not for a million.  
 What shall I then do ? marry, like a kind brother,  
 Open the book ; see what is written there.  
 If nought but love, in love have thou a share.  
 Brother, by your leave, I hope you'll not deny  
 But that I love you : God bless my eyesight !  
 A sonnet 'tis, in verse : now, on my life,  
 He hath perus'd all the impressions  
 Of sonnets, since the fall of Lucifer,

And made some scurvy, quaint collection  
Of fustian phrases, and uplandish words.

THE LETTER.

Fair glory of virtue ! thy enamorate  
Pleads loyally in pure affection,  
Whose passion Love do thou exonerate,  
And he shall live by thy protection :  
Nor from thy love shall he once derogate,  
For any soul under this horizon.  
Yield thou to Love ; and I will fail in neither ;  
So Love and Truth shall always live together.

Your's devoted,

ANTHONY GOULDING.

Before God, excellent good poetry !  
'Sblood, what means he by this line ?  
" For any soul under this horizon."

No matter for his meaning, mean what he will,  
I mean his meaning shall not be deliver'd.  
But for my other trust, my other letter,  
That shall come short too of fair Phillis' hands.  
There is a cripple dwelling here at hand,  
That's very well acquainted with the maid,  
And for I once did rescue them from thieves,  
Swore, if he liv'd, he would requite that kindness.  
To him I will for counsel : he shall be  
My tutor by his wit and policy.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Exchange. Discovers Boy in a shop, cutting square parchments. To him enter PHILLIS.*

*Phil.* Why, how now, sirrah ? can you find nought to do  
But waste the parchement in this idle sort ?

*Boy.* I do but what my mistress gave in charge.

*Phil.* Your mistress ! in good time ! then, sir, it seems,  
Your duty cannot stoop but to her lure.  
Sir, I will make you know that, in her absence,  
You shall account to my demand. Your mistress !  
And your mistress' will is this ! and thus you'll do !  
But answer to the motion I have made,  
Or you shall feel you have another mistress now.  
Speak ! why, when, I say ?

*Boy.* Indeed, I know your glory.  
Your pride's at full in this authority.  
But were it not for modest bashfulness,  
And that I dread a base contentious name,  
I would not be a by-word to the Exchange,  
For every one to say (myself going by)  
You goes a vassal to authority.

*Phil.* You would not, sir ! had I the yard in hand,  
I'd measure your pate for this delusion ;  
And by my maiden chastity I swear,  
Unless— [*Reaches for the yard, and the Boy stays her hand.*]

*Boy.* What unless ! I know your wilfulness ;  
These words are but to show the world your humour.  
I often use to square these parchment-pieces  
Without occasion. I'm sure you are not witting,  
The lawns you lately bought of Master Brookes  
Are new come home, brought by the merchant's servant.  
I know you are short member'd, but not so short  
Of your remembrance that this is news to you.

*Phil.* You're best to brave me in a taunting humour.  
Wilt please you ope the door ? where's Ursula ?  
Oh, here's good stuff ! my back's no sooner turned,  
But she must needs be gadding ; and where, I pray ?

*Boy.* She's gone to Master Palmer's, on th' other side.

*Phil.* On great occasions, sir ; I doubt it not.

[*Sits and works in the shop.*]

*Enter Master RICHARD GARDINER, booted, and Master WILLIAM BENNET, two gentlemen, at one end of the stage.*

*Ben.* Kind Dick, thou wilt not be unmindful of my duty  
To that same worthy arts-master, Lionel Barnes.

*Gard.* My love, sweet Will, hath chain'd it to my memory.

*Ben.* Then, with this kind embrace, I take my leave,  
Wishing thou wert as safe arriv'd at Cambridge,  
As thou art at this present near the Exchange.

*Gard.* And, well remember'd, kind Will Bennet !  
Others' affairs made me oblivious  
Of mine own ; I pray thee, go to the Exchange ;  
I have certain bands and other linen to buy.  
Prithee accompany me.

*Ben.* With all my heart.

*Gard.* Sure, this is a beauteous, gallant Walk !  
Were my continual residence in London,  
I should make much use of such a pleasure :  
Methinks the glorious virgins of this square  
Give life to dead-struck youth. Oh, heavens !

*Ben.* Why, how now, Dick ?

*Gard.* By my sweet hopes of an hereafter bliss,  
I never saw a fairer face than this !  
Oh, for acquaintance with so rich a beauty !

*Ben.* Take thy occasion. Never hadst thou better.

*Gard.* Have at her then !

*Phil.* What lack you, gentlemen ?

*Gard.* Faith, nothing, had I thee.  
For in thine eye all my desires I see.

*Phil.* My shop you mean, sir ; there you may have choice  
Of lawns, or cambricks, ruffs well wrought, shirts,  
Fine falling bands of the Italian cut-work,  
Ruffs for your hands, waistcoats wrought with silk,  
Nightcaps of gold, or such like wearing linen,  
Fit for the chapman of what-e'er degree.

*Gard.* Faith, virgin,  
 In my days I have worn and outworn much,  
 Yea, many of these golden necessities ;  
 But such a gallant beauty, or such a form  
 I never saw, nor never wore the like.  
 Faith, be not then unkind ; but let me wear  
 This shape of thine, although I buy it dear.

*Phil.* What, hath the tailor play'd his part so well,  
 That with my gown you are so far in love ?

*Gard.* Mistake not, sweet ! your garment is the cover  
 That veils the shape and pleasures of a lover.

*Phil.* That argues then you do not see my shape.  
 How comes it then you are in love with it ?

*Gard.* A garment made by cunning arts-men's skill  
 Hides all defects that Nature's swerving hand  
 Hath done amiss, and makes the shape seem pure ;  
 If then it grace such lame deformity,  
 It adds a greater grace to purity.

*Phil.* O, short-liv'd praise ! even now I was as fair  
 As any thing ; now fouler nothing.

Dissembling men ! what maid will credit them ?

*Gard.* How misconstruction leads your thoughts awry !

*Ben.* I prithee, Dick, ha' done ; think on thy journey.

*Phil.* You counsel well, sir. I think the gentleman  
 Comes but to whet his whit, and 'tis but need ;  
 'Tis blunt enough ; he may ride far upon it.

*Gard.* Marry gip, minx !

*Phil.* A fine word in a gentleman's mouth !  
 'Twere good your back were towards me ; there can I  
 Read better content than in the face of lust.

*Gard.* Now you display your virtues as they are.

*Phil.* What am I ? you cipher, parenthesis of words,  
 Stall-troubler, prater ; what sit I here for naught ?  
 Bestow your lustful courtship on your minions ;  
 This place holds none ; you and your companion,



Get you down the stairs ; or I protest  
 I'll make this squaréd walk too hot for you.  
 Had you been as you seem'd in outward shew,  
 Honest gentlemen, such terms of vile abuse  
 Had not been proffer'd to virginity ;  
 But swains will quickly show their base descent.

*Gard.* This is no place for brawls ; but if it were,  
 Your impositions are more than I would bear.

*Ben.* Come, she's a woman ; I prithee leave her.

[*Exeunt GARD. and BEN.*]

*Phil.* Nay, sure a maid, unless her thoughts deceive her.  
 God speed you well ! Sirrah, boy !

*Boy.* Anon !

*Phil.* Go to the starcher's for the suit of ruff's  
 For Master Bowdler's bands and Master Goulding's shirts.  
 Let's have a care to please our provéd friends :  
 As for our strangers, if they use us well,  
 For love and money, love and ware we'll sell. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the Exchange. The CRIPPLE discovered at work. Enter FRANK, disguised as a porter.*

*Frank.* Now fortune be my guide. This is the shop,  
 And in good time the Cripple is at work.  
 God speed you, sir !

*Crip.* Welcome, honest friend ! what's thy will with me ?

*Frank.* I would entreat you, read a letter for me.

*Crip.* With all my heart :

I know the maid to whom it is directed.

*Frank. (aside).* I know you do, Cripple, better than you think.

*Crip.* I pray you, what gentleman writ the same ?

*Frank.* Sir, a gentleman of good learning, and my friend :  
 To say the truth, 'twas written for myself,



Being somewhat overtaken with fond love,  
As many men be, sir.

*Crip.* Why art thou persuaded, or hast thou any hope,  
So beautiful a virgin as she is,  
Of such fair parentage, so virtuous,  
So gentle, kind and wise, as Phillis is,  
That she will take remorse of such base stuff.  
I think not so. But let me see : what's thy name ?

*Frank.* Trusty John, men call me, sir.

*Crip.* How comes it then, your blinded secretary  
Hath writ another name unto the letter ?  
" Yours devoted, Anthony Goulding."  
But sure this letter is no right of thine :  
Either thou found'st the same by happy chance,  
Or, being employéd as a messenger,  
Play'dst *legerdemain* with him that sent the same.  
Wherefore the maid, well known unto myself,  
I will reserve the letter to her use,  
That she, if by the name herein set down,  
She know the gentleman that doth wish her well,  
She may be grateful for his courtesy.

*Frank.* Nay then I see I must disclose myself.  
Sir, might I build upon your secrecy,  
I would disclose a secret of import.

*Crip.* Assure thyself, I will not injure thee.

*Frank.* Then, Cripple, know, I am not what I seem ;  
But took this habit to deceive my friend :  
My friend indeed, but yet my cruel foe :  
Foe to my good, my friend in outward show !  
I am no porter, as I seem to be,  
But younger brother to that Anthony ;  
And, to be brief, I am in love with Phillis,  
Which my two elder brothers do affect :  
The one of them seeks to defeat the other :  
Now, if that I, being their younger brother,

Could gull them both, by getting of the wench.  
I would requite it with love's recompence.

Cripple, thou once didst promise me thy love,  
When I did rescue thee on Mile-end Green.  
Now is the time ; now let me have thy aid  
To gull my brothers of that beauteous maid.

*Crip.* Sir, what I promis'd I will now perform ;  
My love is yours, my life to do you good,  
Which to approve, follow me but in all ;  
We'll gull your brothers, in the wench and all.

*Frank.* Say'st thou me so, friend ? for that very word,  
My life is thine. Command my hand and sword.

*Crip.* Then let me see this letter. It should seem  
You undertook to carry it from your brother  
To the maid.

*Frank.* I did, and from my brother Ferdinand  
This other letter to the same effect.

*Crip.* Well, list to me, and follow my advice.  
You shall deliver neither of them both ;  
But frame two letters of your own invention,  
Letters of flat denial to their suits.  
Give them to both your brothers, as from Phillis,  
And let each line in either letter tend  
To the dispraise of both their features ;  
And the conclusion I would have set down,  
A flat resolve, bound with some zealous oath,  
Never to yield to either of their suits.  
And if this sort not well to your content,  
Condemn the Cripple.

*Frank.* But this will ask much time,  
And they by this time look for my return.

*Crip.* Why then myself will fit you presently.  
I have the copies in my custody  
Of sundry letters to the same effect.

*Frank.* Of thy own writing ?

*Crip.* My own, I assure you, sir.

*Frank.* Faith, thou hast robb'd some sonnet-book or other,  
And now wouldst make me think they are thine own.

*Crip.* Why, think'st thou that I cannot write a letter,  
Ditty, or sonnet, with judicial phrase,  
As pretty, pleasing, and pathological,  
As the best Ovid-imitating dunce  
In all the town?

*Frank.* I think thou canst not.

*Crip.* Yea, I'll swear I cannot.

Yet, sirrah, I could coney-catch the world,  
Make myself famous for a sudden wit,  
And be admir'd for my dexterity,  
Were I disposed.

*Frank.* I prithee, how?

*Crip.* Why thus. There liv'd a poet in this town  
(If we may term our modern writers poets)  
Sharp-witted, bitter-tongued, his peer of steel,  
His ink was temper'd with the biting juice,  
And extracts of the bitter'st weeds that grew.  
He never wrote but when the elements  
Of fire and water tilted in his brain :  
This fellow, ready to give up his ghost  
To Lucia's bosom, did bequeath to me  
His library, which was just nothing,  
But rolls, and scrolls, and bundles of cast wit,  
Such as durst never visit Paul's Churchyard.  
Amongst them all, I happen'd on a quire  
Or two of paper, fill'd with songs and ditties,  
And here and there a hungry epigram.  
These I reserve to my own proper use.  
And, pater-noster-like, have conn'd them all.  
I could now, when I am in company  
At ale-house, tavern, or an ordinary,  
Upon a theme make an extemporal ditty

(Or one at least should seem extemporal)  
 Out of the abundance of this legacy,  
 That all would judge it, and report it too,  
 To be the infant of a sudden wit,  
 And then I were an admirable fellow.

*Frank.* This were a piece of cunning.

*Crip.* I could do more ; for I could make inquiry  
 Where the best-witted gallants use to dine ;  
 Follow them to the tavern ; and there sit  
 In the next room with a calves-head and brimstone,  
 And overhear their talk, observe their humours :  
 Collect their jests, put them into a play,  
 And tire them too with payment, to behold  
 What I have filch'd from them. This I could do :  
 But oh, for shame that men should so arraign  
 Their own fee-simple wits for verbal theft ?  
 Yet men there be that have done this and that,  
 And more by much more than the most of them.

*Frank.* But to our purpose, Cripple, to these letters.

*Crip.* I have them ready for you, here they be.  
 Give these to your two brothers ; say that Phillis  
 Deliver'd them with frowns, and though her name  
 Be not subscrib'd (which may not well be done)  
 It may perhaps give them occasion  
 To think she scorn'd them so much grace and favour.  
 This done, return to me ; and let me know  
 Th' occurrences of this practice, as they grow ;  
 And so farewell ! I can no longer stand  
 To talk with you. I have some work in hand. [Exit.

*Frank.* Farewell, mad Cripple ! now, Frank Goulding, fly  
 To put in practice this new policy.  
 But soft, here comes the maid. I will essay

*Enter PHILLIS and FIDDLE.*

To plead my own love by a stranger way.  
 By your leave, sir.

*Fid.* Porter, I am not for you. You see I am perambulating before a female.

*Frank.* I would crave but a word with you.

*Fid.* Speak in time, then, porter; for otherwise I do not love to answer you; and be as brief as you can, good porter.

*Frank.* I pray you, sir, what gentlewoman is this?

*Fid.* Certes, porter, I serve a gentleman. That gentleman is father to this gentlewoman. This gentlewoman is a maid. This maid is fair. And this fair maid belongeth to the Exchange. And the Exchange hath not the like fair maid. Now, porter, put this all together; and tell me what it spells.

*Frank.* I promise you, sir, you have posed me.

*Fid.* Then you are an ass, porter! 'Tis the fair Maid of the Exchange.

*Frank.* Her name, I pray you, sir?

*Fid.* Her name, porter, requires much poeticality in the subscription; and no less judgment in the understanding. Her name is Phillis, not Phillis that same dainty lass that was beloved of Amyntas; nor Phillis she that doated on that comely youth Demophoon; but this is Phillis, that most strange Phillis, the flower of the Exchange.

*Phil.* What, would that porter anything with me?

*Frank.* Yes, mistress. Since by chance I meet you here, I'll tell you, tho' it not concerns myself,  
 What I this morning saw. There is a gentleman,  
 One Master Goulding, the youngest of three brothers,  
 They call him Frank. This man lies very sick.  
 I being at his house, perchance, inquired  
 What his disease was, of a servant there,  
 Who said, the doctors cannot tell themselves;  
 But in his fits he ever calls on Love,  
 And prays to Love for pity, and then names you,  
 And then names Love again; and then calls Phillis,  
 And sometimes starts, and would forsake his bed,  
 And being asked whither, says he would go to Phillis.

My business call'd me hence ; but I heard say  
 His friends do mean to intreat you to take the pains  
 To visit him, because they do suppose  
 The sick man loves you, and thence his sickness grows.

*Phil.* Porter, is this true ?

Or art thou hir'd to this, I prithee tell me.

*Frank.* Mistress, not hired : my name is Trusty John.  
 If I delude you, never trust me more.

*Phil.* I thank thee, porter, and thank Love withal,  
 That thus hath wrought the tyrant Goulding's fall :  
 He once scorn'd Love, jested at wounded hearts,  
 Challeng'd almighty beauty, rail'd at passion ;  
 And is he now caught by the eyes and heart ?  
 Now by Diana's milk-white veil, I swear,  
 The goddess of my maiden chaste desires,  
 I am as glad of it as glad may be ;  
 And I will see him, if but to laugh at him,  
 And torture him with jests. Fiddle, along !  
 When we return, if they do send for me,  
 I'll arm myself with flouts and cruelty.

*Fid.* Porter, we commit you ; if you be a crafty knave and  
 lay in the wind for a vantage, you have your answer : mark  
 her last words—"I'll arm myself with flouts and cruelty."

[*Exeunt* PHILLIS and FIDDLE.]

*Frank.* "I'll arm myself with flouts and cruelty."  
 Will you so, Phillis ? what a state am I in !  
 Why, I of all am furthest from her love :  
 'Sblood, if I now should take conceit at this,  
 Fall sick with love indeed, were not my state  
 Most lamentable ? Ay, by this hand, were it.  
 Well, heart, if thou wilt yield, look to thyself !  
 Thou wilt be tortur'd ; well, what remedy !

*Enter* ANTHONY.

Here comes my brother Anthony ! I am for him.



*Anth.* Porter, what news? spake you with Phillis?

*Frank.* (*aside*). Ay, too late, to my grief.

(*Aloud*). Spoke with her, sir, i'faith I think I have.

Here is a letter for you; and by that

You shall judge if I did speak with her.

Now, Cripple, shall we prove your learned wit!

*Anth.* Zounds, am I mad, or is she mad that writ this?

I'll read it o'er again.

#### THE LETTER.

Sir,

I did never like you; I do not now think well of you; and I will never love you. I chuse my husband with my eyes, and I have seen some especial fault in you, as the colour of your hair, the elevating of your head to an affected proportion, as if you fainted for want of air, and stood in that manner to suck it into your nose; your neck is too long; and (to be short) I like no part in or about you; and the short and the long, boy, is, that I will never love you; and I will never marry but one I love.

NOT YOUR'S, BUT HER OWN.

Blank, I am struck blank, and blind, and mad withal.

Here is a flat denial to my suit,

A resolution never to be won.

What shall I do? assist me, God of Love!

Instruct me in thy school-tricks; be my guide

Out of this labyrinth of love and fear,

Unto the palace of fair Phillis' favour.

I have it: I will intimate her mother

In my behalf, with letters and with gifts.

To her I'll write to be my advocate.

Porter, farewell! there's for thy pains;

Thy profit by this toil passeth my gains.

[*Exit.*]

*Frank.* You have your answer, and a kind one too.



Cripple, I'll make thee crutches of pure silver,  
 For this device. Thou hast a golden wit.  
 Now if my brother Ferdinand were here,  
 To read his absolution—here he comes !

*Enter FERDINAND.*

Brother !

*Ferd.* Frank !

What, hast thou given the letter to her hand ?  
 And stay'd my brother Anthony withal ?

*Frank.* I have done both, and, more than that, behold,  
 Here is an answer to your letter, brother.

*Anth.* Frank, I will love thee, while I live for this.

*Frank.* Scarce, when you read what there containéd is.

*Ferd.*

#### THE LETTER.

Gallant,

That write for love, if you had come yourself, you  
 might perchance have sped. I do not counsel you neither to  
 come yourself, unless you leave your head at home, or wear a  
 vizard, or come backwards ; for I never look you in the face  
 but I am sick. And so, praying God to continue my health,  
 by keeping you from me, I leave you.

O, unkind answer to a lover's letter !

Let me survey the end once more :

“ For I never look you in the face but I am sick. And so,  
 praying God to continue me in health, by keeping you from  
 me—”

Is she so far from yielding ? is this fort  
 Of her chaste love yet so impregnable ?  
 What shall I do ? this is the furthest way,  
 A labour of impossibilities,  
 This way to win her ! I will once again

Challenge the promise that her father made me.  
 To him I'll write, and he (I know) will plead  
 My love to Phillis, and so win the maid. [Exit.

*Frank.* Farewell, poor tortur'd heart! was ever known  
 Two loving brothers in such misery?  
 Let me consider of my own estate:  
 What profit do I reap by this delusion?  
 Why none; I am as far from Phillis' heart  
 As when she first did wound me with her eyes.  
 Cripple, to thee I come; 'tis thou must be  
 My counsellor in this extremity. [Exit.

## SCENE III.

*Continues. Enter CRIPPLE, BOWDLER, and BERNARD.*

*Crip.* Sirrah Bowdler, what makes thee in this merry vein?

*Bow.* O Lord, sir! it is your most elevated humour to be merry. To be concise, set up the collar, and look thus with a double chin, like Diogenes peering over his tub, is too cynical, the sign of melancholy, and indeed the mere effect of a salt rheum.

*Crip.* Who would think this gentleman's yesterday's distemperature should breed such motions? I think it be restorative to activity. I never saw a gentleman caper so excellent as he did last night.

*Bow.* Mean you me, sir?

*Crip.* Your own self, by this hand.

*Bow.* You gull me not?

*Crip.* How, gull you?

Methinks a man so well reputed of,  
 So well commended for your qualities  
 In schools of nimble activeness,  
 And places where divinest quiristers  
 Warble enchanting harmony, to such  
 As think there is no heaven on earth but their's:

And knowing yourself to be the genius  
Of the spectators, and the audience' hearts,  
You wrong your worthy self intolerably,  
To think our words savour of flattery.

*Bow.* Sirrah, dog ! how didst thou like my last caper and  
turn a the toe ?

*Crip.* Before God, passing well.

*Ber.* I know his worship made it, 'tis so excellent.

*Bow.* It was my yesterday's exercise.

*Crip.* After the working of your purgation, was it not ?

*Bow.* What purgation, you filthy cur ?

*Crip.* After the purging of your brain, sir.

*Bow.* Be still, dog ; bark not, though by misfortune  
I was last night somewhat distemperéd :  
I will not be upbraided ; 'twas no more  
But to refine my wit ; but tell me truly  
How dost thou like my caper ?

*Crip.* Far better than I can commend it.

*Bow.* Now, as I am a gentleman,  
My tutor was not witting of the same,  
And in my opinion 'twill do excellent.  
O this air ! here's a most eloquious air for the memory,  
I could spend the third part of my arms in silver,  
To be encounter'd by some good wit or other.

*Crip.* What say you to your sweetheart, Moll Berry ?

*Bow.* Peace, Cripple ! silence ; name her not ; I could not  
endure the career of her wit for a million ; she is the only she-  
Mercury under the heavens ; her wit is all spirit ; that spirit  
fire ; that fire flies from her tongue, able to burn the radix of  
the best invention. In this element, she is the abstract and  
brief of all the eloquence since the incarnation of Tully. I  
tell thee, Cripple, I had rather encounter Hercules with blows,  
than Moll Berry with words. And yet, by this light, I am  
horribly in love with her.

*Enter* MOLL BERRY.

*Crip.* See where she comes. O excellent!

*Bow.* Now have I no more blood than a bulrush.

*Ber.* How now, what ail you, sir?

*Crip.* What's the matter, man?

*Bow.* See, see, that glorious angel doth approach! What shall I do?

*Crip.* She is a saint indeed! Zounds! to her; court her; win her; wear her; wed her; and bed her too.

*Bow.* I would it were come to that. I win her! By heaven, I am not furnished of a courting phrase, to throw at a dog.

*Crip.* Why no; but at a woman you have. O, sir! seem not so doltish now: can you make no fustian? ask her if she'll take a pipe of tobacco.

*Bow.* It will offend her judgment. Pardon me.

*Crip.* But hear you, sir! reading so much as you have done, Do you not remember one pretty phrase, To scale the walls of a fair wench's love?

*Bow.* I never read anything but "Venus and Adonis."

*Crip.* Why, that's the very quintessence of love. If you remember but a verse or two, I'll pawn my head, goods, lands and all, 'twill do.

*Bow.* Why then, have at her!  
"Fondling, I say, since I have hemm'd thee here,  
Within the circle of this ivory pale,  
I'll be a park—"

*Moll.* Hands off, fond sir!

*Bow.* ——"and thou shalt be my deer.  
Feed thou on me, and I will feed on thee;  
And Love shall feed us both."

*Moll.* Feed you on woodcocks; I can fast awhile.

*Bow.* "Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed."

*Crip.* Take heed, she's not on horseback.

*Bow.* Why, then she is alighted.

“Come, sit thee down, where never serpent hisses ;  
And, being set, I’ll smother thee with kisses.”

*Moll.* Why, is your breath so hot? now God forbid  
I should buy kisses to be smotheréd!

*Bow.* Mean you me? you gull me not?

*Moll.* No, no, poor Bowdler, thou dost gull thyself.

*(Aside).* Thus must I do to shadow the hid fire,  
That in my heart doth burn with hot desire :

Oh, I do love him well, whate’er I say,  
Yet will I not myself self-love bewray.

If he be wise, he’ll sue with good take-heed.

Bowdler, do so ; and thou art sure to speed.

I will fly hence to make his love the stronger,

Tho’ my affection must lie hid the longer.

*(Aloud).* What, Master Bowdler, not a word to say?

*Bow.* No, by my troth ; if you stay here all day.

*Moll.* Why, then, I’ll bear the bucklers hence away.

*[Exit.*

*Crip.* What, Master Bowdler, have you let her pass unconquered?

*Bow.* Why, what could I do more? I look’d upon her with judgment ; the strings of my tongue were well in tune ; my embraces were in good measure ; my palm of a good constitution ; only the phrase was not moving ; as, for example, Venus herself, with all her skill, could not win Adonis with the same words. O heavens ! was I so fond then to think that I could conquer Moll Berry? Oh, the natural fluence of my own wit had been far better ! Good ev’n, good fellow !

*Enter FIDDLE.*

*Fid.* God give you the time of day ! Pardon me, gallants, I was so near the middle that I knew not which hand to take.

*Bow.* A very good conceit.

*Fid.* And yet, because I will be sure to give you a true

salutation, Cripple, *quomodo valet?* Good morrow, Cripple; good morrow, Master Bernard; Master Bowdler, *bonos noches*, as they say, good night! and thus you have heard my manner of salutation.

*Crip.* You are very eloquent, sir; but, Fiddle, what's the best news abroad?

*Fid.* The best news I know not, sir; but the newest news is most excellent, i'faith!

*Ber.* Prithee, let's hear it.

*Fid.* Why, this it is: the serjeants are watching to arrest you at Master Berry's suit.

*Ber.* Wounds, where?

*Fid.* Nay, I know not where. Alas, sir, there is no such matter. I did but say so much, to make you warm the handle of your rapier. But, Master Bowdler, I have good news for you.

*Bow.* Let me hear it, my sweet russeting.

*Fid.* How, russeting?

*Bow.* Ay, my little apple-john.

*Fid.* You are a—

*Bow.* A what?

*Fid.* You are a— Oh, that I could speak for indignation!

*Bow.* Nay, what am I?

*Fid.* You are a pippin-monger, to call me russeting, or apple-john.

*Bow.* Sirrah Russeting! I'll have your head off.

*Fid.* You pippinmonger, I'll cut off your legs, and make you travel so near the mother earth, that every boy shall be high enough to steal apples out of thy basket. Call me Russeting!

*Crip.* Nay, be friends, be friends.

*Fid.* As I am a gentleman, Cripple, I meant him no harm; but the name of Russeting to Master Fiddle, that many times travels under the arm in velvet, but for the most part in lea-

ther truss'd with calf-skin points, 'tis most tolerable, and not to be endured. Flesh and blood cannot bear it.

*Crip.* Come, come, all shall be well.

*Bow.* Fiddle, give me thy hand. A plague on thee, thou knowest well I love thee.

*Fid.* Say you so? why, then, Anger, avoid the room! Melancholy, march away! Cholera, to the next chamber! and here's my hand. I am yours to command, from this time, forth, your very mortal friend, and loving enemy, Master Fiddle.

*Bow.* Now, tell us what is the news you had for me?

*Fid.* Oh, the sweet news! 'faith, sir, this it is, that I was sent to the Cripple from my young mistress. Master Cripple, you know I have spent some time in idle words, therefore, be you compendious, and tell me if my mistress' handkercher be done or no.

*Crip.* Fiddle, 'tis done, and here it is. Commend me to thy mistress.

*Fid.* After the most humble manner, I will; and so, gentlemen, I commit you all: you, Cripple, to your shop; you, sir, to a turn-up, and dish of capers; and lastly, you, master Bernard, to the tuition of the Counter-keeper. There's an item for you; and so, farewell! [Exit.]

*Crip.* Master Bowdler, how do you like his humour?

*Bow.* By this light, I had not thought the clod had had so nimble a spirit. But, Cripple, farewell! I'll to Moll Berry. Come, Bernard, along with me.

*Crip.* Farewell, sweet signiors both, farewell, farewell!

[Exeunt.]

#### ACT IV., SCENE I.

*Master FLOWER'S House.* Enter Master FLOWER at one door, reading a letter from FERDINAND: at the other, Mrs. FLOWER, with a letter from ANTHONY.

*Flow.* The conceit is good. Ferdinand entreats a marriage



with my daughter. Good, very good ! for he is a gentleman of good carriage, a wise man, a rich man, a careful man ; and therefore worthy of my daughter's love. It shall be so.

*Mrs. F.* Marry, and shall, kind gentleman. My furtherance, saist thou ? Yes, Anthony, assure thyself ; for, by the motherly care that I bear to my daughter, it hath been a desire that long hath lodged within my careful breast, to match her with thy well-deserving self ; and to this end have I sent for my daughter, and charged my servants, that presently, upon her repair hither from her mistress's, that she enter this private walk, where and with whom I will so work, that, doubt it not, dear son, but she shall be thine.

*Flow.* And I will make her jointure of a hundred pounds by year. It is a very good conceit, and why ? because the worthy portion betters my conceit, which, being good, in conceiving well of the gentleman's good parts, the proffered jointure adds to my conceit, and betters it. Very good.

*Mrs. F.* A thousand crowns for you to make the match ! Pretty heart, how love can work ! By God's blest mother, I vow she shall be thine ! if I have any interest in my daughter. (*Flower smiles at reading his letter, and they snatch the letters from each other.*) But stay, whom have I espied ? my husband likewise reading of a letter, and in so good a humour ! I'll lay my life, good gentleman, he hath also wrought with *him* for his good will ; and for I long to know the truth thereof, my sudden purpose shall experience it. What's here, husband ? (*Reads to herself, and frowns.*) A letter from Master Ferdinand to entreat a marriage with your daughter ?

*Flow.* And here the like to you from Anthony to that effect. This is no good conceit. If she be mine, she shall be Ferdinand's.

*Mrs. F.* If she respect her mother's favour,  
'Tis Anthony shall be her love.

*Flow.* How, wife ?

*Mrs. F.* Even so, husband.

*Flow.* You will not cross my purpose, will you ?

*Mrs. F.* In this you shall not bridle me, I swear.

*Flow.* Is she not my daughter ?

*Mrs. F.* You teach me, husband, what your wife should say.

I think her life is dearest unto me,  
 Though you forget the long extremity  
 And pains which I endured, when forth this womb,  
 With much ado, she did enjoy the life  
 She now doth breathe : and shall I now suffer  
 Her destruction ?

*Flow.* Yea, but conceit me, wife.

*Mrs. F.* A fig for your conceits. In this I know there can be none. Say he be his father's eldest son, and a merchant of good wealth,

Yet, my dear Anthony's as rich as he :  
 What, though his portion was but small at first,  
 His industry hath now increas'd his talent ;  
 And he that knoweth the getting of a penny,  
 Will fear to spend. She shall have him, if any.

*Flow.* By the Mary God, wife, you vex me.

*Mrs. F.* 'Tis your own impatience, you may chuse.

*Flow.* I will not wed my daughter to that Anthony.

*Mrs. F.* By this—

*Flow.* Hold, wife, hold ; I advise thee swear not,  
 For, by him that made me, first I vow,  
 She shall not touch the bed of Anthony.

*Mrs. F.* And may I never live, (so God me help,)  
 If ever she be wed to Ferdinand.

*Flow.* The devil's in this woman ; how she thwarts me still !

*Mrs. F.* Fret on, good husband ; I will have my will.

*Flow.* But, conceit me, wife : suppose we should consent our daughter should wed either of them both, and she dislike the match, were that a good conceit ?

*Mrs. F.* All's one for that. I know my daughter's mind,  
If I but say the word.

*Flow.* I would be loath to wed her 'gainst her will.  
Content thee, wife ; we'll hear her resolution.  
And as I find her, to her own content  
To either of them, she shall have my consent.

*Mrs. F.* Why, now old Flower speaketh like himself.

*Flow.* Agreed, and 'faith, wife, tis a good conceit.

*Enter PHILLIS.*

And see where my daughter comes ! Welcome, girl !  
How doth your mistress, Phillis ? God bless thee, Phillis !  
Rise.

*Phil.* God have the glory, in perfect health she is.

*Flow.* 'Tis good ; I am glad she doth so well.

But list, my daughter ! I have golden news  
To impart unto thee.

A golden Goulding, wench, must be thy husband.  
Is't not a good conceit ?

*Phil.* Father, I understand you not.

*Flow.* Then, my girl, thy conceit is very shallow.  
Master Ferdinand Goulding is in love with thee.

*Mrs. F.* No, daughter, 'tis thine Anthony.

*Flow.* Ferdinand is rich, for he hath store of gold.

*Mrs. F.* Anthony is rich, yet is he not so old.

*Flow.* Ferdinand is virtuous, full of modesty.

*Mrs. F.* Anthony's more gracious, if more may be.

*Flow.* Ferdinand's wise. Being wise, who would not love  
him ?

*Mrs. F.* Anthony more wise. Then, girl, desire to prove  
him.

*Flow.* In Ferdinand's all the beauty that may be.

*Mrs. F.* He is deceiv'd. 'Tis in thine Anthony.

*Phil.* Dear parents, you confound me with your words.  
I pray what mean these hot persuasions ?

*Flow.* Thy good, my daughter.

*Mrs. F.* If but rul'd by me.

*Flow.* But for thy ill fare—

*Mrs. F.* If she 'tend to thee.

*Flow.* The truth is this, that each of us hath ta'en  
A solemn vow, that thou, my loving daughter,  
Shalt wed with one of these two gentlemen ;  
But yet refer the choice unto thyself.  
One thou shalt love. Love Ferdinand, if me.

*Mrs. F.* If love thy mother, love thine Anthony.

*Phil.* In these extremes, what shall become of me ?

I pray you give me respite to consider

How to digest these impositions :

You have impos'd a business of such weight,

Pray God your daughter may discharge herself.

*Flow.* Think on't, my girl ; we will withdraw awhile.

[*They walk aside.*]

*Phil.* A little respite fits my resolution.

Those gentles sue too late. There is another

Of better worth, tho' not of half their wealth.

What though deform'd, his virtue mends that 'miss ;

What though not rich, his wit doth better gold ;

And my estate shall add unto his wants.

I am resolv'd, good father and dear mother ;

Phillis doth chuse a cripple, and none other.

But yet I must dissemble.

*Flow.* How now, my soul's best hope ! tell me, my girl,  
Shall Ferdinand be he ?

*Phil.* I pray a word in private.

*Flow.* Marry, with all my heart.

*Phil.* In all the duty that a child can show  
The love that to a father it doth owe,  
I yield myself to be at your command,  
And vow to wed no man but Ferdinand.  
But, if you please, at your departure hence,

You may inforce dislike to cloud your brow,  
T'avoid my mother's anger and suspicion.

*Flou.* Before God, a very good conceit !

*(Aloud).* Hence, baggage, out of my sight !

Come not within my doors, thou had'st been better  
Run millions of miles barefooted, than

Thus by your coy disdain to have deluded me.

*(Aside).* Oh ! mine own flesh and blood, the mirror of wit !

*(Aloud).* Now will I hence ; and, with all the speed I may,  
Send for my son. I'll have it done this day. *[Exit.*

*Mrs. F.* What, is he gone ? and in so hot a chafe ?

Well, let him go, I need not question why ;

For well I wot, his suit is cold : 't must die.

Daughter, I gather by thy pleasant smiles,

Thy mother hath more interest in thy love,

Than discontented Flower, thy aged father.

*Phil.* Mother, you have ; for when I well consider

A mother's care unto her dear-bought child,

How tenderly you nurs'd and brought me up,

I could not be so much unnatural,

As to refuse the love you proffer me,

Especially being for my chiefest good.

Therefore when married I intend to be,

My loyal husband shall be Anthony.

*Mrs. F.* Live ever, then, my dear, dear daughter Phillis !

Let me embrace thee in a mother's arms.

Thus, thus, and thus, I'll ever hug my daughter.

Him hence thou send'st with frowns : me hence with  
laughter.

Come, Phillis, let us in ! *[Exit.*

*Phil.* Forsooth, I'll follow you.

Am not I a good child, think you ?

To play with both hands thus against my parents ?

Well, 'tis but a trick of youth. Say what they will,

I'll love the Cripple, and will hate them still. *[Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*The Exchange. Before the CRIPPLE'S shop. Enter CRIPPLE,  
and to him FRANK.*

*Frank.* Mirrour of kindness, extremity's best friend ;  
While I breathe, sweet blood, I am thine.  
Intreat me, nay, command thy Francis' heart,  
[Thou] that wilt not suffer my ensuing smart.

*Crip.* Sweet signior, my advice in the reservation of those  
letters,  
Which I will have you hide from eye of day,  
Never to feel the warmth of Phœbus' beams,  
Till my self's care, most careful of your weal,  
Summon those lines unto the bar of joy.

*Frank.* I will not err, dear friend, in this command.

*Crip.* So much for that : now listen further, Frank.  
Not yet two hours' expiration  
Have taken final end, since Beauty's pride  
And Nature's better part of workmanship,  
Beauteous Phillis, was with me consorted,  
Where she, 'mongst other pleasing conference,  
Burst into terms of sweet affection,  
And said, ere long she would converse with me  
In private at my shop ; whose wounded soul,  
Struck with Love's golden arrow, lives in dread,  
Till she do hear the sentence of my love,  
Or be condemn'd by judgment of fell hate.  
Now, since that gracious opportunity  
Thus smiles on me, I will resign the same  
To you, my friend, knowing my unworthy self  
Too foul for such a beauty, and too base  
To match in brightness with that sacred comet,  
That shines, like Phœbus, in London's element,  
From whence inferior stars derive their light :



Wherefore I will, immediately you take  
 My crooked habit ; and in that disguise  
 Court her, yea, win her, for she will be won :  
 This will I do to pleasure you, my friend.

*Frank.* For which my love to thee shall never end.

*Crip.* About it then ! Assume this shape of mine,  
 Take what I have ; for all I have is thine.

[*Dresses FRANK in his habit.*

Supply my place, to gain thy heart's desire,  
 So may you quench two hearts that burn like fire.  
 She's kind to me ; be she as kind to you,  
 What admiration will there then ensue !

Frank, I will leave thee ; now be thou fortunate ;  
 That we with joy your loves may consummate.  
 Farewell, farewell ! when I return again  
 I hope to find thee in a pleasing vein.

[*Exit.*

*Frank.* Farewell, dear friend !

Was ever known a finer policy ?  
 Now, brothers, have amongst you for a third part,  
 Nay, for the whole ; or, by my soul, I'll lose all !  
 What, tho' my father did bequeath his lands  
 To you, my elder brethren, the moveables, I sue for.  
 Were none of his ; and you shall run thro' fire  
 Before you touch one part of my desire.  
 Am I not like myself in this disguise ?  
 Crooked in shape, and crooked in my thoughts ?  
 Then am I a Cripple right. Come, wench, away !  
 Thy absence breeds a terror to my stay.

*Enter PHILLIS.*

Yonder she comes. Now frame thy hands to draw ;  
 A worsè workman never any saw.

[*Sits in the CRIPPLE'S shop, working.*

*Phil.* Yea, yonder sits the wonder of mine eye !  
 I have not been the first whom Destiny



Hath thwarted thus : imperious Love !  
 Either withdraw the shaft that wounds my heart,  
 Or grant me patience to endure my smart !  
 Remorseless Love ! had any but thyself  
 Been privy to my direful passion,  
 How I consume and waste myself in love,  
 They would have been, yea, much more pitiful.  
 But all avails not. Demanding for my work  
 Shall be a means to have some conference.  
 Good morrow to you ! is my handkercher done ?

*Frank.* Yes, mistress Flower, it is finished.

*Phil.* How sweetly tunes the accent of his voice !  
 Oh, do not blame me, dearest Love alive !  
 Tho' I thus doat in my affection.  
 I toil, I labour, and I fain would thrive,  
 And thrive I may, if thou would'st give direction.  
 Thou art the star whereby my course is led ;  
 Be gracious, then, bright Sun, or I am dead !

*Frank.* Fair mistress Phillis, such wanton toys as these  
 Are for young novices that will soon be pleas'd.  
 The careful thoughts that hammer in my brain  
 Bid me abandon wanton Love. 'Tis vain.

*Phil.* For me it is.

*Frank.* Is my ungarnish'd, dark, and obscure cell  
 A mansion fit for all-commanding Love ?  
 No ! if thou wilt sport with Love,  
 And dally with that wanton am'rous boy,  
 Hie thee unto the odoriferous groves.

*Phil.* There is no grove more pleasant unto me,  
 Than to be still in thy society.

*Frank.* There, of the choicest fragrant flow'rs that grow,  
 Thou may'st devise sweet roseat coronets,  
 And with the nymphs that haunt the silver streams  
 Learn to entice the affable young Wag ;  
 There shalt thou find him wand'ring up and down,

Till some fair Saint impale him with a crown.

Be gone, I say, and do not trouble me ;

For, to be short, I cannot fancy thee.

*Phil.* For, to be short, you cannot fancy me !

O, cruel word, more hateful than pale Death !

Oh, would to God, it would conclude my breath !

*Frank.* Forbear, forbear ! admit that I should yield,  
Think you, your father would applaud your choice ?

*Phil.* Doubt not thereof. Or, if he do not, all's one,  
So you but grant to my affection.

*Frank.* I am too base.

*Phil.* My wealth shall raise thee up.

*Frank.* I am deform'd.

*Phil.* Tut, I will bear with that.

*Frank.* Your friends' dislike brings all this out of frame.

*Phil.* By humble suit, I will redress the same.

*Frank.* Now to employ the virtue of my shape.

Fair mistress !

If heretofore I have remorseless been,

And not esteem'd your undeserv'd love,

Whereby, in the glass of your affection,

I see my great unkindness, forgive what's past ;

And here I proffer all the humble service

Your high-priz'd love doth merit at my hands,

Which I confess is more than I (unable)

Can gratify ; therefore command my toil,

My travail, yea, my life, to pleasure you.

*Phil.* I take thee at thy word, proud of thy service.

But yet no servant shalt thou be of mine :

I will serve thee. Command, and I'll obey.

This doth my soul more good, yea, ten times more,

Than did thy harsh denial harm before.

Let us embrace like two united friends.

Here love begins, and former hatred ends !

*Enter FERDINAND and ANTHONY.*

*Ferd.* Brother Anthony! what news from Venice?  
Are your ships return'd? (*aside*) I had rather  
Hear news from Phillis. Oh! brother Frank,  
Thy absence makes me burn in passion.

*Anth.* Sir, I had letters from my factors there,  
Some three days since; (*aside*) but the return of one,  
Of one poor letter, yet not answer'd,  
Makes me stark mad. A plague upon that porter!  
Damn'd may be he for thus deluding me!

[*FERD. sees PHILLIS, and turns back.*

How now, brother! why retire you so?

*Ferd.* Yonder's a friend of mine acquaintance,  
With whom I'd gladly have some conference;  
I pray thee stay, I will return immediately.

[*Goes to PHILLIS and courts her.*

*Anth.* Of your acquaintance! is she so, good brother?  
Only with you acquainted, and no other?  
Faith, I'll try that. Take heed, sir, what you do.  
If you begin to court, I needs must woo.

[*Goes to her too.*

Brother, have you done?

*Ferd.* But two words more at most.  
(*To PHILLIS*) You have not then receiv'd any such letter?  
A vengeance take the lazy messenger!  
(*aside*). Brother, if I live, I'll quittance thee for this.

*Frank.* (*aside*). Good words, dear brother: threaten'd men  
live long.

*Anth.* You have done.

*Ferd.* Yes.

*Anth.* Then, by your leave, brother.  
You had one word; I must have another.

[*Talks apart to PHILLIS.*

*Ferd.* I know our business tends to one effect.

O that villain Frank! it mads my soul,  
I am so wrong'd by such a foolish boy.

*Frank. (aside).* That foolish boy may chance prove to be  
witty.

What, and the elder brothers fools? Oh, 'tis pity!

*Anth.* That villain porter hath deluded me.

Confusion guerdon his base villainy!

*Frank. (aside).* What! are you cursing too? then we catch  
no fish!

Comes there any more? here's two knights to a dish.

*Ferd.* Well, since I have such opportunity,  
I'll trust no longer to uncertainty.

[*Courts her again, apart.*]

*Anth.* At it so hard, brother? well, woo apace.

A while I am content to give you place.

*Frank.* Well, to her both! both do the best you can;  
I fear young Frank will prove the happier man.

*Phil.* You have your answer. Trouble me no more.

*Ferd.* Yet this is worse than my suspense before;  
For then I liv'd in hope. Now hope is fled.

*Anth.* What, mal-content? is Ferdinand struck dead?  
Fortune be blithe, and aid the second brother!

[*Talks to her apart.*]

*Frank.* Think you to have more favour than another?  
To her, a God's name! live not in suspense.

While you two strive, I needs must get the wench.

*Phil.* I am resolv'd; and, sir, you know my mind.

*Frank.* What, you repuls'd too? Phillis is too unkind.

*Phil.* Here sits my love, within whose lovely breast  
Lives my content, and all my pleasures rest.

And for a further confirmation,

Which to approve, even in sight of both you here present,

I give my hand, and with my hand my heart,

Myself and all to him; and with this ring

I'll wed myself.

*Frank.* I take thy offering.

And for the gift you gave to me take this. [Gives a ring.

And let us seal affection with a kiss.

*Ferd.* Oh, sight intolerable !

*Anth.* A spectacle worse than death !

*Frank.* Now, gentlemen, please you draw near, and listen to the Cripple.

[Gives them their letters, and they stamp and storm.

Know you that letter? Sir, what say you to this?

*Both.* How came they to your hands?

*Frank.* Sirs, a porter even of late left them with me,  
To be deliver'd to this gentlewoman.

*Anth.* A plague upon this porter ! If e'er I meet him,  
My rapier's point with a death's wound shall greet him.

[Exit.

*Ferd.* Frank, thou art a villain, thou shalt know't ere long,  
For proff'ring me such undeserv'd wrong. [Exit.

*Frank.* So ! vomit forth the rheum of all your spite.  
These threats of your's procure me more delight.

*Phil.* Now, gentle love, all that I have to say  
Is to entreat you seek without delay  
My father's kind consent, for thou hast mine,  
And, tho' he storm, yet will I still be thine.  
Make trial then ; 'tis but thy labour lost  
Tho' he deny thee. It requires no cost.

*Frank.* I will assail with expedition.

*Phil.* God and good fortune go with thee ! Farewell !

[Exit.

*Frank.* Well, I will go, but not in this disguise.  
Arm thee with policy, Frank. Frank must be wise !  
Now, would the substance of this borrow'd shape  
Were here in presence ! and see where he comes !

*Enter the CRIPPLE.*

Poor in the well-fram'd limbs of Nature, but

Rich in kindness beyond comparison !  
 Welcome, dear friend ! the kindest soul alive !  
 Here I resign thy habit back again,  
 Whereby I prove the happiest man that breathes.

*Crip.* Hast thou then, sweet blood, been fortunate ?

*Frank.* Hark ! I will tell thee all. [Talk apart.]

*Enter* BOWDLER, MOLL BERRY, and RALPH. BOWDLER  
*capers and sings.*

*Ralph.* Faith, sir, methinks of late you're very light.

*Bow.* As a feather, sweet rogue, as a feather.

Have I not good cause ? Sweet Moll ! sweet Moll !  
 Hath she not caus'd the same ? well, if I live, sweet wench !  
 Either by night or day, I will requite your kindness.

*Frank.* Now, I will take my leave, to put the same in  
 practice. [Exit.]

*Crip.* Good fortune wait on thee !

*Bow.* Moll, thou art mine, by thine own consent.

How say'st thou, Moll ?

*Moll.* Yes, forsooth.

*Ralph.* I am witness, sir.

*Bow.* But that is not sufficient, Moll. If thou art content,  
 Moll, here's a rogue hard by, a friend of mine, whom I will  
 acquaint with our loves, and he shall be partaker of the match.

*Ralph.* Nay, sir, if you mean to have partners in the match,  
 I hope Ralph can help to serve your wife's turn as well as  
 another, what e'er he be. How say you, mistress ?

*Moll.* All's one to me, whom he pleases.

*Bow.* Come then, sweet Moll ; we'll to the Drawer,  
 There to despatch what I further intend.

*Moll.* And well remember'd, husband.

*Ralph.* A forward maiden by this light ! " husband," before  
 the clerk hath said Amen !

*Moll.* He hath work of mine ; I pray forget it not.

*Bow.* I will not, Moll. Now, you lame rogue ; where is this



maiden's work? my wife's work, you rascal! quick, give it her.

*Crip.* Sweet signior! the sweet nymph's work is almost finished; but, sweet blood! you drive me into admiration with your latter words. Your sweet wife's work. I admire it.

*Bow.* Ay, ye halting rascal! my wife's work. She's my wife before God and Ralph. How say'st thou, Moll, art thou not?

*Moll.* Yes, forsooth; and to confirm the same, Here, in this presence, I plight my faith again. And speak again what erst before was said, That none but you shall have my maidenhead.

*Bow.* A good wench, Moll! I'faith, now will I to thy father for his good will. Cripple, see you remember what is past; for I will call thee in question for a witness, if need require. Farewell, cur! farewell, dog!

[*Exeunt* BOWDLER and RALPH.]

*Crip.* Adieu, fond humourist! parenthesis of jests! Whose humour like a needless cypher fills a room! But now, Moll Berry! a word or two with you. Hast thou forgotten Bernard? thy thoughts were bent on him.

*Moll.* On him, Cripple? for what? was it for marriage?

*Crip.* It was for love; why not for marriage? O monstrous! Were I a maid, and should be so bewitch'd, I'd pull my eyes out that did lend me light, Exclaim against my fortune, ban my stars, And tear my heart, so yielding her consent To Bowdler's love, that froth of compliment!

*Moll.* Cripple, you lose your time, with your fair tears To circumvent my heart. Bowdler, I love thee; Bernard I hate; and thou shalt never move me.

*Crip.* I will. Thou dost love Bernard, and I can prove it.

*Moll.* That I love Bernard. By heavens! I abhor him.

*Crip.* Thou lov'st him. Once again I say, thou lov'st him; For all thou hast borne Bowdler still in hand.



*Moll.* What, wilt thou make me mad? I say, I hate him.

*Crip.* I say thou lov'st him. Have I not been at home,  
And heard thee in thy chamber praise his person,  
And say he is a proper little man,  
And pray that he would be a suitor to thee?  
Have I not seen thee, in the bay window,  
To sit cross-arm'd, take counsel of thy glass,  
And prune thyself to please young Bernard's eye?  
Sometimes curling thy hair, then practising smiles,  
Sometimes rubbing thy filthy butter-teeth,  
Then pull the hairs from off thy beetle-brows,  
Painting the veins upon thy breasts with blue;  
An hundred other tricks I saw thee use,  
And all for Bernard.

*Moll.* For Bernard? 'Twas for Bowdler.

*Crip.* I say for Bernard.  
Nay more, thou know'st I lay one night at home,  
And in thy sleep, I heard thee call on Bernard  
Twenty times over.

*Moll.* Will you be sworn I did?

*Crip.* Ay, I will swear it.  
And art thou not asham'd thus to be chang'd,  
To leave the love of a kind gentleman,  
To doat on Bowdler? Fie, fie, reclaim thyself!  
Embrace thy Bernard; take him for thy husband,  
And save his credit, who is else undone  
By thy hard father's hateful cruelty.

*Moll.* Cripple, if thou canst prove that ever I  
Did fancy Bernard, I will love him still.

*Crip.* Why, I'll be sworn thou didst.

*Moll.* And that I doated on him in my sleep?

*Crip.* I will be sworn I could not sleep all night  
In the next room, thou didst so rave on him.

*Moll.* I cannot tell; I may well be deceiv'd.  
I think I might affect him in my sleep;

And yet not know it. Let me look on him.  
 I'faith he is a pretty handsome fellow.  
 'Tis pity he should waste himself in prison.  
 Hey, ho !

*Crip.* What's the matter, wench ?

*Moll.* Cripple, I will love him.

*Crip.* Wilt thou, i'faith ?

*Moll.* I'faith I will.

*Enter two Serjeants at Mace.*

*Crip.* Give me thy hand. A bargain ! 'tis enough.

*Moll.* But how shall he know I love him ?

*Crip.* Why thus. I will entreat the serjeants  
 To go with him along unto thy father ;  
 And by the way I'll send young Bowdler from us,  
 And then acquaint my Bernard with thy love :  
 He shall accept it and avouch the same  
 Unto thy father. Wench, do thou the like,  
 And then I hope his bonds are cancell'd.

*Bern.* Cripple, shall we have your company ?

*Crip.* My friends, hold here. There's money for your pains.  
 Walk with your prisoner but to Master Berry ;  
 And ye shall either find sufficient bail,  
 Or else discharge the debt ; or, I assure you,  
 We'll be your aid to guard him safe to prison.

*1. Serj.* Well, we are willing, sir : we are content  
 To show the gentleman any kind of favour.

*Crip.* Along, then ! hark, Master Bowdler ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Master FLOWER'S House. Enter FLOWER, Mrs. FLOWER,  
 Master BERRY, and FIDDLE.*

*Flow.* Welcome, good Master Berry ! is your stomach up,  
 sir ? It is a good conceit, i'faith.

*Fid.* It is indeed, sir.

*Flow.* What, Fiddle?

*Fid.* If his stomach be up, to go to dinner.

*Flow.* Fiddle, bid Master Berry welcome.

*Fid.* What else, master? with the best belly in my heart, the sweetest strain in my music, and the worst entertainment that may be, Fiddle bids you worship *Adesdum*.

*Ber.* Thanks, Fiddle; and, Master Flower, I am much beholden to your courtesy.

*Mrs. F.* Fiddle, I wonder that he stays so long. Thou told'st me Anthony would follow thee.

*Fid.* Ay; and he'll be here, I warrant you.

*Flow.* I'll tell you, sir. It is a rare conceit. My wife would have her marry Anthony, The younger brother, but against her mind, I will contract her unto Ferdinand; And I have sent for you and other friends To witness it; and 'tis a good conceit.

*Mrs. F.* Fiddle, are all things order'd well within?

*Fid.* All's well, all's well; but there wants some saffron to colour the custards withal.

*Mrs. F.* Here, take my keys. Bid Susan take enough.

*Flow.* Fiddle, are all our guests come yet?

*Fid.* Ay, sir; and here comes one more than you looked for. [*Exit.*

*Enter FRANK.*

*Frank.* God save you, Master Flower. As much to you, Master Berry.

*Flow.* Welcome, Master Goulding: y'are very welcome, sir.

*Frank.* My brother Ferdinand commends him to you. And here's a letter to you from himself.

*Flow.* A letter, sir! It is a good conceit. I'll read it straight.

[*FRANK gives another letter to Mrs. FLOWER.*

(reads.)

Master Flower,

I am beholding to you for your kindness, and your furtherance in my love-suit, but my mind is changed, and I will not marry your daughter. And so farewell !

This is no good conceit. What, Ferdinand,  
Delude old Flower ! make me deceive my friends !  
Make my wife laugh, and triumph in her will !  
What think you, Fiddle ?

*Fid.* Why, sir, I think it is no good conceit.

*Flow.* Thou say'st true, Fiddle ; 'tis a bad conceit.  
But hear you, sir—(Talks to FRANK apart.)

*Mrs. F.* (reads her letter.)

I understand by Fiddle your forwardness in my suit to your daughter ; but, nevertheless, I am determined to draw back, and commit your daughter to her best fortunes, and yourself to God. Farewell !

Why, this is like my husband's bad conceit.  
Have you o'erreach'd me, Flower, you crafty fox ?  
This is your doing ; but for all your sleight,  
I'll cross you, if my purpose hit aright.

*Frank.* Tut, tell not me, sir ; for my credit and reputation is as it is ; and there's an end. If I shall have her, why so.

*Flow.* Sir, the conceit is doubtful ; give me leave  
But to consider of it by myself.

*Frank.* With all my heart.

*Mrs. F.* Master Goulding, a word, I pray, sir.  
You know my daughter Phillis, do you not ?

*Frank.* Mistress, I do.

*Mrs. F.* She is a star, I tell you.

*Frank.* She is no less, indeed.

*Mrs. F.* I tell you, sir, upon the sudden now,

There came an odd conceit into my head—

Are you a bachelor?

*Frank.* I am, indeed.

*Mrs. F.* And are you not promised?

*Frank.* Not yet, believe me.

*Flow.* Master Goulding!

*Mrs. F.* Well, do you hear, sir? if you will be pleas'd  
To wed my daughter, Phillis, you shall have her.

*Frank.* To wed your daughter! why, she loves me not.

*Mrs. F.* All's one for that: she will be rul'd by me.

Disdain her not because I proffer her.

I tell you, sir, merchants of great account

Have sought her love, and gentlemen of worth

Have humbly sued to me in that behalf.

To say the truth, I promis'd her to one,

But I am cross'd and thwarted by my husband,

Who means to marry her unto another.

Now, sir, to cry but quittance for his guile,

I offer her to you. If you accept her,

I'll make her dowry richer by a pair

Of hundred pounds, than else it would have been.

*Frank.* Why, this is excellent! past all compare!

Sued to to have her! Gentle Mistress Flower,

Let me consider of it.

*Mrs. F.* Nay, nay; defer no time, if you will have her.

I'll search my coffers for another hundred.

*Frank.* Say I should yield, your husband will withstand it.

*Mrs. F.* I'll have it closely done, without his knowledge.

Is it a match?

*Frank.* Well, well, I am content.

*Mrs. F.* Why, then, old Flower, I'll cross your close intent.

*Flow.* It shall be so; and 'tis a good conceit.

It shall be so, if but to cross my wife.

Hark, Master Goulding, the conceit doth like me.

You love my daughter; so methought you said.

You said, moreover, that she loves you well.  
 This love on both sides is a good conceit.  
 But are you sure, sir, that my daughter loves you?

*Frank.* For proof thereof, show her this ring.

*Flow.* A ring of her's! 'tis well.

*Frank.* Ay, but conceit me;

If I had woo'd her in my proper shape,  
 I do believe she never would have lik'd me.  
 Therefore, since I shall have her, give me leave  
 To come and court her in my borrow'd shape.

*Flow.* With all my heart; and 'tis a good conceit.  
 And here's my hand: son Goulding, thou shalt have her.

*Frank.* Then, father Flower, I rest upon your promise.  
 I'll leave you for a while, till I put on  
 My counterfeited shape, and then return. [Exit.

*Flow.* Welcome, good son! 'Tis well; by this conceit  
 My wife shall be prevented of her will.  
 I would not, for the half of all my wealth,  
 My cross-word wife had compass'd her intent.  
 Now, wife!

*Mrs. F.* Now, husband!

*Flow.* You still maintain the suit for Anthony.  
 You'll have your will, and I must break my word.

*Mrs. F.* Jest on, old Flower. Be cross, and do thy worst.  
 Work the best means thou can'st, yet while I live,  
 I swear she never shall wed Ferdinand.

*Flow.* What, shall she not?

*Mrs. F.* No, that she shall not.

*Flow.* I say, she shall.

*Mrs. F.* I'faith, she shall not.

*Flow.* No!

*Mrs. F.* No.

*Flow.* Well, wife, I'm vex'd, and by God's precious—

*Ber.* O, sir, be patient! Gentle Mistress Flower,  
 Cross not your husband. Let him have his will.



*Mrs. F.* His will !

*Flow.* Hearest thou, wife ! be quiet ; thou knowest my humour. Thus to be crossed, it is no good conceit.

*Mrs. F.* A fig for your conceit ! (*aside*) yet for because I know I shall prevent him of the match  
That he intends, henceforth I will dissemble.

(*Aloud*). Well, Master Flower, because it shall be said,  
And for [that] kind Master Berry may report  
The humble loyalty I bear to you,  
Such as a wife should do unto her husband,  
I am content to yield to your desires ;  
Protesting, whiles I live, I never more  
Will speak that Anthony may marry her.

*Flow.* Wife, speak'st thou with thy heart ?

*Mrs. F.* Husband, I do.

*Flow.* Dost thou, indeed ?

*Mrs. F.* Indeed, forsooth, I do.

*Flow.* Then 'tis a good conceit. Ha ! ha !  
I see 'tis sometimes good to look aloft.  
Come hither, wife ! because thou art so humble,  
I'll tell thee all. I have receiv'd a letter  
From Ferdinand, wherein he sends me word  
He will not marry with my daughter Phillis ;  
And therefore I was full determinéd,  
To cross thy purpose, that his brother Frank  
Should marry her ; and so I still intend :  
What say'st thou, wife ? dost thou assent thereto !

*Mrs. F.* (*aside*). That Frank should marry her ! I have  
sworn he shall ;  
And since this falls so right, I'll not disclose  
That I did mean so much ; but now I'll yield,  
That it may seem my true humility.  
(*Aloud*). Husband ! because hereafter you may say,  
And think me loving, loyal, and submiss,  
I am content, Frank shall have my consent.



*Flow.* Why now thou shew'st thyself obedient,  
And thou dost please me with thy good conceit.

*Enter BERNARD, MOLL, and two Serjeants.*

*Bern.* By your leave, Master Flower!  
Berry! I am arrested at your suit!

*Ber.* And I am glad of it, with all my heart.  
Hold, friends! (*to the Officers*) there's somewhat more for you  
to drink.

Away with him to prison!

*Bern.* Stay, Master Berry; I have brought you bail.

*Ber.* What bail! where is your bail? here's none I know  
Will be thy bail. Away with him to prison!

*Moll.* Yes, I, forsooth, father! I'll be his bail,  
Body for body. Think you I'll stay at home,  
And see my husband carried to the jail?

*Ber.* How, thy husband?

*Moll.* My husband, I assure you.  
Father, these serjeants both can witness it.

*1. Ser.* We saw them both contracted man and wife,  
And therefore thought it fit to give you knowledge,  
Before we carried him unto the prison.

*Ber.* But I'll undo this contract. On my blessing,  
Daughter, come from him. He's a reprobate.

*Moll.* He is my husband.

*Ber.* But thou shalt not have him.

*Moll.* Faith, but I will. Bernard, speak for thyself.

*Bern.* Why, Master Berry, 'tis well known to you  
I am a gentleman, tho' by misfortune  
My ventures in the world have somewhat fail'd me.  
Say that my wealth disables my desert,  
The diff'rence of our blood supplies that want.  
What tho' my lands be mortgag'd, if you please,  
The dowry you intend to give your daughter  
May well redeem them. You perhaps imagine

I will be wild, but I intend it not.

What shall I say? if you will give consent,  
As you redeem my lands, so I my time ill-spent  
Mean to redeem with frugal industry.

I'll be your counsel's pupil, and submit  
My follies to your will; mine to *your* wit.

*Ber.* What think you, Master Flower?

*Flow.* Faith, Master Berry,  
Bernard speaks well, and with a good conceit.

*Ber.* Dost thou love him, Moll?

*Moll.* Yes, sir, and here protest,  
Of all in London I love Bernard best.

*Flow.* Then, Master Berry, follow my conceit.  
Cancel his bond, and let him have your daughter.

*Ber.* Well, Bernard, since I see my daughter loves thee,  
And for I hope thou wilt be kind and loving,  
Regard thy state, and turn an honest man,  
Here, take my daughter. I'll give thee in thy bond,  
Redeem thy lands, and, if thou please me well,  
Thou shalt not want; all that I have is thine.

*Bern.* I am love-bound to her, to you in duty:  
You conquer me with kindness, she with beauty.

1. *Ser.* Then, Master Berry, I think we may depart.

*Ber.* Ay, when you please. You see the matter ended;  
The debt's discharg'd, and I can ask no more.

1. *Ser.* Why then we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Serjeants.*]

*Flow.* Now, wife, if young Frank Goulding were come back,  
To sum our wish, it were a good conceit.

*Enter PHILLIS.*

Why, how now, Phillis! sad? come, tell me, wench,  
Art thou resolv'd yet for to have thy husband?

*Phil.* A golden Goulding! 'tis a good conceit!  
That golden Goulding is but loathsome dross;  
Nor is it gold that I so much esteem.

Dust is the richest treasure that we have,  
 Nor is the beauty of the fairest one  
 Of higher price or value unto me,  
 Than is a lump of poor deformity.  
 Father, you know my mind, and what I said,  
 Which if you grant not, I will rest a maid.

*Enter FIDDLE.*

*Flow.* To die a maid ! that is no good conceit.

*Fid.* Master ! where's my master ? here's one would couple  
 a brace of words with you.

*Flow.* With me, sir ?

*Fid.* No, sir, with my young mistress.

*Flow.* What is he, knave ?

*Fid.* A crooked knave, sir. 'Tis the Cripple.

*Flow.* What would he have ? he hath no good conceit :  
 'Tis he that hath bewitch'd my daughter's heart.  
 He is a knave. Go send him packing hence.

*Phil.* As you respect the welfare of your child,  
 Dear father, let me speak with him.

*Flow.* Speak with him ? No, it is no good conceit.  
 I know he comes to run away with thee.

*Fid.* Run away with her ? well may she carry him ; but if  
 he run away with her, I'll never trust crutch more.

*Flow.* Thou saist true, Fiddle ; 'tis a good conceit.  
 Go call him in ! Frank Goulding, it is he, [*Exit FID.*  
 In the lame knave's disguise. A good conceit !

*Enter FRANK.*

Now, sir, what's the news with you ? you come to speak with  
 my daughter.

*Frank.* Yea, sir, about a little work I have of her's.

*Flow.* What work, you knave ? no, thou hast some conceit  
 to rob me of my daughter ; but away ! I like not that con-  
 ceit. Out of my doors !

*Phil.* Unhappy Phillis, and unfortunate !

*Frank.* Sir, I am content. I'll not move your patience.

*Phil.* Life of my living body ! if thou go,  
Tho' not alive, take me hence dead with wo.

[*Swoons.*

*Ber.* In troth, sir ; you are to blame.

*Flow.* What, is she dead ? it is no good conceit.  
Speak to me, Phillis ! O, unhappy time !  
Sweet girl ! dear daughter ! O, my only joy !  
Speak to thy father, wench, in some conceit !  
What ! not a word ?

*Ber.* Now may you see, what fell impatience  
Begets upon such tender plants as these !

*Mrs. F.* Now may we see the folly of old age,  
Govern'd by spleen and overweening rage !

*Flow.* Speak to me, daughter ;  
And thou shalt have, what not ? covet'st thou gold ?  
Thou shalt not want for crowns ; thou shalt have all.  
Oh, was my fury author of thy trance ?  
Did I deny thy love's access to thee ?  
Speak but one word, and thou shalt be his wife.  
By heaven, thou shalt !

*Phil.* I take you at your word : it is no pain  
To die for love, and then revive again.

*Ber.* Now, Master Flower, how like you this conceit ?  
Hath she not over-reach'd you ?

*Flow.* My word is past ; and yet, for all my rage,  
I rather chuse to fail in my conceit,  
And wed thee, Phillis, to thy own content.  
Here, take my daughter, Cripple ; love her well,  
Be kind to her ; and I'll be kind to thee.  
Thou art but poor : well, I will make thee rich :  
And so God bless you with a good conceit !

*Frank.* I thank you. When I leave to love my wife,  
Heav'n hasten death, and take away my life !

*Flow.* 'Tis well done, Frank! I applaud thy wit,  
And now I know I fail not in conceit.

*Enter CRIPPLE, FERDINAND, ANTHONY, and BOWDLER.*

*Crip.* Gentlemen, sweet bloods, or brethren of familiarity!  
I would speak with Phillis: shall I have audience?

*Phil.* Help me, dear father, O, help me, gentlemen!  
This is some spirit! Drive him from my sight!

*Frank.* Were he the devil, thou shalt not budge a foot.

*Bow.* Zounds, two cripples? two dogs, two curs! 'tis wonderful!

*Frank.* Fear not, dear heart!

*Phil.* Hence, foul deformity!

Nor thou nor he shall my companion be.  
If Cripples dead the living seem to haunt,  
I'll neither of either: therefore I say, avaunt!  
Help me, father!

*Frank.* Dear heart! revoke these words.

Here are no spirits, nor deformities.  
I am a counterfeit Cripple now no more,  
But young Frank Goulding, as I was before.  
Amaze not, love! nor seem not discontent;  
Nor thee nor him shall ever this repent.

*Ferd.* Master Flower, I come to claim your promise.

*Anth.* (to *Mrs. F.*) I come for your's; your daughter I do mean.

*Flow.* My promise? why, sir, you refus'd my promise,  
And sent me word so in your letter.

*Mrs. F.* And so did you to me; and now 'tis past;  
Your brother Frank hath both our free consents.

*Ferd.* Sir, sir, I wrote no letter.

*Anth.* By heaven, nor I.

*Frank.* But I did for you both; I was your scribe,  
The whilst *you* went to see your house a-fire;

And *you*, (as I remember), I did send,  
To see your sister drown'd at London Bridge.

*Ferd.* I'faith, good brother, have you o'er-reach'd us so?

*Anth.* So cunningly, that none of us could know?

*Ferd.* For all this cunning, I will break the match.

*Anth.* And so will I.

*Frank.* Why, brothers, she's mine by her father's gift.

*Ferd.* Brother, you lie; you got her with a shift.

*Frank.* I was the first that lov'd her.

*Ferd.* That's not so. 'Twas I.

*Anth.* Catch that catch can. Then, brothers both, you lie.

*Flow.* Yea, but conceit me, gentlemen. What, do you mean to spoil my daughter? you claim her, and I have given her your younger brother. This is no good conceit. Why, how now, Phillis? still drooping? cheer thee, my girl! See, a company of gentlemen are at strife for thy love! Look up; and in this fair assembly, make thine own choice. Chuse where thou wilt, and use thine own conceit.

*Phil.* But will my father then applaud my choice?

*Flow.* I will.

*Phil.* And will these worthy gentlemen be pleas'd,  
However my dislike or liking prove?

*All.* We will.

*Phil.* I must confess you all have taken pains,  
And I can give but all for that pains taken;  
And all my all is but a little love;  
And of a little who can make division?  
I would I knew what would content you all!

*Ferd.* Thy love.

*Anth.* Thy life and love.

*Frank.* Thy life, thy love, thyself, and all for me;  
For if I want but one, I then want thee.

*Phil.* If then I give what either of you crave,  
Though not what you desire, will it suffice?

*Ferd.* I wish but love.



*Phil.* And, as a friend, you have it.

*Anth.* I, life and love.

*Phil.* And, as your friend, I vow

To love you whilst I live, as I do now.

*Frank.* I ask but all, for I deserve no more.

*Phil.* And thou shalt have thy wish. Take all my store,  
My love, my self.

*Frank.* By heav'n, I ask no more.

Brothers, have done ! and, dad, to end all strife,  
Come, take her hand, and give her for my wife.

*Flow.* With all my heart, and 'tis a good conceit.

*Bow.* Gentlemen, patience is your fairest play.

*Ferd.* Impatience pulls me hence ; for this disdain,  
I am resolv'd never to love again. [Exit.

*Anth.* Stay, brother Ferdinand ; I'll follow thee.

Farewell, all love ! 'tis full of treachery. [Exit.

*Bow.* By heavens, Frank, I do commend thy wit ;  
Come, Moll, shall thou and I ask blessing too, for company ?

*Moll.* You and I, sir ? alas ! we are not playfellows, though  
we be turtles. I am provided.

*Bow.* Provided ! why, am not I thy Menelaus !

*Moll.* Ay, sir, but this is my Paris. I am resolv'd ;  
And what I do is by authority.

*Bow.* Is it even so ? is Helen stol'n by Paris ?  
Then thus, in arms, will Menelaus mourn,  
Till Troy be sack'd, and Helena return. [Exit.

*Enter Master WOOD and Officers.*

*Wood.* This is the man. Officers, attach him upon felony !

*Off.* Master Flower, I arrest you upon felony, and charge  
you to obey.

*Flow.* Arrest me upon felony ! at whose suit ?

*Wood.* Sir, at mine. Where had you that diamond on  
your finger ? It was stolen from me, and many other jewels, to  
the value of an hundred pound.



*Flow.* This is no good conceit. Hath Captain Racket  
Banded old Flower to such an exigent?  
I hope my credit somewhat will assist me.  
Well, whither must I go?

*Wood.* Straight to the bench, where now the Judges are,  
To give you speedy trial.

*Flow.* Words here are little worth. Wife, friends, and all,  
Go with me to my trial. You shall see  
A good conceit now brought to infamy. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



## N O T E S.

---

Page 3, line 7, Mall Berry.] In the days when this play was written, all words of one syllable, written with an *a*, had the broad pronunciation which we now give to those spelt with an *o*; a custom still retained in Scotland and the North of England. We of the South also preserve this pronunciation in this abbreviation of the name *Mary*; but, if I had not, in the following play, altered the orthography to *Moll*, the modern reader would have scarcely recognized the word.

Page 5, line 8, quothernicke.] From *cothurnus*, the buskin.

Page 5, line 10, pamping.] I have not met with this word elsewhere. Quære, *pimping*?

Page 7, line 23. Who reckes the tree.] Both the editions of 1607 and 1637 read "who wreakes the tree."—See Dyce's Remarks on Collier's and Knight's Shakespeares, p. 163.

Page 13, line 7. Away, you want wit.] The edition 1607 has a hyphen between the two last words.

Page 19, line 1. I'll have one *venny* with her tongue.] "A sweet touch, a quick *venny* of wit; snip, snap, quick and home."—*Love's Labour's Lost*, act v., scene 1.—See Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. 1., p. 233.

Page 19, line 20. Yonder *wad* of groans.] A *wad* is a bundle.

Page 22, line 9. The sign of the Maidenhead Inn.] Both the old copies read "the sign of the Maidenhead in, &c."

Page 22, line 10. What's her hair? faith, to Bandora wires, there's not the like simile.] A bandora was a guitar (Hawkins's History of

Music, iii., 345); and, however strange this similitude may now seem, ladies' hairs were often called *wires* by the poets of these times.

“Her hair not truss'd, but scatter'd on her brow,  
Surpassing Hybla's honey for the view,  
Or soften'd golden wires.”

*Lodge, in England's Parnassus.*

“Come, sweet Muses, leave your singinge,  
Let your hands your hands be wringinge,  
Tear your haire of golden wyers,  
Sith you lost your whole desires.”

*Halliwell's Miscel. temp., Jac. i., p. 41.*

“I do not love thee for that fair  
Rich fan of thy most curious hair,  
Tho' the wires thereof be drawn  
Finer than the threads of lawn.”

*Carew.*

The transition was easy from the universal poetical epithet *golden hairs* to golden wires; but in two contemporary plays, we find that not only metal wires were used in dressing ladies' hair, but that the ladies themselves were called *City-wires*.—See Gifford's Jonson, iii., 342, and Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, i., 233. In both these places, *city-wires* would make better sense; and I am convinced that in Mr. Dyce's quotation, *wires* is a mere error of the press for *wives*. I should have thought the same in Mr. Gifford's passage too, but that there, the word ought to rhyme to *Squires*.

Page 22, line 27. Shall I defy hatbands, &c.] Frank has given us this description of a lover's habits before. It consists in a general indifference to the ligatures of dress, and an exchange of the foppery of neck-ruffs for the plainness of falling bands, such as divines, lawyers, and charity-boys now wear. *Ruffian* is a poor pun. There is a good deal of humour in “Shoe-strings—so-and-so!” As if Frank had exhausted the eloquence of his passion.

“The hatband” (says Mr. Dilke<sup>1</sup>) “was a very distinguishing feature of the nobility and gentry of those times; on the adornment of which comparatively large sums were expended.”

<sup>1</sup> Old Eng. Plays, vol. ii., p. 129.

“*Sir Fastidious Brisk*. He again lights me here—I had on a gold cable hatband, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat I had—cuts my hatband, and yet it was massy goldsmith’s work.”—*Every Man out of his Humour*, act iv., scene 4.

Mr. Gifford has no note on this passage.

“*Laverdure*. Set my richest gloves, garters, hats, just in the way of their eyes.”—*Marston’s What you will*, act ii., scene 1.

“Garters and roses, fourscore pounds a pair.”

*The Devil is an Ass*, act i., scene 1.

And see Cunningham’s Rich’s *Honestie of this Age*, page 66.

Page 23, line 5. The night hath play’d the swift-foot runaway.] This line and that in the *Merchant of Venice*,

“For the close night doth play the runaway,”

impress me with the conviction that, in the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, the Night is the Runaway, and the Stars are his Eyes, which Juliet hopes will wink on this occasion,

—————“for night hath many eyes,

Whereof, though most do sleep, yet some are spies:—”

*Jonson’s Sejanus*.

“Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus’ mansion; such a waggoner  
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night!  
That runaway’s eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk’d of and unseen!  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil Night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, &c.  
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,  
Whiter than snow upon a raven’s back.  
Come, gentle Night! come, loving, black-brow’d Night,  
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,” &c.

Still harping on the Runaway Night’s eyes. In another passage, which

I cannot immediately refer to, Shakespeare also has attributed winking to the stars:

—————"the stars do wink,  
As 'twere with over-watching."

And in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii., scene ii., the stars are called the eyes of night. To cryptogamists the night is always short. On a preceding occasion, in the company of Romeo, Juliet had found the night a runaway. On the coming opportunity, the whole scene is full of her complaints of the swiftness of night.

The Rev. N. J. Halpin, in a most ingenious and poetical essay, in the second volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers, has endeavoured to prove that Cupid is the Runaway here alluded to. But he has not shown (as he asserts) that Runaway was a common pet name for Cupid. He has only proved that Cupid is called so in two Masques, in both of which it was part of the plot that Cupid should be a runaway, which it was not necessary he should be in Juliet's mind, even if we admit to Mr. Halpin that she knew that Cupid was always poetically treated as an absentee at hymeneals. Would Shakespeare have left his meaning to the mercy of the explanation, which two passages from other dramatists might afford, neither of which was written when he produced *Romeo and Juliet*? If it had not been for the discovery of these two passages, where would have been the poet's meaning and the commentator's argument? Mr. Halpin says, that unless Cupid is the Runaway, the words "Or if Love be blind" have no relation to the matter. To this I reply, that love is here confounded with lovers: lovers can see by their own light; or if they are blind, no matter. Look at the rest of Juliet's speech. It all runs upon the coming of Night and Romeo. She is not thinking of the heathen mythology, or of epithalamies, which it is not probable a girl of thirteen, even in Shakespeare's days, can have assisted at or witnessed, as Mr. Halpin would make us believe. Her poetry is all the outpouring of her own young, luxuriant, and undisciplined fancy. Shakespeare employs such invocations as this, in other passages besides hymeneal ones, as, for instance, in *Macbeth*—

"Come, seeling Night!  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful Day!"

*Macbeth*, act iii., scene 2.

Mr. Halpin's speculations are altogether too refined.

“Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop,  
Than when we soar.”

The Runaway is the night, and nothing more. In Hayward's British Muse, 1738, I find the passage quoted:—

“That *th'* runaway's eyes may wink.”

The following elegant poem by Thomas Stanley, 1651, has much analogy with Juliet's speech:—

A DIALOGUE.

*Chariessa.*           What if Night  
Should betray us, and reveal  
                          To the light  
All the pleasures that we steal?  
*Philocharis.*       Fairest, we  
Safely may this fear despise;  
                          How can She  
See our actions who wants eyes?  
*Chariessa.*           Each dim star  
And the clearer lights, we know,  
                          Night's eyes are;  
They were blind that thought *her* so!  
*Chorus.*           Then whilst these black shades conceal us,  
                          We will scorn  
                          Th' envious Morn,  
                          And the Sun that would reveal us.  
Our flames shall thus their mutual light betray,  
And night, with these joys crown'd, outshine the day.

Page 23, line 11. Well, Crowd, what say you to Fiddle now? It is well known that a Crowd is a Fiddle.

Page 24, line 6. The Star in Cheap.] The edition of 1637 has “Cheapside,” which fixes the time when the place began to be called so.

Page 24, line 23, Sir Lawrence *Lyre* was my father.] Both the original editions have *Syro*, which must be a misprint.

Page 26, line 12. What, sirrah! didst thou lie in the Knight's ward, or on the Master's side? Neither, neither, i'faith. Where then, in the Hole? Three different departments of a prison, in which debtors were confined, according to their ability to pay for their accommodations: all



three are described by Fennor in the *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617. So in *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, Dodsley, v. 43 — "I was inforced from the Mitre in Bread-street, to the Counter in the Poultry; for mine own part, if you shall think it meet, and that it shall accord with the state of gentry, to submit myself from the feather-bed in the master's side, or the flock-bed in the knight's ward, to the straw-bed in the hole, I shall buckle to my heels, instead of gilt spurs, the armour of patience, and do't."

Page 26, line 18. My crutch you mean, for wearing out my clothes.] You mean, stuff the top of my crutch, lest it should wear my clothes out.

Page 27, line 2. I'll board her, i'faith.] Mr. Gifford says "there are three different words, to *boord*, to accost, to *bourd*, to jest, and to *boud*, to pout, which old authors never confound, but which commentators perpetually do." This is too absolutely stated, but there is no doubt that to *boord* or *board* meant to accost, as Sir Toby well explains: "*accost* is front her, *boord* her, woo her, assail her." It is from the French *aborder*.

Page 28, line 10. That your shilling proved but a *harper*.] *Id est*, an Irish shilling, worth only ninepence. See Dyce's Webster, ii., 295.

Page 29, line 6. At a wedding in *Gracious Street*.] I have left this word as it is; for our modern corruption of what was at first *Grass-church street* (from the grass-market there) is no better than this; and the sound will always be the same.

Page 29, line 13.] Than are now cap'ring in that *bride-ale* house.] A *bride-ale* was a bridal-feast; a *church-ale* a church-feast. For the latter see Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, b. iv., c. 3., s. 30. In the same work, a *bride-ale* is erroneously called a *bridal*.

Page 30, line 30. Licentious prodigals, vile tavern-*tracers*.] The originals, here and elsewhere, have *vild*, which was the corrupted word of the times; but I see no reason for retaining it. I have not before met with an instance of "tavern-*tracers*."

Page 31, line 12. Thou shouldst have raised  
The forfeit of his bond.] This is the reading of  
the edition of 1637. That of 1607 has, with a colon—  
——thou should'st have railed:

The forfeit of his bond.

Page 32, line 6. Why then attend, you hills and dales, and stones so quick of hearing.] This sounds very like two lines of an old song.

Page 33, line 6. I should be now devising sentences  
And *caveats* for posterity, to carve  
Upon the inside of the Counter-wall.] *Sentences*  
are sententious maxims, and *caveats* are cautions to posterity against  
running into debt, or becoming surety; such as imprisoned debtors  
scribble on their walls.

Page 34, line 6. At length *impal'd* Love with a laurel-wreath.]  
And at page 69, line 1,

“Till some fair saint impale him with a crown.”

And so 3 King Henry VI., iii., 2.—

“Until my misshap'd trunk, that bears this head,  
Be round impaléd with a glorious crown.”

Page 36, line 9. “far off, and ne'er the near.”] The proverb is  
*Early up, and never the nearer*; but in old plays it is generally printed,  
“ne'er the near,” whether for verse or for prose. Our forefathers often  
slurred the letter *r*. They called it the dog's letter. “Ne'er the near”  
made a better jingle: for I have no doubt that both words were then pro-  
nounced exactly alike. See *King Richard II.*, act v., sc. 1., var. edd:—

“Better far off, than, near, be near the near[er].”

It was to avoid the *r* that *more* was called *mo*.

Page 37, line 15. Will I write down in bloody characters.] That  
is, in letters written with his own blood, as extravagant lovers used  
to do.

Page 40, line 6. Ask for a burthen.] An employment, a task.

Page 45, line 26. Marry, gip, minx!] *Marry* is a corruption of  
*Mary*; and *gip*, Mr. Nares thinks, of *go-up*; and he quotes 2 Kings,  
ii., 23. Our comedies still say, *Marry, come up!*

Page 48, line 9. Which to approve, follow me but in all.] Which to  
prove, follow me only in all things.

Page 50, line 10. In the next room, with a calves head and brim-  
stone.] “In the next *room*,” means in the next *place*, or *seat*. A  
calves head and brimstone is a dish I am unacquainted with.

Page 50, line 18. And more by much more than the most of them.]  
This line sounds very like nonsense.

Page 50, line 27. Th' occurrants of this practice, as they grow.] The  
occurrences of this trick, as they arise.

Page 53, line 17. And the short and the long boy is, &c.] The word

*boy* is not printed as a vocative case, and if it be used so, it would seem to be a strange familiarity.

Page 53, line 28. I will intimate her mother.] This is a very unusual sense of the word *to intimate*; but it is countenanced by the following passage from the *Faerie Queene*, book vi., canto 3, stanza 12—

“So both conspiring gan to intimate  
Each other’s griefe with zeale affectionate.”

Page 57.] With the exception of

“Feed thou on me, and I will feed on thee,  
And Love shall feed us both,”

all these quotations are from Shakespeare’s exquisite young man’s poem, *Venus and Adonis*. They show how popular it was.

Page 58, line 18. I’ll bear the bucklers hence away.] *Clypeum abjicere* was the Roman phrase for to yield.

“A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so I pray thee call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.”—*Much Ado*, v. 2.

To bear them away is therefore to conquer.

“Play an honest part, and bear away the bucklers.”

BEN JONSON, *Case is alter’d*, ii., 4.

Mr. Gifford has no note on this passage.

Page 60, line 1. ’Tis most tolerable and not to be endured.] An obvious plagiarism from Shakespeare’s *Dogberry*. Fiddle “has two gowns and every thing handsome about him,” with many other points of resemblance to *Dogberry*. The edition of 1637 *corrects* this happy slip-slop to *intolerable*. This echo proves the long popularity of *Much ado about Nothing*, which was first published seven years before our play. “I am horribly in love with her,” Bowdler’s speech just before, is the same as Benedick’s in Shakespeare’s same comedy. Both were newly-converted lovers, from having been scorers of the fair sex.

Page 63, line 12. Rise.] Meaning “kneel no longer.” In these days, all children, on entering their parents’ presence, knelt down for their blessing.

Page 64, line 21. His virtue mends that miss.] *Miss* for *amiss*. So in *Venus and Adonis*, where Heywood had just been :

“He saith she is immodest, blames her ’miss;  
What follows more she murders with a kiss.”

Page 66, line 16. Two hours’ expiration have taken final end.] This

is something like *dear Roberts's* "forgery of a groundless fiction."—See Lord Byron's Works.

Page 71, line 10. Here's two Knights to a dish.] Both the original copies have *Snights*, an obvious misprint. But I have never met with this proverbial phrase before. Two knights on one horse we have heard of.

Page 74, line 35. For all thou hast borne Bowdler still in hand.]

"*Bore* many gentlemen, myself being one,  
*In hand*, with hope of action."

*Measure for Measure*, i., 5.

———"Whereat grieved  
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,  
Was falsely *borne in hand*."

*Hamlet*, ii., 2.

In Dr. Walter Pope's Life of Bishop Seth Ward, 1697, p. 104, is the following passage:—"My lord, I might *bear you in hand*, a western phrase, signifying to delay or keep in expectation, and feed you with promises, or at least hopes," &c.

Page 86, line 22. Nor thee nor him shall ever this repent.] I have not altered this line, since it may be grammatically construed "This shall never repent either thee or him."

Page 87, line 12, What, do you mean to *spoil* my daughter?] *Id est*, to make her the spoil of a fight.

Page 89, line 2. ——Hath Captain *Racket*

*Bandied* old Flower to such an exigent.] There is a quibble in the word *bandied*; and an *exigent* is an extremity.

"Why do you cross me, in this exigent?"

"These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,  
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent."

*I. Hen. VI.*, ii., 5.

## ERRATA.

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Page 25, line 5, for "night" read "right."

Page 33, line 7, put the comma after *caveats*.

Page 59, line 2, for "bonos" read "buenas."

Page 66, line 8, for "in the reservation" read "is the reservation."

Page 68, line 14, for "Tho' I thus doat" read "Tho' thus I doat."

Page 69, line 20, for "undeserv'd love" read "undeservéd love."

Page 92, line 21, for "wires" read "wives."

# FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA;

A TRAGI-COMEDY,

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD AND WILLIAM ROWLEY.

EDITED BY

BARRON FIELD, ESQ.

“Rowley had a finer genius than Massinger.”

CHARLES LAMB.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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Although this play was “acted by the Queen’s servants,”<sup>1</sup> it was not published till the year 1655, after the death of its authors, during the Protectorate of Cromwell, when plays could only be read, not acted. There is only that one edition, which is very badly printed, in quarto, with all the blank verse like prose, to save space. With the exception of the fourth scene of the third act, it is a very good drama, full of spirit and poetical justice. It would seem unnatural, now-a-days, that an eldest son, for marrying a young lady with no fortune, should by his father be not only disinherited, but made, together with his wife, domestic servants to the father and younger brothers; but in Shakespeare’s days such patriarchal tyranny could be practised with no check from public opinion. The land

<sup>1</sup> This gives us no clue to the date of its production, for there was a company of players so called, both in King James’s and King Charles’s times. The proclamation which is introduced in this play, running in the Queen’s name, and not the King’s, the piece may have been sketched by Heywood in Elizabeth’s time.

was almost the only property: that generally went by heirship; and younger brothers, under pretence of having the run of the house, were virtually servants to the heir, unless they had the spirit to go abroad, as soldiers or sailors, or the wit to enter into one of the learned professions.

Of William Rowley little is known, and that little has been confused. There were two Rowleys, both actors and authors, belonging to the Prince of Wales's company, afterwards King Charles I. Mr. Haslewood, in the *Censuria Literaria* (vol. ix. p. 49), pointed out that the enumeration by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, of "Maister Rowley," among "the best poets for comedy," related to Samuel, and not to William Rowley, as erroneously stated in the *Biographia Dramatica*. But so difficult is it to set right a confusion which once gets into these Dictionaries, that even the editor of the late reprint, for the Percy Society, of Rowley's "Search for Money" has partly fallen into the error. It is Samuel, and not William, whose name is mentioned so often in Henslowe's papers, by whom he was engaged as an actor before Queen Elizabeth's death. There is also a Thomas Rowley in the "Plot of Tamar Cam," found among Alleyn's papers; but he must have been a very inferior person, as he only plays a "Negar," with "the red-faced fellow," the last in the accompanying list of the actors. The earliest record of William Rowley I believe to be, as the head of the Duke of York's (as Charles then was) servants on the 9th of February, 1609 (1610), in Mr. Cunningham's Revels' Accounts, p. xlii. In 1613 we find him at the head

of the Prince's company, to which Samuel also belonged.

Langbaine says that "William Rowley was not only beloved by those great men, Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Johnson, but likewise writ, with the former, *The Birth of Merlin*." This last fact is not now credited. The only evidence of it is, that the drama is attributed to Shakespeare and Rowley by its first publisher in 1662. This and Langbaine's testimony, in 1691, are not sufficient authority for treating our great poet as the author of any part of *The Birth of Merlin*, of which an analysis may be seen in Mr. Knight's Supplementary Volume.



# Fortune

by

## Land and Sea.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it was Acted, with great Applause,

by the Queen's servants.

Written by

{ THO. HAYWOOD  
and  
WILLIAM ROWLY.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Sweeting*, at the *Angel*, in *Pope's-head Alley*, and *Robert Pollard*, at the *Ben Johnson's Head*, behind the *Exchange*.

1655.



## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

OLD FORREST.

FRANK FORREST, }  
YOUNG FORREST, } *his sons.*

OLD HARDING.

PHILIP, *his eldest son, married to SUSAN FORREST.*

WILLIAM, }  
JOHN, } *his younger sons.*

MASTER RAINSFORD, *a quarrelsome Gentleman.*

GOODWIN, }  
FOSTER, } *Friends to Rainsford.*

A MERCHANT, *brother to MRS. HARDING.*

PURSER, }  
CLINTON, } *Pirates.*

CLOWN.

PURSUIVANT.

HOST.

SAILORS.

HANGMAN.

DRAWERS.

OFFICERS.

MRS. ANNE HARDING, *second wife to OLD HARDING.*

SUSAN, *daughter of old FORREST, wife of PHILIP  
HARDING.*

*The SCENE, London, [and on the Sea.]*





## FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Old FORREST'S House. Enter RAINSFORD, old FORREST, FRANK FORREST, SUSAN FORREST, GOODWIN, and FOSTER.*

*Rains.* I prithee, Frank, let's have thy company to supper.

*Frank.* With all my heart: if I can but give my father here the slip by six o'clock, I will not fail.

*Rains.* I'll talk with him. I prithee, old man, lend us thy son to-night. We'll borrow him but for some two hours, and send him home again to thee presently.

*Good.* Faith, do, Mr. Forrest; he cannot spend his time in better company.

*Old For.* Oh, gentlemen, this too much liberty  
Breeds many strange outrageous ills in youth,  
And fashions them to vice.

*Rains.* Nay, school us not, old man. Some of us are too old to learn; and being past whipping too, there's no hope of profiting. If we shall have him, say so. If not, I prithee keep him still, and God give thee good of him!

*Frank.* Nay, will you be gone? I'll be at the heels of you, as I live.

*Fos.* 'Tis enough. Nay, come; and if we shall go, let us go.

*Old For.* Nay, gentlemen, do not mistake me, pray.  
I love my son, but do not doat on him;

Nor is he such a darling in my eye,  
 That I am loath to have him from my sight.  
 Yet let me tell you, had you, gentlemen,  
 Call'd him to any fairer exercise,  
 As practise of known weapons, or to back  
 Some gallant gennet ; had it been to dance,  
 Leap in the fields, to wrestle, or to try  
 Masteries in any noble quality,  
 I could have spared him to you half his age ;  
 But call him out to drinking, of all skill,  
 I hold that much-us'd practise the most ill.

*Frank.* I told him you would still be urging him, and see what comes on't ? *I præ, sequar.*

*Rains.* Sir, what we do's in love, and let you know,  
 We do not need his purse nor his acquaintance,  
 Nor, if you should mistake, can we be sorry,  
 Nor wound to ask your pardon. Fare ye well !  
 Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* RAINSFORD, GOODWIN, and FOSTER.]

*Frank.* Will you be gone ? I'll come.

*Old For.* Oh, son ! that thou wilt follow rioting,  
 Surfeit by drinking and unseason'd hours !  
 These gentlemen perhaps may do't ; they're rich,  
 Well-landed, and their fathers purchase daily,  
 Where I, Heav'n knows, the world still frowning on me,  
 Am forc'd to sell and mortgage to keep you.  
 His brother ranks himself with the best gallants  
 That flourish in the kingdom : though not able  
 To spend with them, yet, for his virtuous parts,  
 He is borne out, his person woo'd and sought,  
 And they more bound to him for his discourse,  
 Than he to them for their expense and cost.  
 Thy course is otherwise ; will drinking healths,  
 Cups of mull'd sack, and glasses elbow deep,  
 Drunk in thy youth, maintain thee in thine age ?

No, 'twill not hold out, boy.

*Frank.* My company hath not been to your purse so chargeable. I do not spend so much.

*Old For.* Thou spend'st thy time,  
More pretious than thy coin, consum'st thy hopes,  
Thy fortunes, and thy after-expectations,  
In drowning surfeits. Tell me, caust thou call  
That thrift, to be in all these prodigal?  
Use thy discretion; somewhat I divine;  
Mine is the care, the loss or profit thine. [Exit.

*Susan.* Brother, be ruled. My father grieves to see you given to these boundless riots. Will you follow?

*Frank.* Lead you the way, I'll after you.

*Susan.* 'Tis well; he'll look for you within.

*Frank.* When? Can you tell?

[*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II.

*A Tavern. Enter RAINSFORD, GOODWIN, and FOSTER.*

*Rains.* Boy, my cloak.

*Enter a Drawer.*

*Good.* Our cloaks, sirrah!

*Fos.* Why, drawer!

*Draw.* Here, sir.

*Rains.* Some canary sack, and tobacco.

*Draw.* You shall, sir. Wilt please you stay supper?

*Rains.* Yes, marry, will we, sir: let's have the best cheer the kitchen yields. The pipe, sirrah!

*Draw.* Here, sir.

*Rains.* Will Frank be here at supper?

*Good.* So, sir, he promised, and presumes he will not fail his hour.

*Rains.* Some sack, boy! I am all lead within. There's no

mirth in me ; nor was I wont to be so lumpish sad. Reach me the glass. What's this ?

*Draw.* Good sherry sack, sir.

*Rains.* I meant canary, sir. What ? hast no brains ?

(*strikes him.*)

*Draw.* Pox o' your brains ! Are your fingers so light ?

*Rains.* Say, sir ?

*Draw.* You shall have canary presently.

*Good.* When was he wont to be in this sad strain ?

Excepting some few sudden melancholics, there lives not one more free and sociable.

*Fos.* I am too well acquainted with his humour, to stir his blood in the least distemperature. Coz, I'll be with you here.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Rains.* Do, come to me. Have you lit upon the right canary now ? or could your hog's head find a Spanish butt ? A health !

*Good.* Were it my height, I'll pledge it.

*Fos.* How do you now, man ?

*Rains.* Well, well, exceeding well ; my melancholy sadness steals away, and, by degrees, shrinks from my troubled heart. Come, let's be merry. More tobacco, boy ; and bring in supper.

*Enter FRANK.*

*Fos.* Welcome ! welcome ! Wilt thou be here, old lad ?

*Good.* Or here ?

*Frank.* Wherefore hath Nature lent me two hands, but to use them both at once ? My cloak ! I am for you here and here.

*Fos.* Bid them make haste of supper. Some discourse, to pass away the time.

*Rains.* Now, Frank, how stole you from your father's arms ? You have been schooled, no doubt : fie, fie upon't. Ere I would live in such base servitude

To an old gray beard, 'sfoot, I'd hang myself.  
A man cannot be merry and drink drunk,  
But he must be controll'd by gravity.

*For.* O pardon him! you know he is my father,  
And what he doth is but paternal love.  
Tho' I be wild, I am not so past reason,  
His person to despise, though I his counsel  
Cannot severely follow.

*Rains.* 'Sfoot, he's a fool.

*Frank.* A fool! y're a—

*Fost.* Nay, gentlemen.

*Frank.* Yet I restrain my tongue,  
Hoping you speak out of some spleenful rashness,  
And no delib'rate malice; and it may be  
You are sorry that a word so unreverent,  
To wrong so good an aged gentleman,  
Should pass you unawares.

*Rains.* Sorry, sir boy! You will not take exceptions?

*Frank.* Not against you with willingness, whom I have  
loved so long. Yet you might think me a most duteless and  
ungracious son, to give smooth countenance unto my father's  
wrong. Come, I dare swear 'twas not your malice; and I  
take it so. Let's frame some other talk. Hear, gentlemen—

*Rains.* But hear me, boy: it seems, sir, you are angry.

*Frank.* Not thoroughly yet.

*Rains.* Then what would anger thee?

*Frank.* Nothing from you.

*Rains.* Of all things under heaven,  
What would'st thou loathest have me do?

*Frank.*

I would

Not have you wrong my reverend father, and  
I hope you will not.

*Rains.* Thy father's an old dotard.

*Frank.* I could not brook this at a monarch's hands;  
Much less at thine.

*Rains.* Ay, boy ! then take you that.

[*Flings wine in his face.*]

*Frank.* I was not born to brook this.

[*They fight.*]

Oh ! I am slain. (*Dies.*)

*Good.* Sweet coz, what have you done ! Shift for yourself.

*Rains.* Away !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter two Drawers.*

1. *Draw.* Stay the gentlemen : they have killed a man. Oh, sweet Mr. Francis ! One run to his father's.

2. *Draw.* Had not we drawers enough in the house, but they must needs draw too ?

1. *Draw.* They have drawn blood of this gentleman, that I have drawn many a quart of wine to. Oh, sweet Mr. Francis ! Hark, hark ! I hear his father's voice below. Ten to one he is come to fetch him home to supper : and now he may carry him home to his grave. See, here he comes.

*Enter the Host, Old FOREST, and SUSAN.*

*Host.* You must take comfort, sir.

*Old For.* Would Heaven I could ; or that I might beg patience.

*Sus.* Oh, my brother !

*Old For.* Is he dead, is he dead, girl ?

*Sus.* Oh, dead sir : Frank is dead.

*Old For.* Alas, alas ! my boy ! I have not the heart  
To look upon his wide and gaping wounds.  
Hide them, oh, hide them from me, lest those mouths  
Through which his life past through do swallow mine.  
Pray tell me, sir, doth this appear to you  
Fearful and pitiful, to you that are  
A stranger to my dead boy ?

*Host.* How can it otherwise ?

*Old For.* Oh, me, most wretched of all wretched men !  
If to a stranger his warm bleeding wounds



Appear so grisly and so lamentable,  
 How will they seem to me, who am his father ?  
 Will they not hale my eyeballs from their rounds,  
 And with an everlasting blindness strike them ?

*Sus.* Oh, sir, look here !

*Old For.* Dost long to have me blind ?  
 Then I'll behold them, since I know thy mind.  
 Oh, me, is this my son that doth so senseless lie,  
 And swims in blood ? my soul with his shall fly  
 Unto the land of rest. Behold I crave,  
 Being kill'd with grief, we both may have one grave.

*Sus.* Alas, my father's dead too ! Gentle sir,  
 Help to retire his spirits, overtravelled  
 With age and sorrow.

*Host.* Mr. Forrest !

*Sus.* Father !

*Old For.* What says my girl ? good morrow ! what's  
 o'clock ?

That you are up so early ? Call up Frank.  
 Tell him he lies too long abed this morning.  
 'Was wont to call the sun up and to raise  
 The early lark, and mount her 'mongst the clouds.  
 Will he not up ? rise, rise, thou sluggish boy !

*Sus.* Alas ! he cannot, father.

*Old For.* Cannot ! why ?

*Sus.* Do you not see his bloodless colour fail ?

*Old For.* Perhaps he's sickly, that he looks so pale ?

*Sus.* Do you not feel his pulse no motion keep ?

How still he lies !

*Old For.* Then is he fast asleep.

*Sus.* Do you not see his fatal eyelid close ?

*Old For.* Speak softly. Hinder not his soft repose.

*Sus.* Oh, see you not these purple conduits run ?

Know you these wounds ?

*Old For.* Oh, me ! my murder'd son !

*Enter young FORREST.*

*Young For.* Sister !

*Sus.* Oh, brother, brother !

*Young For.* Father, how cheer you, sir ? why, you were wont to store for others' comfort, that by sorrow were any way distrest. Have you all wasted, and spared none to yourself ?

*Old For.* Oh, son, son, son ! see, alas ! see where thy brother lies. He dined with me to-day, was merry. Merry, ay, that corpse was, he that lies here. See, there thy murdered brother and my son was. See, dost thou not weep for him ?

*Young For.* I shall find time.

When you have took some comfort, I'll begin  
To mourn his death, and scourge the murderer's sin.  
Dear father, be advis'd ; take hence his body,  
And let it have a solemn funeral.

*Old For.* But for the murd'rer, shall not he attend  
The sentence of the law with all severity ?

*Young For.* Have you but patience. Should we urge the  
law,

He hath such honourable friends to guard him,  
We should in that but bark against the moon.  
Nay, do not look that way : take hence the body.  
Let the law sleep : the time, ere it be long,  
May offer't self to a more just revenge.  
We're poor, and the world frowns on all our fortune.  
With patience then bear this amongst the rest.  
The Heav'ns, when they be pleas'd, may turn the wheel  
Of Fortune round, when we, that are dejected,  
May be again rais'd to our former height.

*Old For.* Oh, when saw father such a tragic sight,  
And did outlive it ? never, son, ah, never  
From mortal breast ran such a pretious river.

*Young For.* Come, father, and dear sister, join with me.

Let us all learn our sorrows to forget ;  
 He ow'd a death, and he hath paid that debt. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

*Old HARDING'S House. Enter Old HARDING, his two sons, WILLIAM and JOHN, and his wife, ANNE, as newly come from the wedding.*

*Old Har.* So, things are as they should be. We have attained

The height of solace and true joy, sweet Nan.  
 No sooner married but a mother of this  
 My hopeful issue. Cheer thy thoughts,  
 For what I want in youth, I will supply  
 In true affection ; and what age doth scant me  
 In sprightly vigour, I'll make good in wealth.

*Mrs. H.* Sir, you well know, I was not easily won,  
 And therefore not soon chang'd. Advisedly,  
 Not rashly, did I venture on your love.  
 My young unsettled thoughts, from their long travels,  
 Have late attained unto their journey's end,  
 And they are now at rest.

*Old Har.* Here they have found a harbour to retire to.

*Wil.* 'Twould become you to use my father here respectfully : you see how he receives you almost dowerless.

*John.* True, where he, out of his own abilities, might have commanded widows richer far, ay, and perhaps each way as beautiful.

*Mrs. H.* Upbraid me not. I do confess he might,  
 Nor was this match my seeking. If't hath pleased  
 Your father, for some virtues known in me,  
 To grace me with his free election,  
 Methinks it worse becomes you, being sons,  
 To blame a father's pleasure. Howsoever.

Better myself I cannot. If he thought me  
Worthy his bed, I see small reason you  
Should wrong me to him, that my state best knew.

*Old Har.* Nan, I am pleas'd: they shall be satisfied;  
And, boys, I tell you, tho' you be my sons,  
You much forget your duty to a mother,  
Whom I hold worthy to be call'd my wife.  
No more of this, I charge you.

*Wil.* Sir, we've done.

*Old Har.* No child to her, can be to me no son.

*John.* I am pleased: here my spleen dies,  
Suddenly fallen, as it did quickly rise.

*Old Har.* This is the end I aim'd at. Were my eldest  
Present among us much, I had my height  
Of wishes.

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Clown.* I have been there, sir.

*Old Har.* And foundest thou my son Philip?

*Clown.* When you had given him me in charge, I had of  
him great care. I have took of him great care; and I have  
took him napping, as you know who took his mare. I found  
your son Philip, like a coek-sparrow billing. If I had staid  
but a little longer, I might have taken him and his hen  
treading. I know not whether it be St. Valentine's day or  
no; but I am sure they are coupled.

*Old Har.* How coupled, dost thou mean?

*Clown.* I see them one and one, and that you know makes  
two, and two makes a couple; and they, well coupled, may in  
time make a third between them. I do not think but 'tis like  
to be a match.

*Old Har.* I vow, if e'er he match into that family,  
The kindred be'ng all beggar'd, that forc'd union  
Shall make a firm divorce 'twixt him and mine.

*Enter PHILIP and SUSAN.*

*Clown.* Here they are, sir, *coram nobis*. You will find it a plain case, if the matter be well searched. I have spoke but what I have seen; and now let every one answer for themselves.

*Old Har.* What mean these hands?

*Phil.* Nothing, sir,  
Save a mere interchange of hearts and souls,  
Doubly made fast by vows.

*Old Har.* 'Twixt her and thee?

*Phil.* So, and no otherwise.

*Old Har.* Yet thou hast time  
To pause and to repent; but after this,  
No limit to consider; cast her off,  
Or henceforth I disclaim thee for my son.

*Phil.* Yet I shall ever hold you for my father.

*Old Har.* Then show in this thy duty: quite forsake her,  
And be restor'd into my family.

*Phil.* O, sir, she is a virgin chaste and fair,  
Unto whose bed I am by oath engag'd.  
That power above, that heard the contract pass,  
Both heard, approv'd, and still records the same.  
Oh, sir, I am of years: oft have you wish'd  
To see me well bestow'd; and now's the time  
Your wish hath took effect. It was your prayer  
That Heav'ns would send me a good wife; and lo!  
In her they have show'd their bounty.

*Old Har.* Thou thy baseness.  
Take one that's of my choosing.

*Phil.* Do men use,  
By others' hearts and eyes their wives to choose?

*Old Har.* She's poor.

*Phil.* Yet virtuous.

*Old Har.* Virtue! a sweet dower!

*Phil.* Yet that, when Mammon fails, retains her power.

*Old Har.* Possess'd of virtue then thou need nought else.

*Phil.* Riches may waste by fire, by sea, by stealth,  
But water, fire, nor theft can virtue waste.  
When all else fails us, that alone shall last.

*Old Har.* Go to Cheapside, with virtue in your purse,  
And cheapen plate ; or to the shambles hie,  
And see what meat with virtue you can buy.  
Will virtue make the pot seeth, or the jack  
Turn a spit laden ? tell me, will your landlord  
At quarter-day take virtue for his rent ?  
Will your wife's virtue yield you ten in the hundred ?  
A good stock would do all this. Come, come, son ;  
I'll find thee a rich match ; and turn her off.

*Wil.* Faith, do, brother. The only way to thrive is to be ruled by my father.

*John.* Do you think I, being but the youngest, would marry under the degree of a gentlewoman ; and that without my father's consent too ?

*Phil.* I wish you may not ; but withal advise you,  
To make a conscience how you break a vow.  
And, sir, for you, with pardon, I could trace you  
Even in that path in which I stand condemn'd.  
This gentlewoman, my beauteous mother-in-law,  
(Whose virtues I both honour and admire,  
Whom in no kind I envy) I presume,  
You married not for riches ; for, if so,  
Where is that wealthy dower she brought along ?  
Being yourself example, blame me not,  
To make a father my strict precedent.  
In viewing me, bear but yourself in mind,  
And prove to her, as I to this like kind.

*Mrs. H.* The gentleman speaks well. Pray, let me mediate  
Between you a reconciliation.

*Wil.* Good sir, do.

*John.* Since 'tis my mother's pleasure to take't well,  
We'll be joint suitors with her.

*Clown.* And I, too, good master.

*Old Har.* The boy's inflexible, and I obdure.  
He cannot be more sauey to object  
That which I would not hear, than I perverse  
In yielding to a knave so obstinate.

*Sus.* He is your son, and of your blood the first ;  
Brand him not with a name so odious.  
You cannot write yourself a gentleman,  
But leave him of that name inheritor.  
Tho' you have power to take away his means,  
Deprive him both your blessing and your love,  
Which methinks in a father should seem strange,  
His state you may, his blood you cannot, change.

*Old Har.* Baited on all sides? have I been thus long  
A father and a master to direct,  
To be at these years pupil'd by a girl?  
A beggar? one that all the wealth she has  
Bears on her back; and shall I suffer this?  
Whilst these, that ought to arm me with just rage,  
Preach to me patience? I'll endure no more.  
Come, leave them, sweet wife! Gentle sons, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Phil.* I'll have thee yet, tho' all the world say nay.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Clown.* Now, which of these parties shall I cleave to and  
follow? Well, now I remember myself, I'll show myself a true  
citizen, and stick to the stronger side.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The Street.* Enter RAINSFORD and Young FORREST, meeting.

*Young For.* Pray, let me speak with you.

*Rains.* With me, sir?



*Young For.* With you.

*Rains.* Say on.

*Young For.* Do you not know me?

*Rains.* Keep off, upon the peril of thy life.

Come not within my sword's length, lest this arm

Prove fatal to thee, and bereave thy life,

As it hath done thy brother's.

*Young For.* Why now thou know'st me truly, by that token,

That thou hast slain my brother. Put up, put up!

So great a quarrel as a brother's life

Must not be made a street-brawl; 'tis not fit

That ev'ry prentice should, with his shop-club,

Betwixt us play the sticklers. Sheath thy sword.

*Rains.* Swear thou wilt act no sudden violence,

Or this sharp sword shall still be interpos'd

'Twixt me and thy known hatred.

*Young For.* Sheath thy sword.

By my religion and that interest

I have in gentry, I will not be guilty

Of any base revenge.

*Rains.* Say on.

*Young For.* Let's walk.

Trust me. Let not thy guilty soul

Be jealous of my fury. This my hand

Is curb'd and govern'd by an honest heart,

Not by just anger. I'll not touch thee foully

For all the world. Let's walk.

*Rains.* Proceed.

*Young For.* Sir, you did kill my brother. Had it been

In fair and even encounter, tho' a child,

His death I had not question'd.

*Rains.* Is this all?

*Young For.* He's gone. The law is past. Your life is clear'd;

For none of all our kindred laid against  
 You evidence to hang you. You're a gentleman;  
 And pity 'twere a man of your descent  
 Should die a felon's death. See, sir, thus far  
 We have demeanéd fairly, like ourselves.  
 But, think you, though we wink at base revenge,  
 A brother's death can be so soon forgot?  
 Our gentry baffled, and our name disgrac'd?  
 No: 't must not be; I am a gentleman  
 Well known; and my demeanour hitherto  
 Hath promis'd somewhat. Should I swallow this,  
 The scandal would outlive me. Briefly then,  
 I'll fight with you.

*Rains.* I am loath.

*Young For.* Answer directly,  
 Whether you dare to meet me on even terms;  
 Or mark how I'll proceed.

*Rains.* Say, I deny it.

*Young For.* Then I say thou'rt a villain, and I challenge  
 thee,

Where'er I meet thee next, in field or town,  
 Thy father's manors, or thy tenant's grange,  
 Saving the church, there is no privilege  
 In all this land for thy despiséd life.  
 No guard of friends, no nightwalks, or sly stealth,  
 No jealous fear, which in a murderer's eye  
 Keeps hourly watch, shall have the privilege,  
 This even and balanc'd fight, body to body;  
 I'll kill thee be it in thy bed, at meat,  
 In thy wife's arms; as thou tookést my brother,  
 With thy back towards me, basely. Answer me.

*Rains.* I'll meet with thee. The hour?

*Young For.* By six to-morrow morning. 'Tis your privilege  
 T'appoint the place and weapon.

*Rains.* Hounslow the place : my choice of weapon this.

[*Showing his sword.*]

*Young Fer.* I can except at neither. Fail the place,  
Or suit your weapon's length. Farewell ! [Exit.]

*Enter GOODWIN and FOSTER.*

*Good.* Now, cousin Rainsford.

*Rains.* I'll so swinge my younker.

*Fos.* Why, who hath rais'd this storm, sir ?

*Rains.* Wot'st thou what ?

The younger Forrest parted but ev'n now,  
Call'd me to question 'bout his brother's death,  
And since hath challeng'd me.

*Good.* Challeng'd ?

*Rains.* Challeng'd me.

*Fos.* Why, he's too weak for you.

*Rains.* Yes, I shall weak him.

My purpose is to teach the stripling sense ;  
An' you be honest gentlemen, stand but  
Aloof to-morrow, and observe how I  
Will swinge my youth about the field.

*Good.* An' please Heav'n, I'll be there.

*Fos.* And so will I.

*Rains.* He seeks his fate. And murd'ers, once being in,  
Wade further till they drown. Sin pulls on sin.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Old HARDING'S House. Enter Old HARDING, Mrs. HARDING,  
WILLIAM, and JOHN.*

*Wil.* 'Tis true, upon my life.

*Old Har.* Say what thou wilt, I'll not believe it, boy.

*Wil.* Do you believe me to be your son William ?

*Old Har.* Well.

*Wil.* Do you believe I stand here?

*Old Har.* On.

*Wil.* That this gentlewoman is your wife?

*Old Har.* So.

*Wil.* That Jack Harding here is my brother?

*Old Har.* Good.

*Wil.* That I speak to you? that you list to me?

Do you believe anything that is to be believed?

*Old Har.* What of all this?

*Wil.* Then believe my brother Philip has married Mistress Susan. I saw them in the church together, I heard them pronounce the words together. Whether it be better, or worse, for them, I know not, but they are in for better, and worse, that I am sure.

*Old Har.* As sure as thou art certain this is true,  
So sure I'll disinherit the proud boy,  
And all the magazine, that I enjoy,  
Divide 'tween you, my sons.

*John.* Not all, father. Alas! allow him some small legacy to live on.

*Wil.* If't be but a cast farm, or some poor cottage, rather than nothing. It may be he'll content himself with a little. You know something hath some savour.

*Old Har.* He that hath set me and my love at nothing, I'll leave him worth as little.

*Mrs. H.* Chide him you may, but yet not cast him off;  
For fathers ought most chastise where they love.  
Parents, as I have read, their rage should hide,  
Where children fall through weakness, not through pride.

*Old Har.* They are none such to me. My vow is past;  
My life may fade, but yet my will shall last.

*Enter PHILIP and SUSAN.*

*Wil.* See, where the four bare legs that belong to a bed come. I could almost pity him.

*Jack.* And why pity him? all the while that marriage is the first step to our making?

*Phil.* See, sir, 'tis done.

*Old Har.* And thou undone.

*Phil.* In losing your kind favour more undone,  
Than in your casual wealth.

*Old Har.* By all that I enjoy—

*Phil.* Oh, swear not! spare that oath; I'll credit you,  
Altho' you speak but mildly.

*Old Har.* So thrive I, if for this marriage,  
Made in despite of me, I make thee partner  
Of any substance that's accounted mine.

*Phil.* Not made in spite of you. Unsay that language;  
And then you chide me truly, as I live:  
And tho' on earth by you disherited,  
Hope to be heir to heav'n. I match'd with her  
In sincere love, but in no spleen to you.  
Tho' you have sworn to give my fortunes from me,  
You have not sworn to 'reave me of your love.  
That let me have: let others take the land.

*Old Har.* My love goes with my land; and in this marriage  
Thou hast lost both.

*Phil.* Your substance I despise;  
But, to lose that, draws rivers from my eyes.

*Mrs. H.* Oh, bear a soft and more relenting soul,  
And look upon the virtues of your son,  
This gentlewoman's birth.

*Old Har.* Wife! wife! if he have married her for birth,  
Then let her birth maintain him.

*Mrs. H.* My kind sons,  
Speak to your father.

*Wil.* Alas! mother, you hear my father hath sworn; and  
do you love him, and would make him break his oath?

*John.* Engage his soul? that were a wife's part indeed!

*Wil.* As I live, I would not wish him, now he has sworn, to alter his mind in the least circumstance, for more than I'll speak.

*Phil.* I am a kinder son than you be brothers.

Have you renounc'd me for your son?

*Old Har.* I have.

*John.* You see he has.

*Phil.* You have not yet renounc'd me for your servant.

That title let me bear. I'll be your man,  
And wear your livery; since my poverty  
Enforces me to serve, let it be you.

*Wil.* Grant him that, good father. When you want employment for him, I may sometimes have occasion to use him myself.

*John.* A reasonable motion. You want a serving-man. Since you must hire one on force, as good him as another.

*Phil.* He wants a maid too. Let him hire this woman, his servant, not his daughter. Give us but as you would do to strangers, we are pleased.

*Wil.* The motion's not amiss. Can you milk, sweetheart?

*Sus.* I can.

*Wil.* And sweep a house, serve a hog, grope a hen, feel a duck, wash and wring?

*Sus.* What I have us'd, my soft hand best can show;  
But what I can not, I'll be glad to learn.

*John.* A good willing mind, in troth. And can you bake and brew?

*Sus.* I shall be easily taught.

*John.* You had best look to it; for as you brew, so you are like to drink.

*Old Har.* Sirrah, sirrah! Can you hold the plough, and thresh, sow, reap, load a cart, drive a team?

*Phil.* These, or what else, I'll practise.

*Old Har.* Come, then, off with these gay clothes, no habits fit for hinds. Help, boys, to suit them as their fortunes are. Go. search in the clown's wardrobe.

*Wil.* Fear not. We'll fit 'em as well as if we had ta'en measure of 'em.

*Mrs. H.* To see this misery with patience borne,  
Makes me to pity where these others scorn.

*John.* Here, sir, is that will serve the turn. If you employ him in the corn-fields, I'll warrant him fright the birds. Here's that will make him look like a scarecrow.

*Wil.* And here's that will change the copy of her case, though not of her countenance.

*Old Har.* Too good for drudges. Live now by your sweat,  
And at your labour make account to eat.

*Phil.* Here's but a sorry wedding-day !

*Sus.* My sweet Philip,  
That thou should'st suffer these extremes for me,  
Only for me !

*Phil.* Let that, betwixt my soul  
And thine, be witness of my constant love.  
Alas, for thee ! that thou must drudge and toil,  
And, having been a mistress all thy life,  
Must now become a servant !

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Clown.* This being the wedding-day of my master's eldest son, I expect rare cheer ; as, first, the great spiced cake to go in, cake-bread fashion, drawn out with currants : the jealous furrnety must put on his yellow hose again, and hot pies come mincing after : the boiled mutton must swim in a river of stewed broth, where the channel is made of prunes, instead of pebbles, and prime raisins and currants in the stead of checker-stones and gravel ; to omit geese and gulls, ducks and dotterels, widgeons and woodeocks, of which there will be plenty. At our wedding-dinner we shall have the bride, in her tiffety-taffeties most sumptuous, and the bridegroom as well, in branched satin, as branched rosemary, most courageous. I'll in and see them in all their beauty,



and give them the joy, the *bon-jour*, the *besilasmanos*, or, to be more vulgar to the incapable, the *God give you good morrow*.

*Phil.* Good morrow, fellow Simkin !

*Clown.* 'Tis he : no, no, 'tis not he.

*Sus.* Good Simkin.

*Clown.* Her face ! the trick of her eye, her leer, her blink, her askew ! but to say it is she, *Proh deum atque hominum fidem !*

*Phil.* Art thou amaz'd to see me thus transform'd,  
Or thus alter'd ? None but such a father,  
Such a remorseless and hard-hearted father,  
Could so translate his children.

*Clown.* Oh, Mr. Philip ! I see your father is no scholar, but a meer dunce. I protest I never read a more vile translation.

*Sus.* Nor saw so sudden and unmeet a change.

*Clown.* Oh, young mistress ! Ovid's *Metamorphoses* could never show the like. But how comes this to pass ? the manner ? the manner ? my heart begins to condole, and my conduit-pipes to open. We shall have a shower presently. The manner ?

*Phil.* This morning, having married my betrothed,  
For could I less do, having vow'd so much ?  
I came to him, and most submissively entreated  
Pardon for myself and her.

*Clown.* Kind young man ! hold, good heart !

*Phil.* He presently reviles us ; then renounc'd us ;  
Nor would he give us, should he see us starve,  
And famish at his gate, no, not a crust  
Of his hinds' bread ; or of his smallest beer,  
Not a bare crusefull, should we die for thirst.

*Clown.* 'Twill out ! 'twill out ! but now for the apparel.

*Sus.* When he renounc'd us for his children,  
We had no means reserv'd unless with baseness  
To beg our victuals ; were resolv'd to work ;

So he, at our entreaty, hir'd us both  
To be his hinds and drudges.

*Clown.* Your apron, good mistress! And so and so, you were stript out of your silks and satins, and forced to put on these russets and sheepskins.

*Phil.* Even so.

*Clown.* O, most tyrannical old fornicator—old master, I would say. Well, since 'tis so, no more young master, but fellow-servant; no more master Philip, but Phil; here's my hand; I'll do two men's labours in one, to save you a labour; and, to spare your shoulders, I'll help at many a dead lift. Come, I'll go teach you *hayt* and *ree*, *gee* and *whoe*, and which is to which hand. Next, I'll learn you the names of all our team, and acquaint you with *Jock*, the fore horse, and *Fib*, the fill-horse, and with all the godamercy fraternity.

*Sus.* Succeed it as Heav'n please!

*Phil.* What must be must be: Heav'n hath set it down:  
At what they smile, why should we mortals frown?

*Clown.* To see so brave a gentleman turn clown! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Hounslow.* Enter GOODWIN and FOSTER.

*Fos.* Are we not somewhat too early, think you?

*Good.* It appears so, for neither challenger nor defendant are yet in the field.

*Fos.* Which way do you think the day will go? or whether of them do you hold to be the better man?

*Good.* That I am not able to judge; but if the opinion of the world hold current, he that killed one brother, it is thought will be the death of the other. But these things are beyond us. Lie close, for being seen.

Enter RAINSFORD and Young FORREST.

*Rains.* Your resolution holds then?

*Young For.* Men that are easily mov'd are soon remov'd  
From resolution ; but when, with advice  
And with foresight we purpose, our intents  
Are not without considerate reasons alter'd.

*Rains.* Thou art resolv'd, and I prepar'd for thee.  
Yet thus much know, thy state is desperate,  
And thou art now in danger's throat already  
Ev'n half-devour'd. If I subdue thee, know  
Thou art a dead man ; for this fatal steel,  
That search'd thy brother's entrails, is prepar'd  
To do as much to thee. If thou survivest,  
And I be slain, th'art dead too ; my alliance  
And greatness in the world will not endure  
My slaughter unreveng'd. Come, I am for thee.

*Young For.* I would my brother liv'd, that this our diff'rence  
Might end in an embrace of folded love ;  
But 'twas Heav'n's will that for some guilt of his  
He should be scourg'd by thee ; and for the guilt  
In scourging him, thou by my vengeance punish'd.  
Come ; I am both ways arm'd, against thy steel  
If I be pierc'd by it, or 'gainst thy greatness  
If mine pierce thee.

*Rains.* Have at thee. [*They fight and pause.*

*Young For.* I will not bid thee hold ; but if thy breath  
Be as much short as mine, look to thy weakness.

*Rains.* The breath, thou draw'st but weakly,  
Thou now shalt draw no more.

[*They fight—FORREST loseth his weapon.*

*Young For.* That Heaven knows.  
He guard my body that my spirit owes !

[*Guards himself, and puts by with his hat—slips—  
the other running, falls over him and FORREST  
kills him.*

*Good.* My cousin's fall'n—pursue the murderer.

*Fos.* But not too near, I pray ; you see he's arm'd,

And in this deep amazement may commit  
Some desp'rate outrage.

*Young For.* Had I but known the terror of this deed,  
I would have left it done imperfectly,  
Rather than in this guilt of conscience  
Labour'd so far. But I forget my safety.  
The gentleman is dead. My desp'rate life  
Will be o'ersway'd by his allies and friends,  
And I have now no safety but by flight.  
And see where my pursuers come. Away!  
Certain destruction hovers o'er my stay. [*Exit.*

*Good.* Come, follow! see he takes towards the city.  
You bear the body of my cousin hence,  
Unto the neighb'ring village. I'll still keep  
Within the murderer's sight. Raise hue and cry!  
He shall not scape our pursuit, tho' he fly.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Old HARDING'S Garden. Enter WILLIAM and PHILIP.*

*Wil.* Now, wilt truss me that point, Philip? I could find  
in my heart to beg thee of my father to wait upon me: but  
that I am afraid he cannot spare thee from the plough. Be-  
sides, I heard him say but the last day, that thou wast more  
fit to make a hind, than a serving-man.

*Phil.* Sir, you were once my brother.

*Wil.* True, but that was when you were a son to my father.

*Phil.* Ay, and my younger brother: I had then priority of  
birth.

*Wil.* But now it seems we have got the start of you; for,  
being but a servant, you are taken a button-hole lower.

*Phil.* When will this tedious night give place to day?

*Wil.* I hope I may command.

*Phil.* I must obey.

*Enter JOHN and SUSAN.*

*John.* My string, Sue ! Are these shoes well mundified ?  
Down a your marrowbones, good Sue ! I hope you are not so  
straight-laced but you can stoop. You acknowledge me one of  
your young masters. If not, 'tis not unknown to you that I  
know the way to my father.

*Sus.* Yes, sir ; and can tell tales, I know you can ; and I  
have felt the smart on't.

*John.* Whip me, if you shall not, if you begin once to grow  
stubborn. Why when ?

*Sus.* As humble as your feet. [*Kneels to tie JOHN'S shoe.*

*Enter Mrs. HARDING.*

*Mrs. H.* Why, how now, maid ! is this work fitting you ?  
And you, sir ; you are look'd for in the stable,  
And should not loiter here. Will you be gone ?

*Phil.* I am for any service. [*Exit.*

*Sus.* And I too. † [*Exit.*

*Mrs. H.* We shall find other things for you to do.

*Will.* If you cannot, here be that they can. A drudge ! a  
groom ! I'll send him of my errands.

*John.* And if I do not find work for her, I'll do nothing but  
take tobacco in every room, because, twice a day, I'll make her  
clean the house. [*Exeunt.*

*Mrs. H.* These think, because I am their stepmother,  
Their chiefest torture is my most content,  
When I protest, to see them thus afflicted,  
It grates my very heartstrings every hour.  
For tho' before their father's ruthless eye,  
And their remorseless brothers, I seem stern,  
Yet privately they taste of my best bounty.  
And other of my servants are by me  
Hir'd to o'ercome their chiefest drudgery.  
(*Voices within*). Follow, follow, follow !

*Enter Young FORREST with his weapon drawn.*

*Young For.* I am pursued ; and there's no place of refuge  
Left to my desp'rate life. But here's a woman !  
Oh, if she harbour soft effeminate pity,  
She may redeem me from a shameful death.

*Mrs. H.* A man, thus arm'd, to leap my garden wall !  
Help, help !

*Young For.* As you are fair, and should be pitiful ;  
A woman, therefore, to be mov'd ; a Christian,  
And therefore one that should be charitable,  
Pity a poor distress'd gentleman,  
Who gives his desp'rate fortune, life, and freedom,  
Into your hand.

*Mrs. H.* What are you, sir, that, with your weapon drawn,  
Affright me thus ?

*Young For.* If you protect my life,  
Fair creature, I am a free gentleman ;  
But if betray me, then a poor man doom'd  
Unto a shameful death.

*Mrs. H.* What's your offence,  
That such suspicious fear and tim'rous doubt  
Waits on your guilty steps ?

*Young For.* I've kill'd a man ;  
But fairly, as I am a gentleman,  
Without all base advantage,  
In even trial of both our desp'rate fortunes.

*Mrs. H.* Fairly ?

*Young For.* And, tho' I say it, valiantly.

*Mrs. H.* And hand to hand ?

*Young For.* In single opposition.

*Mrs. H.* In a good quarrel ?

*Young For.* Else let the hope, I have in you of safety,  
Turn to my base confusion. Gentle creature,

[A cry within, "Follow," &c.]

I cannot now stand to expostulate,  
 For, hark! the breath of my pursuers blows  
 A fearful air upon my flying heel,  
 And I am almost in their fatal gripe.

Say, will you save me?

*Mrs. H.* I will. Then climb into that hovel.

*Young For.* Oh, any where.

*Mrs. H.* Nay, quickly then.

*Young For.* Your hand, fair lady!

*Mrs. H.* Away, leave me to answer for you.

(*Sits down to work*).

[*Exit Young For.*]

*Enter Old HARDING, GOODWIN, FOSTER, and Officers.*

*Old Har.* Over my garden-wall! Is't possible?

*Good.* Over this wall I saw him leap it lightly.

*Old Har.* That we shall quickly know. Sec, here's my wife;  
 She can inform us best.

*Fos.* Saw you not, Mrs. Harding, a young man  
 Mount o'er this garden-wall with his sword drawn?

*Mrs. H.* My eyes were stedfast on my work in hand,  
 And, trust me, I saw none.

*Old Har.* Perhaps he took down to the neighbour village,  
 And when he saw my wife, alter'd his course.

*Mrs. H.* 'Tis very like so, for I heard a bustling  
 About that hedge; besides a sudden noise  
 Of some that swiftly ran towards your fields.  
 Make haste; 'twas now; he cannot be far off.

*Old Har.* Gentlemen, take my word: I am High Constable.  
 It is part of my office: I'll be no shelter  
 For any man that shall offend the law.  
 If we surprise him, I will send him bound  
 To the next Justice. Follow you your search.

*Good.* Farewell, good Mr. Harding.

*Fos.* Your word's sufficient, without further warrant.



Continue our pursuit ! All ways are laid ;  
And ere he reach the city shall be staid.

[*Exeunt* GOODWIN and FOSTER.]

*Old Har.* Adieu, good friends.

*Mrs. H.* Pray, what's the business, sir?

*Old Har.* Two gentlemen went into the fields to fight,  
And one hath slain the other.

*Mrs. H.* On what quarrel?

*Old Har.* I had small leisure to importune that :  
Only this much I learnt : the man that's dead  
Was great in fault ; and he that now survives,  
Subject unto the danger of this search,  
Bare himself fairly ; and his fortune being  
To kill a man allied to noblemen,  
And greatly friended, is much pitié'd.  
But law must have its course.

*Mrs. H.* (*aside*). If this be true,  
I thank my fate, and bless this happy hour  
To save a life within law's griping power.

*Old Har.* Come, then : the morning's bleak, and sharp the  
air.

In to the fire, my girl ; there's wholesome heat,  
I'll in, and see my servants set at meat.

*Mrs. H.* Sir, I'll but end this flow'r, and follow you.  
If this should be some bloody murderer,  
Great were my guilt to shrowd him from the law.  
But if a gentleman by fortune crost,  
'Tis pity one so valiant and so young  
Should be given up into his enemy's hands,  
Whilst greatness may perhaps weigh down his cause,  
And balance him to death, who thus escaping  
May, when he hath by means obtain'd his peace,  
Redeem his desp'rate fortunes, and make good  
The forfeit made unto the offended law.

Prove as Heav'n shall direct, I'll do my best :  
'Tis charity to succour the distrest.

*Enter Young FORREST, above.*

*Young For.* Fair mistress, are they gone? may I descend?

*Mrs. H.* No safety lives abroad. Then, pray, forbear  
To speak of 'scaping hence.

*Young For.* Oh, but I fear!

*Mrs. H.* My life for your's.

*Young For.* However poor I fare,  
May you of this your charitable care  
Taste happy fruit.

*Mrs. H.* You did not kill him foully?

*Young For.* No, I protest.

*Mrs. H.* Nor willingly?

*Young For.* I willingly fought with him, but unwillingly  
Did I become his death's man.

*Mrs. H.* Could you now  
Wish him alive again?

*Young For.* With his hands loose;  
And yet he slew my brother.

*Mrs. H.* Heav'n hath sent  
This gentleman, because he's penitent,  
To me for succour: therefore till the violence  
Of all his search be past, I'll shrowd him here,  
And bring you meat and wine to comfort you,  
Free, I protest, from all unchaste pretence,  
Till by some means I may convey you hence.

*Young For.* The life you save, if I o'ercome this plunge,  
Shall be for ever your's: all my endeavours  
To your devoted service I will store,  
And carefully hoard up.

*Mrs. H.* Sir, now no more.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Old HARDING'S Garden. Enter PHILIP and CLOWN.*

*Clown.* Come, good fellow Phil! What, nothing but mourning and mowing? Thy melancholy makes our teams to vail their fore-tops, and all our jades crest-fallen; and, (to see thee wail in woe) in the deep cart-ruts, up to the bellies, plunge in pain. My mistress Susan, she's in the same pitiful pickle too.

*Phil.* Oh, if this hand could execute for her All that my cruel father hath impos'd, My toil would seem a pleasure; labour, ease.

*Clown.* Ease? what's that? there's little to be found in our house. Now we have loosed the plough in the fields, they'll find work enough about home, to keep us from the scurvy. Your hat, Phil! see, here comes our mistress!

*Enter Mrs. HARDING, with bread and a bottle.*

*Mrs. H.* The place is clear: none sees me; now's the time To bear my sorrowful charge bread, meat, and wine. These six days I have kept him undiscover'd. Neither my husband's nor my servants' eyes Have any way discover'd him. How now, Fellows? whither so fast this way?

*Clown.* Nay, we do not use to go too fast, for falling: our business at this present is about a little household service.

*Mrs. H.* What business have you this way?

*Clown.* We are going, as they say, to remove, or, according to the vulgar, to make clean, where Chanticleer, and Dame Partlet, the hen, have had some doings.

*Mrs. H.* What dost thou mean by that?

*Phil.* By my master's appointment, I must not say my father's: he hath commanded us first to make clean this hen-roost, and after, to remove the hay out of that hay-loft.

*Mrs. H.* Oh, me! I fear the gentleman's betray'd!

What shift shall I devise ?

*Clown.* By your leave, mistress : pray let's come by you.

*Mrs. H.* Well ! double diligence your labour has saved :  
'Tis done already : Go and take your pleasure.

Son Philip, when I heard my husband speak  
Of such a base employment, I straight hir'd  
A lab'rer to prevent it, and 'tis done.

*Phil.* You're kinder, mother, than my father cruel,  
And save me many a toil, and tedious travail,  
Impos'd on me by your husband.

*Mrs. H.* O'er this place,  
I'll bear a jealous and a watchful eye,  
To prevent this discovery. And will you be gone ?

*Clown.* Yes, sweet mistress, if you would but give a wink,  
a word, to the dairy-maid for a mess of cream betwixt my  
fellow Philip and I : it's good to be doing something ; for, you  
know, my master does not love we should be idle.

*Mrs. H.* Well, sir, perhaps I shall remember you.

*Clown.* Come, Phil, let's be gone ; and if you chance to  
blush at what my mistress hath promised, I'll tell you who  
cast milk in your face. *[Exeunt.*

*Mrs. H.* Shall I compare his present misery  
With the misfortunes of this gentleman,  
Which might I reckon greater ? but I leave them,  
And to my charge. We all must yield to fate ;  
He casts us down that best can raise our state.

*Enter SUSAN, with something in her apron.*

*Sus.* Oh, thro' what greater plunges can I pass  
Than I have done already ? A father's penury—  
The good old man dejected and cast down—  
My husband even swept from the family  
Where he was born, and quite forsook by him  
By whom he should be foster'd ; made a servant  
Amongst his servants, and his brothers' scorn ;

These mischiefs make me wish myself unborn.

*Mrs. H.* Again prevented!

*Sus.* How hath this meditation drawn my thoughts  
From my intended business! I forgot  
What I was sent about. My master bade me  
Scatter this wheat and barley 'mongst the hens;  
And I will soon despatch it.

*Mrs. H.* What makes thee  
So near the place that I so strictly guard?  
What business have you there?

*Sus.* Forsooth, my master  
Bade me go serve the poultry.

*Mrs. H.* Come, you shall not;  
For this time I will do it for you.

*Sus.* Mother and mistress too!  
'Tis courtesy in you to proffer it,  
But should I suffer, you might hold it justly  
In me small manners.

*Mrs. H.* I say it shall be so.

*Sus.* Shall any servant  
Stand still, and see her mistress do her work?  
Pray, pardon me: I should condemn myself  
Beyond imagination, should I stand  
Idly and see the work done by your hand.

*Mrs. H.* I say I will.

*Sus.* My words dare not say nay;  
But my more forward action brooks no stay.

*Mrs. H.* Then, doubtless, he's betray'd.

*Sus.* Oh, me! what's here? why  
Here's one that's come to steal your hens, a thief  
Who'll fileh your poultry.

*Mrs. H.* 'Tis not so.

*Sus.* Shall I cry *thieves* aloud?

*Mrs. H.* For heav'n's sake, no!

[going

*Young FORREST leaps down.*

*Young For.* Betray then hapless Forrest. Once more I lie,  
Ordain'd for pity, or prepar'd to die.

What, none but women, and betray me? then  
I see your hearts are flintier far than men.

*Mrs. H.* Think not that I'll betray you, nor shall she,  
If she respect my love, or her own life.

*Sus.* Betray my brother! it shall ne'er be said  
I stopt his flight when he had means to 'scape.

*Young For.* Oh, fortune beyond hope! amaz'd I stand  
To see my life laid in my sister's hand.

*Sus.* Dear brother!

*Young For.* My sweet sister!

*Mrs. H.* A strange greeting!

And, 'twixt two hapless creatures, happy meeting!

*Young For.* What change hath brought you to this down-  
cast state?

*Sus.* Nay, what mishap hath ruined you?

*Mrs. H.* You both forget your dangers: Then leave off  
These passive fits, and study for the safety  
Of this distress'd gentleman, your brother,  
Now in the ruthless mercy of the law.

*Young For.* Sister, you've heard my fortunes.

*Sus.* With sad cheer,

Little surmising you had laid so near.

Dear mother, let us crave your farther assistance  
In furthering his escape.

*Mrs. H.* I am all your's.

*Young For.* My safety lies in sudden expedition:  
Debar me, I am dead.

*Mrs. H.* I have a brother

Lives at Gravesend—an owner and a merchant,  
And could we but convey you safe to him,  
He soon would ship you over into France.

*Young For.* All ways are laid, and hue and cry sent forth  
Thro' ev'ry hundred. How shall I reach thither  
Without discovery?

*Sus.* Here stands an empty trunk in the next room,  
Which should be sent by water to Gravesend  
To your brother. What, if we should lock  
Him fast in that?

*Mrs. H.* I like it well; but whom  
Shall we employ to bear it safe?

*Sus.* Give it my husband and your man in charge:  
They two will see it carefully deliver'd.

*Mrs. H.* By them I'll write unto him earnestly  
In your behalf, and doubt not of your usage.

*Young For.* The trunk, the trunk! oh, quickly, if you  
love me.

*Mrs. H.* Come, I'll to write.

*Sus.* I'll find those that shall bear it.

*Young For.* The plot is likely, but Heav'n knows I fear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Old HARDING'S House. Enter Old HARDING, JOHN, and  
WILLIAM.*

*Old Har.* Now, boys, no question but you think it long  
To have my estate made over to your use.

*John.* Oh, lord, sir!

*Old Har.* To have your eldest brother quite disabled  
Of any challenge of inheritance.

*Wil.* We think it not long, sir; but if you should use all  
expedition possible, I should say "Beshrew their hearts that  
would hinder it." We do not wish our brother disinherited;  
but if it be your pleasure, Heaven forbid that we, being your  
sons, should any way contradict it.

*John.* We should not show ourselves obedient sons, to per-



suade you to infringe your former vow: for, father, if you remember, you swore long since to do it. And Heaven forbid you should break your oath!

*Old Har.* Boys of mine own free spirit, mine own heart!  
And will you see him pine, beg, starve, nay, perish,  
Ere you will once relieve him?

*Wil.* If't be your will, we'll swear to do it.

*Old Har.* And tho' the beggar's brat, his wife, I mean,  
Should, for the want of lodging, sleep on stalls  
Or lodge in stocks or cages, would your charities  
Take her to better harbour.

*John.* Unless to Cold Harbour, where, of twenty chimnies  
standing, you shall scarce, in a whole winter, see two smoking.  
We harbour her? Bridewell shall first.

*Old Har.* Lads of my own condition, my own humour!  
Call me a Scriv'ner: Reach me pen and ink:  
I'll do't immediately.

*Wil.* Run for a scriv'ner, Jack.

*John.* Mean time, post thou for pen and ink.

*Enter Mrs. HARDING, meeting them.*

*Mrs. H.* Stay! no such haste.  
Sweet husband, there be fitter times than these  
Made choice for such affairs. There's no enforcement  
To make your will, being in such perfect health.  
Pray, if you love me, do not talk of death;  
Nor to your safety give such ill presage.  
Besides, this expedition in your sons  
Shows that they covet more your lands than life.  
Defer't then somewhat longer, for my sake.

*Old Har.* Then, for thy sake, I will. But, my kind boys,  
'Tis rather to soothe her, than your least wrong;  
I will delay a little, tho' not long.

*Wil.* It hath been long a doing: I would it were once done.  
If he should perk over the perch now, and all fall to our elder

brother, we have used him so doggedly, the least he can do is to thrust us out of doors by head and shoulders.

*John.* Let him alone now : we'll urge him to it at more convenient leisure.

*Old Har.* When heard you from your brother at Gravesend ? Or how falls out his voyage, can you tell ?

*Mrs. H.* I had a letter from him two days since, In which he writes me all his goods are shipt, His wares in hold well stow'd, and nothing wants Save a fair gale to bring him to the Straits.

*Old Har.* Heav'n make his voyage prosp'rous ; for thou know'st  
I have a venture of five hundred pound  
Enter'd with him : my fortune joins with his :  
If he succeed, it falls out well with me ;  
If not, I'm likely to impart his loss.

*Enter Old FORREST.*

*Old For.* You are well found, sir.

*Old Har.* Ay ? what art thou, fellow ?

*Old For.* You knew me in my pride and flourishing state,  
Have you forgot me now ? As I remember,  
We two were bred together, school-fellows,  
Boarded together in one Master's house,  
Both of one form and like degree at school.

*Old Har.* Oh, thy name's Forrest.

*Old For.* Then in those days, your father, Mr. Harding,  
Was a good honest farmer, tenant too  
Unto my father. All the wealth he purchas'd  
(Far be upbraiding from me !) came from us,  
As your first raiser ; and you call'd me then  
Your landlord and young master. Then was then.  
But now the course of Fortune's wheel is turned ;  
You climb'd, we fell ; and that inconstant Fate,  
That hurl'd us down, hath lift you where we sate.

*Old Har.* Well, we are lord of all those manors now,  
You then possess'd. Have we not bought them dearly?  
Are they not ours?

*Old For.* I no way can deny it. I rather come  
As a poor suitor to you, to entreat you,  
For Heaven's sake and charity's,  
To pity my lost daughter, your cast son.  
Sir, I in all had but three children left me,  
Crutches to bear up my penurious age;  
One of these three was butcher'd cruelly,  
His body piteously, alas! pierc'd thro'.  
Then had I but two left, my eldest son,  
And he's or dead, or fled to save his life;  
If he still live, I've wasted, sold, or spent  
Ev'n all that little that my fortunes left;  
And now I have but one, one only daughter,  
And her I am not able to relieve  
With aught save tears and pity. To these helps,  
Oh, lend your fair assistance! She is your's,  
As well as mine.

*Old Har.* All my part I disclaim,  
Both in my son and her. They crost my pleasure,  
And they shall taste the smart. I was derided.  
They that love me shall by my will be guided.

*Wil.* And that am I.

*John.* And I, too, father.

*Mrs. H.* Base parasites!

*Old Har.* You ever pleas'd me well;  
And you shall mount the height from which they fell.

*Enter PHILIP and SUSAN.*

*Old For.* See, see, alas! those that sev'n summers since  
Saw thy estate, and look upon thee now,  
Would at least pity, if not help thy wants.  
How happy was thy mother and my wife,

That slept her last sleep long before these sorrows  
Did take their birth !

*Sus.* Dear father, succour us.

Help to redeem us from this cruel man  
That thus insults upon our miseries.

*Old For.* Fair daughter, add not to my tedious woes.  
Thou bidd'st a blind man guide thee on thy way,  
And tak'st a broken staff to be thy stay.

*Phil.* Good sir, release us.

*Old For.* It must be then with tears,  
For other help I've none ; and they, Heav'n knows,  
Can little ease, but never help your woes.  
Sir, if your heart be not of adamant,  
Or some hard metal that's impenetrable,  
Pity your blood and mine. So soon grown deaf !  
Kind gentlemen ! speak to your ruthless father !  
Show yourselves brothers. Do you turn aside ?  
Fair mistress, what say you ? I see your eyes  
In all things with our passions sympathize,  
And you are doubtless sprung from gentle blood.  
Gentry and baseness in all ages jar ;  
And poverty and wealth are still at war.

*Old Har.* Thou grow'st too tedious. Prithee, friend, begone !

*Old For.* I hope you do not scorn me.

*Old Har.* The truth is,

I fain would have thee leave me.

*Old For.* 'Tis no disparagement unto your birth  
That you converse with me. If I mistake not,  
Sure, sure, I am as well born.

*Old Har.* And yet sure,

'Tis ten to one I shall be better buried.

*Old For.* I am as honest.

*Old Har.* Nay, there you are aground.  
I'm honest by twenty thousand pound.

*Old For.* Are all such honest, then, that riches have ?

*Old Har.* Yes, rich and good ; a poor man and a knave.  
 Away, about thy bus'ness : loiter not  
 About my gates. I shall compel thee else.  
 For thy request, my will is peremptory :  
 Thy softness makes me much more violent.  
 Whom thou the more commiserat'st, I contemn.  
 They're in my deepest hate. Wife, sons, let's go. [*Exeunt.*  
*Old For.* With eyes in tears sunk, heart circumvolv'd in woe.  
*Sus.* What shall we now do ?  
*Phil.* What, but endure the worst ?  
 When comfort's banish'd, welcome all extremes !  
 Yet I have sent my fellow, or my man,  
 To prove some friends to help to stock a farm.  
 I have not yet their answer ! 'Tis the last  
 Of all our hopes. That failing, we have run  
 Our latest course, outcast, and quite undone. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The Merchant's House.* Enter the MERCHANT, reading a letter,  
 and after him Young FORREST.

*Merch.* My sister writes how your occasions stand,  
 And how you are to use my secrecy  
 In a strange business that concerns your life.  
 She hath left nothing unremember'd here,  
 Or slightly urg'd, to make me provident  
 And careful of your safety. Gentle sir,  
 Tho' I'm a stranger to your fortunes,  
 Yet for her sake whose love I tender dearly,  
 I am all your's ; my house to entertain you ;  
 My purse to furnish you in any course ;  
 My ship, if you'll to sea, is at your service ;  
 Make choice in which of these, in all, or any,  
 You will employ my faithful industry.

*Young For.* Oh, sir, your unexpected courtesy

To a poor stranger challenges the name  
 Of brother to the kindest gentlewoman  
 That ever breath'd this air. You cannot chuse  
 But be of one strain, that such kindness use.  
 You bade me to make choice of all your favours.  
 My poverty and my necessity  
 Do both of them, in my extremes, conserve  
 To make me think the mean'st of any means,  
 That can unplunge me from this gulf of trouble,  
 To be much better than I can deserve,  
 To be much greater than I dare desire,  
 Being too poor to merit, too dejected  
 To aim at any hopes.

*Merch.* You wrong your worth.

You have desert sufficient, that she writes  
 In your behalf; and I commend her for it.  
 Methinks I see such honest parts in you,  
 That upon weaker urgency than these lines  
 I would build much affection on these gifts,  
 Which I see nature hath endow'd you with.  
 Indeed I flatter not. None flatter those  
 They do not mean to gain by. 'Tis the guise  
 Of sycophants, such great men to adore  
 By whom they mean to rise, disdain the poor.  
 My object is much otherwise intended;  
 I fain would lose by him whom I commended.

*Young For.* If ever thus my weak ability  
 Grow strong again, I will employ it solely  
 To shun the base sin of ingratitude  
 Tow'rds you and your fair sister.

*Merch.* Will you use me?

*Young For.* But what shall I return you in exchange  
 Of those great favours?

*Merch.* Come, your love, your love.

'Tis more than all I can attempt for you

Amounts unto. Pray let me know the most  
Of my employment.

*Young For.* Then will you but provide me a safe waftage  
Over to France, to Flanders, or to Spain,  
Or any foreign coast. I dare not trust  
My native country with my forfeit life.  
Sir, this is all I would entreat of you.

*Merch.* You're modest in your suit. The more you use  
me,  
The more I think you love me. Therefore  
This night I'll get you waftage o'er to France.  
Such sea-apparel as I use myself  
You shall accept part. Here's ten pounds in gold,  
And wheresoever you shall live hereafter,  
Pray let me once a year receive from you  
Some brief or note. I'll not return your love  
Idle or empty-handed.

*Young For.* My life's yours,  
And lesser satisfaction than my life  
Is much too little.

*Merch.* Much too much. No more,  
No more, I do entreat you. I am now  
Upon a voyage to the Straits myself,  
But 'twill be two days hence.

*Young For.* Heav'n be your guide !  
As I find you, so find friends in your need !  
Blushing, I run into your countless debt  
More sums of love than all my hoard can pay.  
But if these black adventures I survive,  
Ev'n till this mortal body be ingrav'd,  
You shall be lord of that which you have sav'd.

*Merch.* Only your love. Come, we'll provide this night  
For your safe waftage, and your secret flight.

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE IV.

*A street. Enter CLOWN, FOSTER, GOODWIN, and a Gentleman.*

*Fos.* Speak with us? Why, what's the business?

*Clown.* Nay, that's more than I can resolve you upon the sudden. It may be there's some great fortune fallen to him of late, and he would impart the benefit to you.

*Good.* Nay, then, let's go. Where shall we find him?

*Clown.* A word to the wise. It may be that he's in some monstrous extreme necessity, and would gladly borrow some money of you, or so.

*Good.* Ay, said'st thou so? now I remember me, I needs must home. I have some business. I'll see him at some other time.

*Clown.* Nay, but one word more.

*Fos.* We cannot stay now.

*Gent.* Nor I: a great occasion calls me hence.

*Clown.* Nay, then, I see you are apt to take a man at the worst still. If you knew what little need he hath to borrow: "Borrow?" quoth he, "a good jest." You know he and I, my fellow Phil and I, 'mongst other works that my master uses to put us to, we use to dig and delve: now, if we have found a pot of money, and would trust you with the laying of it out, why so!

*Fos.* How!

*Clown.* Marry, even so. You know his father is such a dogged old curmudgeon, he dares not for his ears acquaint him with it.

*Gent.* Prithee, go on.

*Clown.* 'Twere kindness in him to choose you out of all the friends he hath in the world to impart this benefit to, were't not? and say true.

*Gent.* Troth, he was always a kind, honest youth, and would it lay in me to pleasure him !

*Good.* In troth, or me ! he should command my purse and credit both.

*Fos.* Where might we speak with him ?

*Clown.* Hard by, sir, hard by. But stay, gentlemen, suppose there is no such matter as finding of money ; but what we missed in digging, to supply his present necessities, he hopes to find from you ! I promise you, I partly doubt such a matter.

*Fos.* How ! I forgot myself ; I needs must home.

*Good.* Troth, nor can I stay.

*Gent.* In sooth, nor I. (*going*).

*Enter PHILIP, meeting them.*

*Phil.* Gentlemen, whither so fast ? I sent to speak with you.

*Clown.* I can assure you, sir, they are better to speak withal, than to borrow money of. One word or two with you, my friends (by your leave, master). Gentlemen, I love you well ; and that you may know I love you, I would make bold to reveal a secret to you. My young master here, though you see him in these homely accoutrements, simple as you stand here, he has more to take to than I'll speak of. He might, ay, marry might he, he might go brave and shine in pearl and gold : he hath now in his instant possession a thousand pound thick.

*Fos.* A thousand pounds ?

*Clown.* Nay, old lads, he hath learnt his 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. And never cost him ten shillings.

*Good.* Five thousand pounds ?

*Clown.* You know where you hear it. Mum ! here's your tale and your talesman.

*Gent.* Good, good, proceed.

*Clown.* Now lift up your large ears and listen. To whom should he reveal all this wealth but to some friend ? and how

should he know a friend but by trying of him? and how should he try a friend but by troubling of him? and how should he trouble a friend but by borrowing money of him? Now, gentlemen, it may be at first, he'll make his case poor and pitiful to you.

*Fos.* Only to try us.

*Clown.* Only to try you: have you no brains? do you think we have need of money? has any of you occasion to use a hundred pound? need of money! as I said afore, so I say again, only to try you. He has done the like to four or five that I know. Now, because they would not pity his supposed poverty, he would not acquaint them with this infinite mass of wealth. You have wits, brains, apprehension. If he makes his case known to you, lay it on. If I said lay it on, lay it on. You are not every body. If I had not seen some sparks in you, you had not been the men. Lay it on!

*Fos.* Enough, enough; I understand thee fully;  
Kind Master Philip, will you use my aid  
In any fair employment?

*Good.* Sir, or mine?

*Gent.* Or mine?

*Phil.* Worthy friends! even one as all!

Freely to speak, as you are gentlemen,  
And I from childhood have protested love,  
As you are Christians, therefore to the poor,  
Such as I am, should be most charitable,  
Help with your plenty to relieve my wants.  
You know my labour, and have seen my need.  
Then take some pity of my poor estate,  
And help to ransom me from slavery,  
By lending me some money.

*Clown.* Did I not tell you so? lay it on.

*Fos.* Sir, you shall have a hundred pound of me.

*Good.* What need you use him, and myself so near?

*Gent.* Trouble not them, sir; you shall ha't of me.

*Clown.* Take it, master; take it all.

*Phil.* Oh, heav'ns ! where slept this friendship all this while ?  
 Who said that charity was fled to heaven,  
 And had no known abiding here on earth ?  
 See, these that know me disinherited,  
 And to have no means to supply my wants,  
 Strive who should most engage his purse and credit,  
 To one so much oppress'd with poverty !

*Clown.* Alas ! sir, you see their kindness.

(*To the rest.*) I told you how strange he would make it. Lay it on.

*Fos.* Pray, sir, accept my kindness.

*Good.* } Pray take mine.  
*Gent.* }

*Clown.* Pray, master, take their courtesies.

*Phil.* I'll use them all,  
 And only borrow twenty pounds a-piece  
 To stock a poor farm for my wife and me.  
 Some three score pounds will do it.

*Clown.* Now, now, lay it on.

*Gent.* Take it all of me.

*Good.* Why all of you, sir ? is not mine as ready ?

*Fos.* When one can do't, what need you trouble three ?  
 But for the thousand pound, sir ; do not think,  
 But you may trust me with the whole employment  
 Of all such monies, and never trouble these.

*Phil.* What thousand pound ?

*Good.* Tho' it be six thousand,  
 I durst be steward of so great a sun.

*Clown.* Why, master fellow Phil !

*Phil.* Do you mock me, gentlemen ?  
 My wealth amounts not to a thousand straws.

*Clown.* I told you he would make it strange. Lay it on.

*Fos.* Make not your wealth so dainty ; for we know  
 You have at least six thousand pound in bank.  
 You may impart it unto us your friends.

*Phil.* Who hath deluded you, derided me,  
And made a mockery of my poor estate?  
Now I protest I have not in the world  
More riches than these garments on my back.

*Good.* Impossible; why, here's my tale, and my talesman.

*Clown.* No, sir, you are deceiv'd. Here is your tale, and you yourself are your talesman; for you carry it about you. The truth is, gentlemen, that we have betwixt us both no more crosses than you see.

*Phil.* Only the late hope of those sixty pounds,  
Promis'd by you unurg'd and uncompell'd,  
May raise my ruin'd fortunes.

*Gent.* Will you disburse it all, that were so forward?

*Fos.* I have no money. Do it you for me.

*Good.* It is but one man's labour, do't yourself.  
If you have none, I have less. God be with you. One stays for me at home.

*Gent.* Nay, take me with you, sir.

*Phil.* Why, gentlemen! will you revolt your words?

*Fos.* I have no money.

*Phil.* But now you striv'd which man should lend me most.

*Fos.* But then we reckon'd, sir, without our host.

Then we suppos'd you rich, but being grown poor,  
I've made a foolish vow to lend no more. [Exit.

*Gent.* I have made the like. You know your father  
threatens

To disinherit you, and should we lend,  
You, being poor, should of our purses spend. [Exit.

*Phil.* Tho' I be poor, heav'n may enable me.

*Good.* Heav'n may do much. That's all the beggar's  
saying.

Let me hoard wealth. You seek for wealth by praying. [Exit.

*Phil.* The time may come ere long, so I divine,  
To punish those that at their power repine.

*Enter a PURSUIVANT, meeting the CLOWN.*

*Purs.* Whither away so fast, sirrah? In the Queen's name, I command you stay.

*Clown.* What are you that look so big?

*Purs.* A pursuivant.

*Clown.* If you be so pursy, can you lend us any money? I assure you, it was the last business we were about. Or else, tell me the reason why you stay my passage.

*Purs.* Sirrah, I have a Proclamation to publish, and because myself am something hoarse, and thou hast a large wide mouth, and a laudable voice, I charge thee, for the better understanding of the multitude, to speak after me, word by word.

*Clown.* If it be nothing else, do but advance me, and I'll speak high enough. Come now and teach me my new lesson.

*Purs.* "Whereas two famous Rovers on the Sea."

*Clown.* Whereas two famous Rogues upon the Sea.

*Purs.* "Purser and Clinton."

*Clown.* That lost their purses at the Clink.

*Purs.* "Long since proclaimed pirates."

*Clown.* Long since proclaimed spirits.

*Purs.* "Notwithstanding Her Majesty's commission."

*Clown.* Notwithstanding Her Majesty's condition.

*Purs.* "Still keep out."

*Clown.* And will not come in.

*Purs.* "And have of late spoiled a ship of Exeter."

*Clown.* And have of late spoiled all the sheep in the Exchequer.

*Purs.* "And thrown the chief merchant overboard."

*Clown.* And thrown the merchants' cheeses overboard.

*Purs.* "I, therefore, in Her Majesty's name."

*Clown.* I, therefore, in the name of Her Majesty.

*Purs.* "Proclaim to him or them."

*Clown.* Proclaim to them or him.



*Purs.* "That can bring in these pirates' ships or heads."

*Clown.* That can bring in these piecrusts or sheeps'-heads.

*Purs.* "A thousand pound sterling."

*Clown.* A thousand stares and starlings.

*Purs.* "If a banish'd man, his country."

*Clown.* If a man, he shall be banish'd his country.

*Purs.* "If a condemned man, liberty."

*Clown.* If a man at liberty, condemned.

*Purs.* "Besides her Majesty's especial favour."

*Clown.* Besides her Majesty's spectacles and favour.

*Purs.* "And so God save the Queen!"

*Clown.* And have you done now, sir?

*Purs.* I have. Farewell!

[*Exit.*

*Clown.* Farewell, Mr. Pursuivant: he hath so filled my head with proclamations.

[*Exit.*

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*On board of Ship.* *A great alarum, and shot.* Enter PURSER and CLINTON, with Mariners, bringing in the MERCHANT, bound prisoner, with others.

*Purs.* Now, valiant mates, you have maintain'd this fight  
With courage, and with wonted hardiment.  
The spoil of this rich ship we will divide  
In equal shares; and not the mean'st of any  
But by the custom of the sea may challenge,  
According to his place, rights in the spoil.  
Tho' outlaws, we keep laws amongst ourselves:  
Else we could have no certain government.

*Clin.* A gallant prize, and bravely purchas'd, too,  
With loss of blood on both sides. A sea-fight  
Was never better manag'd, nor exploited  
With more exchange of hostile opposition.  
We did not look for such a valiant spirit  
In any merchant's breast; nor did we think



A ship of such small burthen, so weak mann'd,  
Would have endur'd so hot and proud a fight.

*Merch.* Nor did I think the Providence of Heaven  
Would so have favour'd men of base condition,  
Such as profess wrong, piracy, and theft,  
Have spoil'd my men, and ransack'd every corner  
Of my surpris'd bark ; seiz'd all my substance,  
And shar'd amongst you my best merchandize ;  
And not alone undone me, and in me  
All that are mine, but in o'erwhelming us,  
Shook the estate of all my creditors.

*Purs.* What's that to us ? men of our known condition  
Must cast behind our backs all such respects.  
We left our consciences upon the land,  
When we began to rob upon the sea.

*Clin.* We know we're pirates, and profess to rob ;  
And would'st not have us freely use our trade ?  
If thou and thine be quite undone by us,  
We made by thee ; impute it to thy fortune,  
And not to any injury in us ;  
For he that's born to be a beggar, know,  
Howe'er he toils and trafficks, must die so.

*Merch.* If you must needs profess this thriving trade,  
Yet since the seas afford such choice of store,  
You might, methinks, have spar'd your countrymen.

*Purs.* Nay, since our country have proclaim'd us pirates,  
And cut us off from any claim on England,  
We'll be no longer now call'd Englishmen.

*Merch.* Clinton, I know thee, and have us'd thy skill,  
Ere now in a good vessel of my own,  
Before thou took'st this desp'rate course of life.  
Perhaps if now thou dost me a good office,  
Time may enable me to quit thy love.

*Clin.* Troth, I could wish we had light of any other ;  
But since thy fate hath cast thee upon us,

We must neglect no opportunity.  
 For they that intermit advantages,  
 Must know Occasion's head is bald behind.  
 My merry mates, come top your cans apace,  
 Pile up your chests with prizes to the lids,  
 And stuff the vast hold of our empty ship  
 With such rich wares as this our prize affords.  
 Supple your biscuits with such choice of wines,  
 As freely come, brought by th' auspicious winds,  
 T'unlade themselves and seek for stowage here ;  
 Since wine comes freely, let's make spare of beer.

*Purs.* Let cans of wine pass round in healths thro' all.  
 Such golden prizes come not ev'ry day ;  
 Nor can we always meet such choice of spoils.  
 First, bind the Merchant ; lay him fast in hold,  
 And, having seiz'd all his best merchandize,  
 Pierce with your ordnance thro' his ship's craz'd keel,  
 And sink her down into the deep abyss,  
 Whence not all the cranes in Europe or the world  
 Can weigh her out again.

*Clin.* Let it be so.  
 Lest she prove prize unto a second foe.  
*Merch.* Be't as my fate shall please. My loss I value  
 But as goods lent me, now to be paid back.  
 But that which most afflicts my sorrowful soul  
 Is that my friends have ventur'd largely with me,  
 Especially my sister, who I fear  
 Will brook that ill which I with patience bear.

*Purs.* Place him below the hatches as our prisoner ;  
 And now to part our purchase, bravely won,  
 Ev'n with the hazard of our dearest lives.

*Clin.* The danger past still makes the purchase sweet.  
 Come, first drink round, my merry mates ; that done,  
 Divide in peace what we by war have won.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*On board a privateer. Enter Young FOREST, like a Captain of a Ship, with Sailors and Mariners, entering with a flourish.*

*Young For.* Gentlemen, and my merry mates at sea !  
 Those special favours you have crown'd me with  
 Can never be deserv'd upon my part,  
 So weak is my ability and knowledge  
 In navigation and exploits at sea.  
 Yet since your loves so far exceed my worth,  
 That, of an unexperienc'd gentleman,  
 You have preferr'd me above many other  
 To be your captain and command your ship,  
 I hope to bear myself so even and upright  
 In this my charge, that it shall not repent you  
 Of the least honour to my grace decreed.

1. *Mar.* Our captain being lately slain in fight,  
 We by your valour scap'd our enemies,  
 And made their ship our prize. Since we first knew you,  
 All our attempts succeeded prosperously,  
 And Heav'n hath better blest us for your sake.

2. *Mar.* When first we took you to our fellowship,  
 We had a poor bark of some fifteen ton,  
 And that was all our riches. But since then  
 We have took many a rich prize from Spain,  
 And got a gallant vessel stoutly mann'd,  
 And well provided of ordnance and small shot,  
 Of men and ammunition, that we now  
 Dare cope with any carrack that does trade  
 For Spain.

*Young For.* We dare do anything that stands with justice,  
 Our country's honour and the reputation  
 Of our own names. But amongst all our spoils,  
 I wonder we have 'scap'd the valiant pirates,

That are so much renown'd upon the sea.  
 That were a conquest worth the hazarding.  
 Besides a thousand pounds' reward propos'd  
 To that advent'rer that can bring them in,  
 My peace and pardon, tho' a man condemn'd,  
 Is by the proclamation ratified.

1. *Mar.* The ocean scarce can bear their outrages,  
 They are so violent, confounding all,  
 And sparing none, not their own countrymen.  
 We could not do our country greater service,  
 Than, in their púrsuit, to engage our lives.

*Young For.* Ay, could we meet those Rovers on the Sea,  
 So famous for their piracies and thefts,  
 So fear'd of all that trade for merchandize,  
 So proud of their strong vessels, and stout ging,  
 That man her with their proud artillery,  
 That thunders wrack to every ship alike ;  
 Oh, with what ardour and inflam'd desire  
 Would we in the mid sea encounter them !  
 Climb to the main-top, boy. See what you ken there !

*Boy.* I shall, I shall, sir.

*Young For.* We seek for purchase, but we tak't from foes,  
 And such is held amongst us lawful spoil.  
 But such as are our friends and countrymen  
 We succour with the best supply we have  
 Of victuals or munition, being distrest.

*Boy. (above).* Ho there !

1. *Mar.* Eh, boy ?

*Boy.* A sail.

1. *Mar.* Whence is she ?

*Boy.* That I cannot ken. She appears to me out of our  
 hemisphere ; no bigger than a crow.

*Young For.* Descry her better.  
 Oh, that it were the desp'rate pirate's ship,  
 On that condition we might grapple straight,

And try our desp'rate fortunes on ev'n change !  
 But I that have been born to misery  
 Can never be so happy. Oh, my fate !  
 When shall I pass away this tedious night ?  
 Or when, my stars, will you burn out more bright ?

*Boy.* Boatswain, ho !

1. *Mar.* Whence comes thy ken ?

*Boy.* She makes from south to west.

2. *Mar.* How bears she ?

*Boy.* To the leeward.

*Young For.* Clap on more sail, and quickly fetch her up.  
 What colours bears her maintop ?

*Boy.* She's not so near in ken.

*Young For.* Discover her more amply. Now, my mates,  
 Prepare yourselves ; for it may be some prize.

You, master Gunner, load your ordnance well,

And look well to your cartridges and fire :

See that your gunner-room be clear and free,

Your matches bear good coals, your priming powder

Pounded, not dank. Next charge your murderers

For fear of boarding. Steersman, port the helm,

And bear up tow'rds them. Be they friends or foes,

We'll hail them, if Heav'n please. And, Master, you

Heed well your compass. Boatswain, with your whistle

Command the sailors to the upper deck,

To know their quarters, and to hear their charge.

*Boy.* Captain, ho !

*Young For.* The news ? Whence is her flag ?

*Boy.* She bears the cross of England and St. George.

*Young For.* Then she's a friend for England ; and St. George  
 Our gallant vessel in her main top bears,

And all our preparations needless then.

*Boy.* Arm, rather ; for I see them from afar

Make all provision for a present fight :

They've managed their hatches, hung their pendants out, dis-

play'd their ensigus, up with all their fights ; their matches in their cocks ; their smoking linstocks are likewise fired within their gunners' hands ; and hark ! they shoot already.

[*A shot heard.*

*Young For.* Come, descend.

The pirate ! Fortune, thou art then my friend !  
 Now, valiant friends and soldiers, man the deck,  
 Draw up your fights, and lace your drablers on ;  
 Whilst I myself make good the forecastle,  
 And ply my musket in the front of death.  
 Quarter yourselves in order, some abaft,  
 Some in the ship's waist, all in martial order.  
 Our spritsail, topsail, and topgallant sail,  
 Our mainsail, bolt-sprit, and our mizen too,  
 Are hung with waving pendants ; and the colours  
 Of England and St. George fly in the stern.  
 We fight against the foe we all desire.  
 Alarum, trumpets ! gunner, straight give fire !

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*On board the Pirate-vessel. Enter PURSER and CLINTON, with their Mariners, all furnished with sea-devices, fitting for a fight.*

*Clin.* Give them a full broadside. Oh, Mr. Gunner, your upper tier of ordnance shot over. You gave not one shot between wind and water, in all this skirmish.

*Gun.* Sir, you speak not well. I pierced them with my chace-piece through and through. Part of their capstring too I, with a piece abaft, shot overboard.

*Purs.* Oh ! 'twas a gallant shot ! I saw it shatter some of their limbs in pieces. Shall we grapple, and lay their ship aboard ? where be these irons to hook them fast ?

*Clin.* I fear they are too well manned ;  
 For see the gunner, ready to give fire



Unto their murderers, if we stay to board them.  
Shall we set sail and leave them ?

*Purs.* How can we, when our ship has sprung a leak !  
Being ready now to founder in the sea ?  
Some ply the pump. Oh, for one lucky bullet,  
To take their mainmast off ! He that can make it  
Shall have a treble share in this next prize.

*Gun.* I shall go near it from my lower tier.

*Clin.* Gunner, do that : 'tis all that we desire. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.

*On board the Privateer. Enter Young FOREST and his  
Mariners.*

1. *Mar.* Where is the gunner, captain ?

*Young For.* Where he should not be. At his pray'rs, I  
think.

Is this a time to pray, when the sea's mouth  
Seems to spit fire, and all the billows burn ?  
Come, hand with me, and we will board the pirates  
Instantly.

1. *Mar.* Hoist up more sails and fetch 'em roundly up,  
And with their gallant vessel grapple straight.

*Young For.* I spy the pirates in the very prow  
And forehead of their ship, both wafting us  
With their bright swords. Now, steersman, take thy turn ;  
And, boatswain, with your baser trumpet's sound  
Mingle your whistle's shrill. Oh, 'tis a music  
The mermaids love !

1. *Mar.* Who hates it, that's a soldier ?

2. *Mar.* Thy linstock, gunner ! take thy level right :  
The wind is our's to help us in the fight.

*Young For.* It blows a stiff gale. It makes all for us :  
Ev'ry commander once more to his charge !  
He that this day shall die, dies honorably :  
The cannon's basilisks and ordinance



Shall toll his fun'ral peal ; and some, now sound,  
 Shall die three deaths in one, shot, burnt, and drown'd.  
 Come, spare no powder till you see our ship,  
 Whose hard, tough ribs, hew'd from the heart of oak,  
 Now black with pitch, be painted blue with smoke. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*On board the Pirate ship. A great alarum and flourish. Enter Young FORREST and his mates, with PURSER and CLINTON, with their Mariners, prisoners.*

*Young For.* First, thanks to Heav'n for this great victory,  
 Bought with the fearful hazard of our lives,  
 And large expense of blood on either part.

*Purs.* We now are captives that made others thrall.  
 Thus ebbs may flow, and highest tides may fall.

*Clin.* The latest day must come to have his date :  
 Stars govern all, and none can change his fate.

*Young For.* Such pris'ners, as these pirates keep in hold,  
 Release them straight. The riches of their ship  
 We 'mongst you will divide in equal shares ;  
 To ev'ry man's desert, estate, and place.

*Purs.* Fortune, I put defiance in thy face !  
 Thy best we've tasted, and thy worst we know.  
 We can but pay what we to Nature owe.

*Enter the Merchant, brought in with other Prisoners.*

*Merch.* Surpris'd again ! whose pris'ner am I now ?  
 I'm Fortune's ball. Whither am I bandied ?  
 Having lost all before, is't possible  
 That I can now be made a second prize ?  
 I lost my wealth in my first hostile strife ;  
 And nothing now is left me save my life.

*Young For.* These pris'ners we will, at our further leisure,  
 Peruse, and know their fortunes and estates.

*Merch.* That captain I should know. That face of his  
 Is with mine eye familiar. Sure 'tis he  
 Whose life I, by my sister's means, preserv'd,  
 With money and apparel furnish'd him,  
 And got him place at sea ; and hath he now  
 Forgot me ? What, not know me ? The world right !  
 When rich we honour, being poor we spight.  
 Ne'er look so strange. I do not mean to claim  
 Acquaintance of such men as are ingrate.  
 All my good deeds, once done, I throw behind,  
 Whose meed in heav'n, not earth, I look to find.

*Young For.* That merchant I have known ; and now I better  
 Survey him, 'tis the man to whom I owe  
 All that I have, my fortunes, nay, my life.  
 What reason have you, sir, to fly me so ?  
 Since unto you, and to your brother's wife,  
 My hopes, my power, my whole estate is due,  
 From whom my means and all my fortunes grew.

*Merch.* Do you know me, then ?

*Young For.* Think you I can forget,  
 Or slightly cancel such a countless debt ?  
 Behold my ship, my conquest, and my prize,  
 These pris'ners, with my full command, is your's ;  
 Your's, only your's : they at your service rest.  
 Alas ! dear friend, how came you thus distress ?

*Merch.* These pirates robb'd me, and have seiz'd my goods,  
 With which they've stuff'd their hold. My brother's venture  
 With mine own substance they have made their spoil.

*Young For.* All which, behold, I re-deliver you,  
 And to the utmost farthing will restore.  
 Besides, I make you partner in our prize,  
 And herein am I only fortunate  
 To prove a grateful debtor.

*Merch.* Your gratitude exceeds all courtesy,  
 Both of my sister's party and my own.

*Young For.* It comes much short of either. Oh, dear sir,  
Should I forget your friendship, show'd in want,  
And done in my extremest poverty,  
It were a sin, of heav'n unpardonable.  
This pirate's ship, load with your merchandize,  
You shall straight man for England, where arriv'd,  
Commend me to the mirror of her sex,  
Your sister, in the humblest phrase you can,  
To whom deliver, as from me, this jewel,  
The best our voyage yields. Tell her, from me,  
That gentleman, whose innocent life she sav'd,  
Hath, by that token, her remembrance crav'd.  
To my brother and my sister, this small sum,  
To buy their service from their father's hand,  
And free them from his slavish servitude.

*Merch.* I shall do all you will; and thus o'ersway'd,  
Needs must report your debts are doubly paid.

*Young For.* Having my pardon purchas'd, and my pris'ners  
Deliver'd to the sentence of the law,  
My next affairs shall be to visit her.

*Purs.* Our case is otherwise. Our next affairs  
Is to betake us to our beads and prayers.

*Clin.* Be as be may, base Fortune I defy;  
We bravely liv'd; and I'll as boldly die.

*Young For.* Hoist sail for England, with our long-wish'd  
prize,  
Whilst we applaud that Fortune he defies. [*Exeunt.*

#### ACT V. SCENE I.

*Old HARDING'S House.* Enter *Old HARDING, Mrs. HARDING, FOSTER, GOODWIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, PHILIP, and SUSAN, the two last setting forth a table.*

*Old Har.* You are welcome, gentlemen. Come, take your  
places

As your degrees are. Wife, the chair is your's.  
My loving boys, sit. Let the servants wait.

*John.* Brother, that's you.

*Old Har.* This day I do entreat you, gentlemen,  
After the table's ended, to be witness  
Unto some deeds that must inherit these,  
And him that is my eldest quite disable ;  
To which I must entreat your friendly hands.

*Fos.* Mine is still at your service.

*Good.* So is mine, sir.

*Wil.* Oh, day long-look'd for !

*John.* Now shall we live like two young emperors. Oh,  
day worthy to be writ in the almanack in red letters, for a  
most famous holyday !

*Phil.* Well, jest on, gentlemen : when all is tried,  
I hope my patience will exceed your pride.

*Wil.* Wait at my elbow with a clean trencher, Phil. Do  
your duty, and have your due. You know your place. Be  
ready with a glass of beer, and when I say fill, fill.

*Enter the CLOWN.*

*Clown.* If please your worship, here is a manner or a kind  
of some fowl desires to have some conference with you.

*Old Har.* A sea-fowl !

*Clown.* Yes, a sea-gull. I mean a mariner. He says he  
hath some news to tell you from my mistress her brother at  
sea.

*Old Har.* Touching my venture. Prithee, guide him in.

*Clown.* He smells, as they say, of pitch and tar. If you  
will have him to perfume the room with his sea-musk, I'll  
shew him the way instantly.

*Old Hard.* I prithee do, and that with expedition.

*Mrs. H.* I did not look thus soon to hear from him.

*Old Hard.* I fear some strange mishap hath late befall'n  
him.

*Enter SAILOR and CLOWN.*

*Mrs. H.* Now, honest friend, the news! How fares my brother?

*Old Hard.* How doth my venture prosper?

*Sail.* Sir, your ship is taken, all your goods by pirates seiz'd,

Your brother pris'ner, and of all your venture  
There's not the value of one penny sav'd.

*Old Hard.* That news hath pierc'd my soul, and enter'd me  
Quite through my heart: I'm on the sudden sick,  
Sick of (I fear) a mortal malady. Oh, oh!

*John.* How is it with my father?

*Old Hard.* Worse and worse.

The news of such a great and weighty loss  
Kills all my vitals in me.

*Wil.* Father! for Heaven's sake, father, die not yet, before  
you have made over your land.

*John.* That were a jest, indeed! why, father, father!

*Old Hard.* Trouble me not. If I survive this night,  
You two shall be my heirs.

*Wil.* This night, if it be thy will.

*Mrs. H.* Alas! how fare you, sir?

*John.* Take courage, father.

*Old Hard.* Son, lead me hence, and bear me to my bed.  
My strength doth fail; I cannot help myself.

*Wil.* Run, run for the writings. They are ready drawn at  
the scrivener's. Bid him bring them quickly, with a vengeance.

*Old Hard.* Let them alone. My hand hath not the strength  
To guide my pen. Let them alone, I say.  
Support me to my bed; and, my kind neighbours,  
Assist me with your pray'rs; for, I divine,  
My soul this night shall amongst angels shine.

*John.* Marry, Heaven forbid! Can he find no time to

die but now? Come, let's in; and haunt his ghost about the writings.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Maient* GOODWIN and FOSTER.

*Fos.* 'Tis strange the bare report of such a loss  
Should strike a man so deeply to the heart!

*Good.* I oft have read the like. How some have died  
With sudden joy, some with exceeding grief.

*Fos.* If he should die intestate, all the land  
Falls to the elder brother; and the younger  
Have nothing, save mere from his courtesy.

*Good.* I know it, neither lands nor moveables.  
Come, let us hear what further news within.

*Enter the* CLOWN.

*Clown.* O, my master, my master! what shall I do for my  
poor master? the kind churl is departed! never did poor hard-  
hearted wretch pass out of the world so like a lamb! alas!  
for my poor, usuring, extortioning master! many an old  
widow hast thou turned into the street, and many an orphan  
made beg their bread! Oh, my sweet, cruel, kind, pitiless,  
loving, hard-hearted master! he's dead; he's dead; he's gone;  
he's fled; and now full low must lie his head! Oh, my sweet,  
vile, kind, flinty, mild, uncharitable master!

*Fos.* Dead on the sudden? 'tis exceeding strange!  
Yet for the eldest son it happens well.

*Good.* Ill for the younger brother.

*Enter* WILLIAM and JOHN.

*Wil.* Jack!

*John.* Will!

*Wil.* The land's gone.

*John.* Father's dead.

*Wil.* We have made a fair hand on't, have we not? who  
shall fill the glass now? and wait upon our trenchers?



*John.* Nay, who must go to plough, and make clean the hen-roost, rub horse-heels, lead the wains, remove the billets, cleanse the shoes; and, indeed, who must do all the drudgery about the house?

*Wil.* Could he find no time to die but now? I could even cry for anger. Here they come!

*Enter PHILIP and SUSAN, well habited, the former with bags of money, Mrs. HARDING, and others.*

*Phil.* My father's dead.

*Mrs. H.* Alas! for my dear husband!

*Phil.* Comfort yourself; altho' he die intestate, It shall not hurt you. We have found you kind, And shall be now as willing to requite you, As able. How now, brothers! do you weep? And bear a part with us in heaviness?

No, no; your griefs and ours are contrary. I grieve I've lost a father; she a husband! This doth not move you: you lamenting stand, Not for a father's loss, but loss of land. Do you remember with what rude despatch, What base contempt, and slavish contumely, You have despis'd me and my dear-lov'd wife?

*John.* We partly remember it.

*Phil.* So do not I.

I have forgot it quite. In sign whereof, Though had you got my lands, Heav'n knows how ill You would have dealt with me, thus I'll use you. Receive your patrimony. *[gives them the bags.]*

*Clown.* No more fellow Phil now; but here receive your proportions!

*Phil.* Your diet if you please is at my table, Or where you please, if you refuse my kindness.

*Wil.* Kindness unlook'd for! thanks, gentle brother.

*John.* Why, this gold will never be spent.



*Clown.* Oh, it is an easy thing to bring this mountain to a mole-hill.

*John.* This is more of your courtesy, than our deserving. To trouble your table, being so many ordinaries in town, were somewhat superfluous.

*Phil.* Spend but in compass. Rioting eschew.  
Waste not, but seek t<sup>i</sup>ncrease, your patrimony.  
Beware of dice and women. Company  
With men of best desert and quality.  
Lay but these words into your hearts enroll'd ;  
You'll find them better than these bags of gold.

*Wil.* Thanks for your coin and counsel. Come, Jack, this shall be lavished among the suburbs. Here's drink-money, dice-money, and drab-money. Here's money by the back, and money by the belly. Here's that shall make us merry in claret, muskadine, and sherry. Farewell, brother !

*John.* My most bounteous brother.

[*Exeunt.*

*Clown.* Farewell, young masters.

*Phil.* (to GOOD. and FOS.) And now my vile friends, such as fawn on plenty !

And cannot bear the very name of want !

*Clown.* We have found the mine now.

*Phil.* You that disabled once the power of Heaven,  
And scorn'd my state, unable to be rais'd !

*Clown.* You see, here's your tale and your talesman.

*Phil.* Take heed, lest here, for your unthankfulness,  
That which once rais'd do not remove your estates.  
God be with you ! henceforth, howe'er you speed,  
Trust not in riches, and despise not need.

*Clown.* One threescore pound will do it.

[*Exeunt* GOODWIN and FOSTER.

*Phil.* Mother, the thirds of all my father's lands  
Are your's, with whatsoever you like else.  
And now, sweet Sue ! it glads me I shall make thee

Partner of all this plenty, that bor'st part  
With me in all extreme necessities.

*Sus.* You're all my wealth ; nor can I taste of want,  
Whilst I keep you. O, would these fortunes raise  
My downcast father, or repeal my brother,  
My banish'd brother, to his native home,  
I were in all my thoughts at peace with Heaven !

*Phil.* All that I have is their's. My only sorrow,  
Next to my father, is in part for them,  
And next for your dear brother (*to Mrs. HARDING*) ta'en at  
sea,

Whose loss, if he survive, we will repair,  
Ev'n with the best of our ability.  
But come unto our father's burial first,  
Whom, tho' his life brought sorrow, death content,  
We cannot but with fun'ral tears lament.

*Clown.* And now no fellows, unless it be at foot-ball.

[*Exeunt* PHIL., SUSAN, and CLOWN.

*Mrs. H.* Heaven, being just, could not deal longer roughly  
With one so virtuous and completely honest.  
He merits all he hath. But to my state :  
I am at once doubly unfortunate :  
I have lost a husband and a brother, too.

*Enter* MERCHANT.

*Merch.* A husband, sister, but no brother. Lo !  
That brother lives.

*Mrs. H.* And can it, heaven, be so ?

*Merch.* You are the cause I live.

*Mrs. H.* I, brother ? how ?

Tidings were brought into this place but now  
Your ship was spoil'd—you pris'ner.

*Merch.* And 'twas true :

Yet, all these losses I regain'd by you.

*Mrs. H.* By me ?

*Merch.* By you. And, sister, thus it was :  
 You sav'd the life of a young gentleman,  
 Whom for your sake I furnish'd out to sea.  
 He, when my ship was taken, I surpris'd,  
 And bound, and cast in hold, restor'd my fortunes,  
 And, besides, all my merchandize restored,  
 Wherein you bare chief venture, made me sharer  
 Of the rich pirates' prize.

*Mrs. H.* That gentleman ?

*Merch.* The self same, in whose life, you  
 Did save yourself some thousand pounds, I have.  
 As further token of his gratitude,  
 In this choice jewel he commends to you  
 Millions of gratulations and kind thanks,  
 Besides unto his sister store of gold,  
 To redeem her wretched husband and herself  
 From my deceas'd brother's slavery,  
 Which now I see pale death hath done for them.

*Mrs. H.* You speak of unexpected novelties,  
 With which we will acquaint their sorrowful souls.  
 These tokens will be joyful to them both,  
 And tidings of his safety welcomer  
 Than that great sum by him regain'd at sea.

*Merch.* We do them wrong to keep news of such joy  
 So long from them, which we'll no longer smother.  
 Two thousand pounds I bring you, and a brother. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Near Execution Dock. Enter the Sheriffs; the Marshal of the Admiralty, with the Silver Oar; PURSER and CLINTON, going to execution.*

*Purs.* Now, how is it with thee, Clinton ?

*Clin.* Well, well.

*Purs.* But was't not better when we reign'd as lords,

Nay, kings, at sea? the ocean was our realm;  
 And the light billows in the which we sail'd  
 Our hundreds, nay, our shires, and provinces,  
 That brought us annual profit. Those were days.

*Clin.* Yes, golden days; but now our last night's come,  
 And we must sleep in darkness.

*Purs.* Worthy mate,  
 We have a flash left of some half-hour long,  
 That let us burn out bravely; not behind us  
 Leave a black, noisome snuff of cowardice  
 In the nostrils of our noble countrymen.  
 Let's die no base example.

*Clin.* Thinks Tom Watton,  
 Whom storms could never move nor tempests daunt,  
 Rocks terrify, nor swallowing gulphs affright,  
 To whom the base abyss in roughest rage  
 Shew'd like a pleasant garden in a calm,  
 And the sea-monsters but like beasts at land  
 Of profit or pleasure, Clinton can be affrighted  
 With a halter? Hemp him strangle that thinks of him  
 So basely!

*Purs.* In that word thou hast put a second sentence  
 Of our lives. Yet, Clinton, never wast my thoughts of  
 thee.

Oh, the naval triumphs thou and I have seen,  
 Nay, ourselves made, when on the seas at once  
 Have been as many bonfires, as in towns  
 Kindled upon a night of jubilee;  
 As many ordnance thund'ring in the clouds  
 As at kings' coronations; and dead bodies  
 Heav'd from the hatches, and cast overboard,  
 As fast and thick as in some common pest,  
 When the plague sweeps cities.

*Clin.* That it had swept us then, too! So the seas  
 Had been to us a glorious monument,

Where now the fates have cast us on the shelf,  
To hang 'twixt air and water.

*Sher.* Gentlemen,

Your limited hour draws nigh.

*Purs.* Ay, that's the plague we spoke of; yet no greater  
Than some before have tasted; and hereafter  
Many be bound to suffer; and if Purser  
(As dying men do seldom deem amiss)

Presage not wrong, how many gallant spirits,  
Equal with us in fame, shall this gulph swallow,  
And make this silver oar to blush in blood!

How many captains that have aw'd the seas,  
Shall fall on this unfortunate piece of land!

Some that commanded islands; some to whom  
The Indian mines paid tribute, the Turk vail'd!

But when we that have quak'd, nay, troubled floods,  
And made armadoes fly before our stream,

Shall founder thus, be split and lost,

Then be it no impeachment to their fame,

Since Purser and bold Clinton did the same!

*Clin.* What, is our ship well tackled? We may launch  
Upon this desp'rate voyage?

*Hang.* Corded bravely.

*Purs.* Call up the boatswain! Soundly lash the slave  
With a rope's end. Have him unto the chest,  
Or duck him at the main-yard.

*Hang.* Have me to the chest? I must first have you to the  
gallows. And for ducking, I am afraid I shall see you ducked  
and draked too.

*Purs.* Oh, you brave navigators, that have seen,  
Or ever had yourselves, command aboard,  
That knew our empire there, and our fall now,  
Pity at least us that are made the scorn  
Of a base common hangman!

*Sher.* Thou dost ill to offend them at their deaths.

*Hang.* I have, and long to make an end of them.

*Purs.* Hadst thou but two months since wrinkled a brow,  
Look'd but askew, much less unloos'd thy lips  
To speak—Speak, said I? nay, but lodg'd a thought  
Or murmur of the least affront to us,  
Thee, basest of all worms'-meat, I had made  
Unwholesome food for haddocks! But I ha' done.

*Clin.* Enough, Tom Watton, with these sheets, not sails,  
A stiff gale blows to split us on yon rock.

*Purs.* And set sail from the fatal Marshal seas, and Wapping is our harbour, a quicksand that shall swallow many a brave marine-soldier, of whose valour, experience, skill, and naval discipline, (being lost) I wish this land may never have need! But what star must we sail by? or what compass?

*Hang.* I know not the star: but here's your compass.

(*showing the rope.*)

*Purs.* Yes, that way points the needle. That way we steer a sad course, plague of the pilot! Hear you, Mr. Sheriff! you see we wear good clothes: they are paid for and our own. Then give us leave our own amongst our friends to distribute. There's sir, for you. (*gives coat and hat to his followers.*)

*Clin.* And you. (*docs the like.*)

*Purs.* The workman that made them took never measure on a hangman's back. Wear them for our sakes, and remember us. There's some content for him, too.

(*Gives money to the Hangman.*)

*Hang.* Thank your worships.

*Clin.* I would your knaveship had our worships' place,  
If hanging now be held so worshipful.

*Purs.* But now our sun is setting: night comes on.  
The wat'ry wilderness o'er which we reigned  
Proves in our ruins peaceful. Merchants trade  
Fearless abroad as in the river's mouth,



And free as in a harbour. Then, fair Thames,  
 Queen of fresh water, famous thro' the world,  
 And not the least thro' us, whose double tides  
 Must overflow our bodies ; and, being dead,  
 May thy clear waves our scandals wash away,  
 But keep our valours living ! Now, lead on.—  
 Clinton ! thus, arm in arm, let's march to death ;  
 And, wheresoe'er our names are memoriz'd,  
 The world report two valiant pirates fell,  
 Shot betwixt wind and water. So farewell !

[*Exeunt in procession.*]

SCENE III.

*Old HARDING'S House. Enter Old FORREST and Young FORREST.*

*Old For.* A father's blessing, more than all thy honours,  
 Crown thee, and make thy fortunes growing still !  
 Oh, heav'ns ! I shall be too importunate  
 To ask more earthly favours at your hands,  
 Now that you, after all these miseries,  
 Have still reserv'd my son safe and unscorn'd.  
 Besides thy pardon and thy country's freedom,  
 What favours hath her Grace conferr'd on thee ?

*Young For.* More than my pardon and the meed propos'd,  
 To grace the rest, she styl'd me with the Order  
 Of Knighthood ; and, for the service of my country,  
 With promise of employments of more weight.  
 The pirates were committed to the Marshalsea,  
 Condemn'd already, and this day to die.  
 And now, as part of my neglected duty,  
 It rests I visit that fair gentlewoman  
 To whom I stand indebted for my life.  
 That necessary duty once perform'd,



Out of my present fortunes, to distribute  
Some present comfort to my sister's wants.

*Old For.* A grateful friend thou art, a kind, dear brother,  
And a most loving son.

*Enter Mrs. HARDING, PHILIP, SUSAN, and Merchant.*

*Phil.* Sir, more than all these fortunes now befall'n me,  
A fate midst all disaster unexpected,  
My noble brother's late success at sea  
Hath fill'd me with a surplusage of joy.  
Nor am I least of all endear'd to you,  
To be the first reporter.

*Merch.* 'Tis most true ;  
And I the man that in the most distress  
Had first share of his bounty.

*Mrs. H.* Of his goodness  
We have had sufficient taste already ;  
But to be made more happy in his sight  
Would plenally rejoice us.

*Sus.* It would prove  
Like surfeit after sweetmeats.

*Young For.* See all my friends ; but first let me salute  
Her to whom I am most bound.

*Sus.* My most dear father !

*Old For.* My blessing, meeting with a husband's love,  
Make thy years long and happy !

*Mrs. H. (to Young FOR.)* You are most grateful,  
And much beyond my merit.

*Sus.* O, spare me, sir !  
To fly into his arms that hath so long  
Fled from me !

*Young For.* My sweet sister !

*Phil.* Bar me not all the blest fruition  
Of what in part you've tasted. Sir, I am one  
Amongst the rest that love you.

*Young For.* I take't, my sister's husband! unto me  
Therefore one most intir'd.

*Merch.* Sir, the same;  
And I, tho' last in my acknowledgment,  
Yet first in due arrearage.

*Young For.* You I know  
To be a worthy merchant, and my friend,  
To whose, next to your sister's, courtesy  
I stand engag'd most for a forfeit life.  
But him, next to the Pow'rs divine above,  
I ever must adore. And now, fair creature,  
I dare more boldly look upon the face  
Of your good man than when I saw you last.

*Merch.* And that's some question.

*Young For.* Wherefore hath that word  
Struck you with sudden sadness?

*Mrs. H.* My husband!

*Phil.* He's late dead, and yet hath left her  
None of the poorest widows.

*Young For.* Dead, did you say?  
And I a bachelor? now on whom better  
Or justlier can I confer myself  
Than to be her's by whom I have my being,  
And live to her that freely gave me life?  
There is a providence that prompts me to't,  
And I will give it motion. Gentle lady,  
By you I am, and what I am by you  
Be then to me, as I have styl'd you last,  
A Lady! Heav'ns have made you my preserver,  
To preserve me for yourself; losing a husband,  
Who knows but you have sav'd me to that end,  
That lost name to recover? and by me  
Sweet interchange and double gratitude?  
I left you sped, but find you now despoil'd.

Married, you ventur'd for my single life,  
Widow'd, by me to gain the name of wife.

*Merch.* What, pause at the motion? You are not  
My sister, if you deny him.

*Phil.* Let me plead for him.

*Sus.* O, doubly link me to you! be you styl'd  
My brother and my father.

*Old For.* With you let my age join, and make me proud  
To say that, in my last of days, barren of issue,  
I have got so fair a daughter.

*Young For.* Sweet, your answer?

*Mrs. H.* Sir, I should much mistake my own fair ends,  
Should I alone withstand so many friends.  
I am your's, and only so.

*Young For.* I your's the same;  
And, Lady, now I kiss you by that name.

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Clown.* What, kissing already! then I smell another wedding  
towards; and in no fitter time than now. Prepare yourselves,  
gentlemen and gentlewomen. Make a hall! for I come to  
present you with a mask.

*Phil.* What mask?

*Clown.* Not such as ladies wear upon their faces, to keep the  
foul from the fair; but a plain mask, or rather more properly  
I may call it a mumming, because the presenters have scarce  
a word to speak for themselves.

*Phil.* If there be any that appear as friends,  
And come to grace our feast in courtesy,  
Admit 'em, prithee.

*Clown.* That shall I, sir, and with all expedition,  
And that without drum, without fife, or musician.

*Enter WILLIAM, JOHN, GOODWIN, and FOSTER.*

These two lines shall serve for the prologue. Now enter,

*Scena prima—Dramatis personæ.* These be the actors. Yet let me entreat you not to condemn them before you hear them speak.

*Phil.* Amazement startles me. Are these my brothers?

*Clown.* By the father's side, it should seem; for you know he was a hard man; and, it should seem, 'tis but a hard world with them.

*Phil.* And these my false friends, that distrusted Heaven, And put their faith in riches? I pray, gentlemen, How comes this change?

*John.* How comes this change, say you? no change of pastures, which they say makes fat calves, but change of drink, change of women, change of ordinaries, change of gaming, and one wench in the Change—all these help'd to make this change in us.

*Wil.* And change is no robbery. I have been robbed, but not at ruff; yet they that have robbed, you see, what a poor stock they have left me. A whore stole away my maidenhead; ill company my good conditions; a broker robbed me of my apparel; drink of my wits; and dice of my money.

*Phil.* This is no more than expectation. But how come *you* thus alter'd?

(*To GOODWIN and FOSTER.*)

*Clown.* If you had said halter'd, sir, you had gone more roundly to the business.

*Fos.* Sir, there was coining laid to my charge, for which (tho' I acquit myself) I made my estate over unto a friend, (for so I thought him) but now he has cozen'd me, and turned me out of all.

*Good.* In dead of night my counting-house was broke ope by thieves, and all my coin (which was my whole estate and the god I then did trust in) stole away; I left a forlorn beggar.

*Phil.* Oh, wond'rous! why, this passes!

*Clown.* It may pass among the rest for a scurvy jest; but never like Mother Pass's ale; for that was knighted.

*Merch.* Ale knighted? how, I prithee?

*Clown.* You have heard of ale-knights: therefore it is not improbable that ale may be knighted.

*Merch.* Thy reason.

*Clown.* Why, there is ale in the town that passes from man to man, from lip to lip, and from nose to nose. But Mother Pass's double ale, I assure you, sir, sir-passes; therefore knighted.

*Phil.* Leave trifling; for more serious is the object Offer'd before our eyes. In these, Heav'n's justice; In these a most remarkable precedent To teach within our height to know ourselves! Of which I make this use. You are my brothers, (A name you once disdain'd to call me by) Your wants shall be reliev'd. You that distrusted Heav'n's providence, and made a mock of want And other's misery, no more deride! Part of your loss shall be by me supplied, According to my power.

*Young For.* My noble brother!  
 You teach us virtue; of which I could wish  
 All those that see good days make happy use.  
 So those distress'd; for both there's precedent.  
 But to our present nuptials. Reverend father!  
 Dear lady! Sister! Friend! Nay, Brothers too!  
 But you, sir, (to PHILIP) most conjoin'd and endear'd!  
 In us, the world may see our fates well scann'd:  
 Fortune in me by Sea, in you, by Land. [Exeunt omnes.

## N O T E S.

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Page 6, line 17. Nor wound, to ask your pardon.] *Id est*, Nor if you should be wounded.

Page 7, line 30, and presumes he will not fail.] This should be "And I presume."

Page 18, line 14. Betwixt us play the sticklers.] The sticklers were the moderators of a combat, Mr. Steevens thinks from their carrying sticks, but Mr. Nares from the verb to *stickle*, to *arbitrate*. The expression, "with his shop-club," in this passage, seems to favour the former interpretation. Many examples might be found, but we always prefer one from Shakespeare:—

"The dragon-wing of Night o'erspreads the earth,  
And, *stickler-like*, the armies separates."

*Troilus and Cressida*, act v., sc. 9.

Page 19, line 8. Our *gentry* baffled.] For gentility.

Page 20, line 3. Fail the place, or suit your weapon's length.] I cannot understand this. Young Forrest must mean that he will not fail, either to meet Rainsford at the place, or to suit his weapon's length.

Page 21, line 24. Something hath some savour.] This is the half of an old proverb. The whole of it is in Swift's Polite Conversation:—"Something has some savour, but nothing has no flavour."

Page 21, line 34, the four bare legs that belong to a bed.] In Swift's Polite Conversation, we have: "Consider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother."

Page 26, line 12. I'll go teach you *hayt* and *ree*.] "In the eastern counties, according to Forby and Moore, the ejaculation *Hait-wo!* or *Height!* is now used only to turn a cart-horse to the left; and *Ree!* is given by the latter as a command, which causes a movement to the right.

In Yorkshire, for *gee-oo*, the carters say *hite* and *ree*. *Height nor ree*, neither go nor drive, spoken of a wilful person."—*Way's Promptorium*, in v. *Hayht*.

The earliest Latin Dictionary makes the best old English glossary.

In Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, is another account of *hay-ree*—

"*Harvest*. Hay, God's plenty, which was so sweet and so good, that when I jerted my whip, and said to my horses but *hay*, they would go as they were mad.

"*Summer*. But *hay* alone thou say'st not, but *hay* and *ree*.

"*Harvest*. I sing *hay-ree*, that is, hay and rye, meaning that they shall have *hay* and *rye*, their belly-fulls, if they will draw hard."

In the old Enterlude of "John Bon and Mast Person" we see the words in action:—

"With *haight*, black Hab!

Have again, Bald, before, *hayht*, *ree*, *whco*!

Cheerly, boy: come off, that homeward we may go."

Page 30, line 29. And hand to hand? In single opposition.] "In single opposition, hand to hand," is a line from Shakespeare's I Henry IV., act i., scene 3. Heywood was fond of quoting the great master; and Rowley has the same line in Webster's and his *Thracian Wonder*, act v., scene 2.

Page 31, line 25. Of *some* that swiftly ran towards your fields.] We have here an answer to the Rev. A. Dyce's question, in his Remarks on Mr. Collier's Shakespeare: "Could Mr. Collier, in any English writer, point out an example of the expression *some of worth* being employed for *some person*? He certainly could not. 'Some of worth' (in Pericles, act v., sc. 1) cannot possibly mean 'some *single person* of worth:' it can have no other meaning than 'some *persons* of worth.'" And see Sylvester's Du Bartas, *Judith*, book 6. Let us all learn diffidence in our comments upon each other, even though we may be as well-read as Mr. Dyce! Quis est tam lynceus, qui in tantis tenebris nihil offendat?

Page 38, line 1. All ways are laid.] So in II. Henry IV., act iv., scene 10.

"*Jack Cade*. These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is *laid* for me."



Page 39, line 12. Unless to Cold Harbour.] Stow mentions a great house called Cold Harbrough; and says, "Touching this Cold Harbrough, I find that, in the 13th of Edward II., Sir John Abel, knight, demised or let unto Henry Snow, draper, all that his capital messuage called the Cold Harbrough, in the Parish of All Saints, *ad fœnum*." He then traces it into the hands of Sir John Poultney, in the reign of Edward III., who being four times mayor, the said house took the name of Poultney's Inn. He conveyed it to Humfrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex. In 1397, John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, was lodged there, and Richard II., his brother, dined with him. It was then counted a right fair and stately house; but in the next year following, Edmund Earl of Cambridge was there lodged, notwithstanding the said house still retained the name of Poultney's Inn in the reign of Henry VI. It belonged since to H. Holland, Duke of Excester, and he was lodged there in 1472. In 1485, Richard III., by his letters patent, granted and gave to John Urith, alias Garter, principal king of arms of Englishmen, and to the rest of the king's heralds and pursuivants of arms, all that messuage, with the appurtenances called Cold Harbrough, in the parish of All Saints the Little, in London, and their successors for ever, without fine or fee. How the said heralds departed therewith Stow had not read; but in the reign of Henry VIII. the Bishop of Durham's house, near Charing Cross, being taken into the king's hand, Cuthbert Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, was lodged in this Cold Harbrough, since the which time it hath belonged to the Earls of Shrewsbury, by composition (as is supposed) from the said Cuthbert Tunstal. "The last deceased earl" (concludes Stow) "took it down, and in place thereof built a great number of small tenements, now letten out for great rents to people of all sorts."

"Coal Harbour" is several times alluded to in Middleton's play of *A Trick to catch the Old one*, as a sort of sanctuary from arrest, and place where irregular marriages were performed; and I believe there is now in Upper Thames Street a place called Cold-harbour Lane. But when our worthy Treasurer shall publish his Murray's Hand-book for London, we shall know all about these things.

Page 42, line 21. Gentry and baseness in all ages jar;  
And poverty and wealth are still at war.]

“ —But, sir, you know,  
That these two parties still divide the world—  
Of those that want, and those that have : and still  
The same old sore breaks out from age to age,  
With much the same result.”

A. TENNYSON.

Page 50, line 19. Will you *revolt* your words.] The original reads *revault*. *Revoke* would be better. But I have met with *revolt* as an active verb in old books.

Page 50, line 35. That at their power repine.] Quære, at the heavens' power?

Page 56, line 15. So proud of their strong vessels and stout *ging*.] An old variation of *gang*. So in the *Merry Wives*, act iv., scene 2:—  
“There's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me.”

Page 57, line 20. Next charge your murderers.] The small cannon placed in the forecassle of a ship of war were formerly called *murderers*.

“She has a murderer lies in her prow,  
I am afraid will fright his mainmast.”

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's  
Fortune*, act v., scene 3.

And see *Hamlet*, act iv., scene v.

Page 58, line 8. Draw up your fights and lace your drablers on.] *Fights* were gratings. I know not what *drablers* were : perhaps boarding-nettings; for they are both united by Dryden, in his tragedy of *Amboyna* :

“Up with your fights,  
And your nettings prepare.”

See *Merry Wives*, act ii., sc. 2., var. edd.

Page 58, line 27. Capstring.] Quære, capstan?

Page 59, line 23. Both wafting us.] Both of them waving to us.

Page 61, line 6. The world right!] So in Middleton's *Trick to Catch the Old one*, act i., scene 1 : “'Tis right the world,” for “It is exactly the way of the world.”

Page 69, line 4. I surpris'd.] Id est, when I was surpris'd.

Page 70, line 13. Tom Watton.] This seems to be an *alias* for Purser.

Page 71, line 17. And made armadoes fly before our *stream*.] For streamer?

Page 71, line 25. Have him unto the chest.] Quære, the arm-chest, which is always fixed abaft.

Page 72, line 3. Much *less* unloos'd thy lips.] A common mistake for "much *more*."

Page 72, line 8. With these sheets.] *Id est*, with these ropes.

Page 72, line 16. But here's your compass.] So in Rowley's *New Wonder; a Woman never Vext*. "If you should see me in a scarlet gown, within the compass of a gold chain, then I hope you'll say that I do keep myself in good compass."—Act i., scene 1.

Page 76, line 25. I may call it a *mumming*.] Hence the word *mum*, silence.

Page 77, line 14. And one wench in the Change.] An allusion to Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, which shows that there was such a well-known beauty.

Page 77, line 17. But not at *ruff*.] See Singer's *History of Playing Cards*, p. 261, and the notes to the Percy Society's Reprint of *Kind Hart's Dream*, p. 83.

THE END.

FREDERICK SHOBERL, JUNIOR,  
 PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,  
 51, ROBERT STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.



THE  
FIRST AND SECOND PARTS  
OF  
THE FAIR MAID OF THE WEST;  
OR,  
A GIRL WORTH GOLD.

TWO COMEDIES  
BY  
THOMAS HEYWOOD.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY  
J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.



LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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Under the editorial care of the late Mr. Barron Field, the Shakespeare Society has already reprinted four plays, in the composition of three of which Thomas Heywood alone was concerned, while in the fourth he had the assistance of his contemporary, William Rowley. These reprints came out respectively in 1842 and 1846; and in 1847 the Council had the misfortune to lose an able and willing associate, and the Editor of the present volume an early and zealous friend.

In conformity with the declared intention of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, it was the wish of Mr. Field to have continued his labours through the other dramatic works of Thomas Heywood; but death having rendered it necessary that the task should devolve into other hands, the present Editor has been called upon to complete what was left imperfect. It will now, therefore, be his duty from time to time, as the funds and more immediate purposes of the Society will allow, to prepare the remaining plays of this fine old dramatist for republication.



With this design, the two parts of "The Fair Maid of the West," constituting distinct plays, have been put to press; and in performing his duty, as regards them, the Editor has in general followed the system pursued by Mr. Field: he has done so, both for the sake of consistency, and because it appeared to him that it was not, in its principal features, capable of much improvement. Like Mr. Field, he has avoided the inconvenience of foot-notes, which usually distract attention from the progress of the plot and from the poetry of the scene, and he has added such explanations of passages or words, as seemed requisite, at the end of each play: thus, should any difficulty occur to the reader as he proceeds, he has nothing to do but to refer to the page and line in the notes, to have it removed, as far as the knowledge of the Editor extended. In one minor particular he has, he hopes, improved upon the ordinary plan; for he has thought it at all times advisable to put his information in the shortest compass. He has thus excluded many quotations where one would answer the purpose, deeming it a useless consumption of space to multiply authorities, when a single apposite passage would answer the purpose. In cases of appeal to well known works, all that is really wanted is a clear and accurate reference.

He may be allowed, perhaps, to say, after some experience, that it seems to him to have been the prevailing error of editorship, both as regards Shakespeare and his contemporaries, never to consider a point established, as long as any proof to the same

effect could be produced. The vanity of displaying extensive reading, and of citing recondite authorities, has mainly led to the introduction of this surplusage: the only information thus gained by the reader consists of a knowledge of what books had been consulted; and even this was delusive, since second-hand quotations were often made to bear the appearance of original research.

In the two following dramas, immediately connected in subject, the reader is put, as nearly as possible, in possession of the text of the author. It is evident, from the prefatory matter, that Heywood was a consenting party to the printing of "The Fair Maid of the West," in the old edition; and there is reason to believe that he superintended the work through the press: nevertheless, he was guilty of not a few strange oversights, and permitted many printer's errors to remain: these it was, of course, necessary to set right. The divisions of the acts, in our impression, are such as they appear in the old copy; but there the scenes, though usually in some way distinguished, are not marked and numbered in the ordinary manner. When a change of place occurred, especially if it were of any importance in the development of the plot, it was the custom of our old dramatists (in the deficiency of scenery and in the simplicity of other stage contrivances) to take care very early, generally in the first speech, to convey the required information, directly or indirectly, to the audience. The two following plays afford abundant instances of rapid alterations of the scene of action, and of as fre-

quent appeals, therefore, to the imaginations of the spectators: in Act IV., it is transferred at once from Cornwall to Morocco, and from Morocco to the Azores; but nobody is kept for more than a moment in suspense as to the place represented. This inartificial construction we have preserved, as a characteristic of the stage at the time; but, where it has seemed at all necessary to give additional explanation, we have ventured a hint of it in our notes, and have thus been able, as we trust, without making any variations in the arrangement of the scenes, or inserting any needless divisions, to render the progress of the story perfectly intelligible.

Our object has been not unnecessarily to intermingle our own handiwork, but to leave the whole drama as we may suppose Heywood would have left it; and to this system we shall endeavour in future to adhere. We have done nothing more than may be said to be required in our day, when the plays are not in a course of representation.

With the precise origin of the plot of "The Fair Maid of the West" we are not acquainted; but we have little doubt, from the usual habit of dramatists of Heywood's time, that both plays were founded upon some popular narrative or tradition, now lost, containing the romantic incidents represented in action and dialogue. They were printed together, in the usual quarto form, in 1631; and we know that they were in existence in 1617, when an attack was made upon the Cock-pit theatre, in Drury Lane, where they had been frequently acted. (Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry

and the Stage, i., 403.) There is no doubt that they long continued popular performances; and we may imagine that a printed edition of them was called for, because their reputation had led to their recent performance before the King and Queen. The Prologues and Epilogues reprinted by us were such as were written for this occasion, and the fact is mentioned on the original title-page.

Great and many allowances must be made for the construction and conduct of the story: what would tell extremely well in a narrative, such as we conjecture Heywood to have used, would sometimes appear violent and improbable on the stage; and the *Biographia Dramatica* (i., 212) informs us that Dancer converted (probably only re-converted) the incidents into a novel, so well did he consider them adapted to the purpose. The Editor also has in his possession a long ballad in MS., founded upon the plays. Considering the difficulties with which Heywood in this respect had to contend, (aiding himself, however, by Chorus and dumb-show) it cannot be disputed that he has displayed much skill and ingenuity. The bustle is unceasing, and attention never wearies. For the coarseness of a small portion of the comic business, the usual excuse must be found in the manners of the time; and, at all events, it was not such as the King and Queen could not sit patiently to hear, and they perhaps listened to it with as much enjoyment as less exalted auditors. The poetry and pathos of some of the scenes in which the hero and heroine are engaged cannot be too highly praised: it is extremely

touching, from its truth to nature and its graceful simplicity, without the slightest apparent effort on the part of the author. The characters are strongly drawn and clearly distinguished, while that of the heroine is admirably preserved and is constantly attractive. Our purpose, however, is not now to criticise the performance, but merely to afford such preliminary explanations as will the better enable our readers to enjoy it.

The versification is varied and harmonious; but it is necessary to remark that Heywood appears to have been, in this particular, a somewhat careless writer, heeding little how his lines were divided in the printed copy, as long as they came agreeably or forcibly from the mouths of the actors. It seems to have been his great aim (like that of most, if not all, of his contemporaries) to satisfy on the stage, without thinking of the reader: the printer, too, has not unfrequently done his verse injustice; and we wonder that, as the sheets went through the author's hands, he did not himself regulate the lines, in many places, differently. This consideration has frequently checked us, when otherwise we should have felt disposed to make some changes, merely of location, in order to render the blank verse more conformable to ordinary rule: upon a few, and very few, changes we have ventured; but it is quite evident in many places, which we need not point out, that the omission or insertion of a monosyllable would sometimes have restored the measure, injured perhaps by the imperfectness of the memory, or of the ear, of the performer. We have



never felt ourselves at liberty to make the slightest insertion or omission, without either placing the added word within brackets, or distinctly mentioning in a note the exclusion of a particle. The language is Heywood's, to which we have adhered with scrupulous fidelity; and in cases of any doubt, we have preferred leaving the author's errors to the chance of interpolating our own.<sup>1</sup>

The Editor is anxious to say no more than is necessary on the present occasion; because, having undertaken the completion of an impression of Thomas Heywood's dramatic works for the Shakespeare Society, he must hereafter enter more at large into a discussion of this dramatist's peculiar claims and merits, both as a poet and a playwright. Like his contemporaries, the greatest as well as the smallest, he was extremely unequal; but it is ever to be remembered that most of his productions of a dramatic kind have come down to us, as regards the early impressions, even in a much less complete and finished state than those now presented to the reader; and no author of the time had more reason to complain of the pirating and surreptitious printing of his works: he himself, elsewhere, more than once, makes it a matter of formal remonstrance. On this account, if on no other, the Editor cannot but be sensible of the difficulty of the task he has to perform.

<sup>1</sup> On p. 16, after line 4 of our reprint of the first part of "The Fair Maid of the West," it may be doubted whether a line has not been omitted: if not, the sense seems to have been left incomplete after "Your deceased hopes." We have given the passage exactly as it stands in the old copy.

It is necessary to add that the present volume completes six of Heywood's plays, which, if the members of our Society think fit, may be bound in one volume, to which other volumes will hereafter be added. Thus we may hope, ere very long, to put forth, in a continuous series, all the extant dramas and pieces of a dramatic character which came from the prolific pen of Thomas Heywood. They will be preceded, in due time, by such biographical particulars as have come down to us, which, as our author lived through a long series of years, and published many books of a miscellaneous description, are more numerous than might be imagined. In order that his plays, separately printed by our Society, may be at any time arranged in larger consecutive volumes, if that course should be deemed expedient, we have prefixed to the present publication a general title-page to Vol. I., followed by a list of the dramas included in it.

J. P. C.

Kensington, February 12, 1850.



THE  
F A I R M A I D

OF THE WEST,

OR

*A Girle worth gold.*

The first part.

As it was lately acted before the King and Queen,  
with approved liking.

*By the Queen's Majesties Comedians.*

Written by T. H.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Royston, and are to be sold at his Shop  
in Ivie Lane. 1631.



To the much worthy, and my most  
respected John Othow, Esquire,  
Counsellor at Law, in  
the noble Society of  
Grays Inn.

Sir,

Excuse this my boldness, (I intreat you) and let it pass under the title of my love and respect, long devoted unto you; of which, if I endeavour to present the world with a due acknowledgement, without the sordid expectation of reward or servile imputation of flattery, I hope it will be the rather accepted. I must ingeniously acknowledge, a weightier argument would have better suited with your grave employment; but there are retirements necessarily belonging to all the labours of the body and brain. If in such cessation you will deign to cast an eye upon this weak and unpolished Poem, I shall receive it as a courtesy from you, much exceeding any merit in me (my good meaning only accepted). Thus wishing you healthful ability in body, untroubled content in mind, with happy fruition of both the temporal felicities of the world present, and the eternal blessedness of the life future, I still remain as ever,

Yours, most affectionately devoted,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

## To the Reader.

Courteous Reader, my Plays have not been exposed to the public view of the world in numerous sheets and a large volume, but singly (as thou seest) with great modesty, and small noise. These Comedies, bearing the title of *The Fair Maid of the West*, if they prove but as gracious in thy private reading, as they were plausible in the public acting, I shall not much doubt of their success. Nor need they (I hope) much fear a rugged and censorious brow from thee, on whom the greatest and best in the kingdom have vouchsafed to smile. I hold it no necessity to trouble thee with the Argument of the story, the matter it self lying so plainly before thee in Acts and Scenes, without any deviations, or winding indents.

Peruse it through, and thou may'st finde in it  
Some mirth, some matter, and, perhaps, some wit.

He that would study thy content,

T. H.

## Prologue.

Amongst the Grecians there were annual feasts,  
To which none were invited, as chief guests,  
Save Princes and their Wives. Amongst the men,  
There was no argument disputed then,  
But who best governed: and (as't did appear)  
He was esteem'd sole Sovereign for that year.  
The Queens and Ladies argued at that time  
For Vertue and for Beauty which was prime,  
And she had the high honour. Two here be,  
For Beauty one, the other Majesty,  
Most worthy (did that custom still persever)  
Not for one year, but to be Sovereigns ever.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This Prologue was, of course, delivered when the play was acted before the King and Queen at Court, and not when it was performed before an ordinary audience at a theatre.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.]

Two Sea Captains.

*Mr. Carroll*, a Gentleman.

*Mr. Spencer*; by Mr. MICHAEL BOWYER.

*Capt. Goodlack*, *Spencer's* friend; by Mr. RICH. PERKINS.

Two Vintners' boyes.

*Bess Bridges*, the Fair Maid of the West; by HUGH CLARK.

*Mr. Forset*, a Gentleman; by CHRISTOPH. GOAD.

*Mr. Roughman*, a swaggering Gentleman; by WILLIAM SHEARLOCK.

*Clem*, a drawer of wine under *Bess Bridges*; by Mr. WILLIAM  
ROBINSON.

Three Sailors.

A Surgeon.

A Kitchen Maid; by Mr. ANTHONY TURNER.

The Mayor of Foy.

An Alderman and a Servant.

A Spanish Captain; by C. GOAD.

An English Merchant; by ROB. AXELL.

*Mullisheg*, King of Fesse; by Mr. WILL. ALLEN.

*Bashaw Alcade*; by Mr. WILBRAHAM.

*Bashaw Joffer*.

Two Spanish Captains.

A French Merchant.

An Italian Merchant.

A Chorus.

The *Earl of Essex* going to Cales. The *Mayor of Plymouth*,  
with Petitioners, Mutes personated.

# THE FAIR MAID

of the West;

Or,

*A Girl worth Gold.*

---

*Enter two Captains and Mr. CARROL.*

1 *Capt.* When puts my Lord to sea?

2 *Capt.* When the wind's fair.

*Car.* Resolve me, I intreat, can you not guess  
The purpose of this voyage?

1 *Capt.* Most men think  
The Fleet's bound for the Islands.

*Carr.* Nay, tis like.  
The great success at Cales, under the conduct  
Of such a noble Generall, hath put heart  
Into the English: they are all on fire  
To purchase from the Spaniard. If their carracks  
Come deeply laden, we shall tug with them  
For golden spoil.

2 *Capt.* O, were it come to that!

1 *Capt.* How Plymouth swells with gallants; how  
the streets  
Glister with gold! You cannot meet a man  
But tricked in scarf and feather, that it seems  
As if the pride of England's gallantry  
Were harbour'd here. It doth appear (methinks)  
A very Court of souldiers.



*Carr.* It doth so.

Where shall we dine to-day?

2 *Capt.* At the next tavern by; there's the best wine.

1 *Cap.* And the best wench, *Bess Bridges*; she's the  
flower

Of Plymouth held: the Castle needs no bush,  
Her beauty draws to them more gallant customers  
Then all the signs i'th' town else.

2 *Capt.* A sweet lass,  
If I have any judgement.

1 *Cap.* Now, in troth,  
I think she's honest.

*Carr.* Honest, and live there?  
What! in a public tavern, where's such confluence  
Of lusty and brave gallants? Honest, said you?

2 *Capt.* I vow she is, for me.

1 *Cap.* For all, I think. I'm sure she's wondrous  
modest.

*Carr.* But withall  
Exceeding affable.

2 *Capt.* An argument that she's not proud.

*Carr.* No; were she proud, she'd fall.

1 *Cap.* Well, she's a most attractive adamant:  
Her very beauty hath upheld that house,  
And gained her master much.

*Carr.* That adamant  
Shall for this time draw me too: we'll dine there.

2 *Capt.* No better motion. Come to the Castle, then.

*Enter* Mr. SPENCER *and* CAPT. GOODLACK.

*Goodl.* What! to the old house still?

*Spenc.* Canst blame me, Captain?  
Believe me, I was never surpris'd till now,  
Or catch'd upon the sudden.

*Goodl.* Pray resolve me,

Why, being a gentleman of fortune's means,  
 And well revenued, will you adventure thus  
 A doubtfull voyage, when onely such as I,  
 Born to no other fortunes than my sword,  
 Should seek abroad for pillage?

*Spenc.* Pillage, Captain?

No, tis for honor; and the brave society  
 Of all these shining gallants, that attend  
 The great Lord Generall, drew me hither first;  
 No hope of gain or spoil.

*Goodl.* Ay, but what draws you to this house so oft?

*Spenc.* As if thou knewst it not.

*Goodl.* What, *Bess*?

*Spenc.* Even she.

*Goodl.* Come, I must tell you, you forget yourself,  
 One of your birth and breeding, thus to doat  
 Upon a tanner's daughter: why, her father  
 Sold hides in Somersetshire, and being trade-fallen,  
 Sent her to service.

*Spenc.* Prithee speak no more;  
 Thou tell'st me that which I would fain forget,  
 Or wish I had not known. If thou wilt humour me,  
 Tell me she's fair and honest.

*Goodl.* Yes, and loves you.

*Spenc.* To forget that were to exclude the rest:  
 All saving that were nothing. Come, let's enter.

*Enter two Drawers.*

1 *Draw.* You are welcome, gentlemen.—Shew them  
 into the next room there.

2 *Draw.* Look out a towel, and some rolls, a salt  
 and trenchers.

*Spenc.* No, sir, we will not dine.

2 *Draw.* I am sure ye would, if you had my stomach.  
 What wine driuk ye, sack or claret?

*Spenc.* Where's *Bess* ?

2 *Draw.* Marry, above, with three or four gentlemen.

*Spenc.* Go call her.

2 *D.* Ile draw you a cup of the neatest wine in Plymouth.

*Spenc.* I'll taste none of your drawing. Go call *Bess*.

2 *Draw.* There's nothing in the mouths of these gallants, but *Bess, Bess*.

*Spenc.* What say, sir ?

2 *Draw.* Nothing, sir, but I'll go and call her presently.

*Spenc.* Tell her who's here.

2 *Draw.* The devill rid her out of the house, for me.

*Spenc.* Say, sir ?

2 *Draw.* Nothing but anon, anon, sir.

*Enter BESS BRIDGES.*

*Spenc.* See, she's come !

*Bess.* Sweet Mr. *Spencer*, y'are a stranger grown  
Where have you been these three days ?

*Spenc.* The last night  
I sat up late at game. Here, take this bag,  
And lay't up till I call for't.

*Bess.* Sir, I shall.

*Spenc.* Bring me some wine.

*Bess.* I know your taste,  
And I shall please your palate.

*Goodl.* Troth, tis a pretty soul !

*Spenc.* To thee I will unbosom all my thoughts.  
Were her low birth but equal with her beauty,  
Here would I fix my thoughts.

*Goodl.* You are not mad, sir ?  
You say you love her.

*Spenc.* Never question that.

*Goodl.* Then put her to't, win opportunity,  
She's the best bawd. If (as you say) she loves you,  
She can deny you nothing.

*Spenc.* I have proved her  
Unto the utmost test. Examin'd her,  
Even to a modest force; but all in vain:  
She'll laugh, confer, keep company, discourse,  
And something more, kiss: but beyond that compass  
She no way can be drawn.

*Goodl.* Tis a virtue  
But seldom found in taverns.

*Enter BESS, with wine.*

*Bess.* 'Tis of the best Graves wine, sir.

*Spenc.* Gramercy, girl: come sit.

*Bess.* Pray pardon, sir, I dare not.

*Spenc.* I'll ha' it so.

*Bess.* My fellows love me not, and will complain  
Of such a saucy boldness.

*Spenc.* Pox on your fellows!  
I'll try whether their pottle pots or heads  
Be harder, if I do but hear them grumble.  
Sit: now, Bess, drink to me.

*Bess.* To your good voyage!

*Enter the second Drawer.*

*2 Draw.* Did you call, sir?

*Spenc.* Yes, sir, to have your absence. Captain, this  
health.

*Goodl.* Let it come, sir.

*2 Draw.* Must you be set, and we wait, with a ——.

*Spenc.* What say you, sir?

*2 Draw.* Anon, anon: I come there. [*Exit.*

*Spenc.* What will you venture, Bess, to sea with  
me?

*Bess.* What I love best, my heart : for I could wish  
I had been born to equal you in fortune,  
Or you so low, to have been rank'd with me ;  
I could have then presum'd boldly to say,  
I love none but my *Spencer*.

*Spenc.* *Bess*, I thank thee.

Keep still that hundred pound till my return  
From th' Islands with my Lord : if never, wench,  
Take it ; it is thine own.

*Bess.* You bind me to you.

*Enter the first Drawer.*

1 *Draw.* *Bess*, you must fill some wine into the Port-  
cullis ; the gentlemen there will drink none but of  
your drawing.

*Spenc.* She shall not rise, sir. Go, let your master  
snick-up.

1 *D.* And that should be cousin-germain to the  
hick-up.

*Enter the second Drawer.*

2 *Draw.* *Bess*, you must needs come. The gentle-  
men fling pots, pottles, drawers, and all down stairs.  
The whole house is in an uproar.

*Bess.* Pray pardon, sir, I needs must be gone.

2 *D.* The gentlemen swear if she come not up to  
them, they will come down to her.

*Spenc.* If they come in peace,  
Like civill gentlemen, they may be welcome :  
If otherwise, let them usurp their pleasures.  
We stand prepar'd for both.

*Enter CARROL and two Captains.*

*Car.* Save you, gallants. We are somewhat bold, to  
press

Into your company: it may be held scarce manners;  
Therefore, fit that we should crave your pardon.

*Spenc.* Sir, you are welcome; so are your friends.

1 *Capt.* Some wine!

*Bess.* Pray give me leave to fill it.

*Spenc.* You shall not stir. So, please you, we'll  
join company.—

Drawer, more stools.

*Car.* I take't that's a she drawer. Are you of the  
house?

*Bess.* I am, sir.

*Caroll.* In what place?

*Bess.* I draw.

*Car.* Beer, do you not? You are some tapstress.

*Spenc.* Sir, the worst character you can bestow  
Upon the maid is to draw wine.

*Car.* She would draw none to us.

Perhaps she keeps a rundlet for your taste,  
Which none but you must pierce.

2 *Capt.* I pray be civil.

*Spenc.* I know not, gentlemen, what your intents be,  
Nor do I fear, or care. This is my room;  
And if you bear you, as you seem in show,  
Like gentlemen, sit and be sociable.

*Car.* We will.—Minx, by your leave. Remove, I say.

*Spenc.* She shall not stir.

*Car.* How, sir?

*Spenc.* No, sir. Could you outface the devil,  
We do not fear your roaring.

*Car.* Though you may be companion with a drudge,  
It is not fit she should have place by us.—  
About your business, housewife.

*Spenc.* She is worthy  
The place as the best here, and she shall keep't.

*Car.* You lie. [*They bustle: CAROLL slain.*]

*Goodl.* The gentleman's slain : away!

*Bess.* Oh, Heaven! what have you done?

*Goodl.* Undone thyself, and me too. Come away.

*Bess.* Oh, sad misfortune! I shall lose him ever.

What! are you men, or milksops? Stand you still,  
Senseless as stones, and see your friend in danger  
To expire his last?

1 *Capt.* Tush! all our help's in vain.

2 *Capt.* This is the fruit of whores.

This mischief came through thee.

*Bess.* It grew first from your incivility.

1 *Cap.* Lend me a hand, to lift his body hence.

It was a fatal business. [*Exeunt Captains.*]

*Enter the two Drawers.*

1 *Dr.* One call my master, another fetch the constable. Here's a man killed in the room.

2 *Dr.* How! a man killed, say'st thou? Is all paid?

1 *Dr.* How fell they out, canst tell?

2 *Dr.* Sure, about this bold Bettrice. 'Tis not so much for the death of the man, but how shall we come by our reckoning? [*Exeunt Drawers.*]

*Bess.* What shall become of me? Of all lost creatures,

The most infortunate! My innocence  
Hath been the cause of blood, and I am now  
Purpled with murder, though not within compass  
Of the laws' severe censure: but, which most  
Adds unto my affliction, I by this  
Have lost so worthy and approv'd a friend,  
Whom to redeem from exile, I would give  
All that's without and in me.

*Enter FORSET.*

*Fors.* Your name's *Bess Bridges*?



*Bess.* An unfortunate Maid,  
Known by that name too well in Plymouth, here.  
Your business, sir, with me?

*Fors.* Know you this ring?

*Bess.* I do: it is my *Spencer's*.

I know, withal, you are his trusty friend,  
To whom he would commit it. Speak: how fares he?  
Is he in freedom, know ye?

*Fors.* He's in health

Of body, though in mind somewhat perplexed  
For this late mischief happened.

*Bess.* Is he fled, and freed from danger?

*Fors.* Neither. By this token

He lovingly commends him to you, *Bess*,  
And prays you, when 'tis dark, meet him o'th' Hoe,  
Near to the new-made fort, where he'll attend you,  
Before he flies, to take a kind farewell.

There's only *Goodlack* in his company:

He entreats you not to fail him.

*Bess.* Tell him from me, I'll come, I'll run, I'll fly,  
Stand Death before me; were I sure to die. [Exit.

*Enter* SPENCER and GOODLACK.

*Goodl.* You are too full of passion.

*Spenc.* Canst thou blame me,  
To have the guilt of murder burden me;  
And next, my life in hazard to a death  
So ignominious; last, to lose a love  
So sweet, so fair, so amorous, and so chaste,  
And all these at an instant! Art thou sure  
*Carrol* is dead?

*Goodl.* I can believe no less.

You hit him in the very speeding place.

*Spenc.* Oh! but the last of these sits neer'st my heart.

*Goodl.* Sir, be advised by me.

Try her, before you trust her. She, perchance,  
 May take th' advantage of your hopeful fortunes ;  
 But when she finds you subject to distress  
 And casualty, her flattering love may die ;  
 Your deceased hopes.

*Spenc.* Thou counsell'st well.  
 I'll put her to the test and utmost trial,  
 Before I trust her farther. Here she comes.

*Enter FORSET and BESS, with a bag.*

*Fors.* I have done my message, sir.

*Bess.* Feare not, sweet *Spencer* ; we are now alone,  
 And thou art sanctuar'd in these mine arms.

*Goodl.* While these confer, we'll sentinel their safety.  
 This place I'll guard.

*Fors.* I this.

*Bess.* Are you not hurt,  
 Or your skin ras'd with his offensive steel ?  
 How is it with you ?

*Spenc.* *Bess*, all my afflictions  
 Are that I must leave thee : thou know'st, withal,  
 My extreme necessity, and the fear  
 Of a most scandalous death, doth force me hence.  
 I am not near my country ; and to stay  
 For new supply from thence might deeply engage me  
 To desperate hazard.

*Bess.* Is it coin you want ?  
 Here is the hundred pound you gave me late :  
 Use that, beside what I have stored and saved,  
 Which makes it fifty more. Were it ten thousand,  
 Nay, a whole million, *Spencer*, all were thine.

*Spenc.* No ; what thou hast, keep still ; 'tis all thine  
 own.

Here be my keys : my trunks take to thy charge :  
 Such gold fit for transportage as I have,

I'll bear along: the rest are freely thine.  
 Money, apparel, and what else thou find'st,  
 Perhaps worth my bequest and thy receiving,  
 I make thee mistress of.

*Bess.* Before, I doted;  
 But now you strive to have me eestasi'd.  
 What would you have me do, in which t'express  
 My zeal to you?

*Spenc.* Which in my chamber hangs,  
 My picture, I enjoin thee to keep ever;  
 For when thou part'st with that, thou locest me.

*Bess.* My soul may from my body be divorc'd,  
 But never that from me.

*Spenc.* I have a house in Foy, a tavern called  
 The Windmill, that I freely give thee, too;  
 And thither, if I live, I'll send to thee.

*Bess.* So soon as I have cast my reckonings up,  
 And made even with my master, I'll not fail  
 To visit Foy, in Cornwall. Is there else  
 Aught that you will enjoin me?

*Spenc.* Thou art fair:  
 Join to thy beauty virtue. Many suitors  
 I know will tempt thee: beauty's a shrewd bait,  
 But unto that if thou add'st chastity,  
 Thou shalt o'ercome all scandal. Time calls hence;  
 We now must part.

*Bess.* Oh! that I had the power to make Time lame;  
 To stay the stars, or make the moon stand still;  
 That future day might never haste thy flight!  
 I could dwell here for ever in thine arms,  
 And wish it always night.

*Spenc.* We trifle hours. Farewell.

*Bess.* First take this ring:  
 'Twas the first token of my constant love  
 That past betwixt us. When I see this next,

And not my *Spencer*, I shall think thee dead ;  
 For till death part thy body from thy soul,  
 I know thou wilt not part with it.

*Spenc.* Swear for me, *Bess* ; for thou mayst safely do't.  
 Once more, farewell : at Foy thou shalt heare from me.

*Bess.* There's not a word that hath a parting sound  
 Which through mine ears shrills not immediate death.  
 I shall not live to lose thee.

*Fors.* Best be gone ; for hark, I hear some tread.

*Spenc.* A thousand farewells are in one contracted.  
 Captain, away !

[*Exeunt* SPENCER and GOODLACK.

*Bess.* Oh ! I shall die.

*Fors.* What mean you, *Bess* ? will you betray your  
 friend,

Or call my name in question ? Sweet, look up.

*Bess.* Hah, is my *Spencer* gone ?

*Fors.* With speed towards Foy,  
 There to take ship for Fayal.

*Bess.* Let me recollect myself,  
 And what he left in charge—Virtue and Chastity.  
 Next, with all sudden expedition  
 Prepare for Foy : all these will I conserve,  
 And keep them strictly, as I would my life.  
 Plymouth, farewell : in Cornwall I will prove  
 A second fortune, and for ever mourn,  
 Until I see my *Spencer's* safe return.

[*Hautboys.*

*A dumb show. Enter General, Captains, the Mayor :  
 Petitioners the other way, with papers ; amongst these  
 the Drawers. The General gives them bags of money.  
 All go off, saving the two Drawers.*

1 *Draw.* 'Tis well yet we have gotten all the money  
 due to my master. It is the commonest thing that can

be, for these captains to score and to score; but when the scores are to be paid, *non est inventus*.

2 *Draw*. 'Tis ordinary amongst gallants, now-a-days, who would rather swear forty oaths than only this one oath—God, let me never be trusted.

1 *Draw*. But if the captains would follow the noble mind of the General, before night there would not be one score owing in Plymouth.

2 *Draw*. Little knows *Bess* that my master hath got in these desperate debts. But she hath cast up her account, and is gone.

1 *Draw*. Whither, canst thou tell?

2 *Draw*. They say, to keep a tavern in Foy, and that Mr. *Spencer* hath given her a stock, to set up for herself. Well, howsoever, I am glad, though he killed the man, we have got our money.

*Explicit Actus primus.*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter FORSET and ROUGHMAN.*

*Forset.* In your time have you seen a sweeter creature?

*Roughm.* Some week, or thereabouts.

*Fors.* And in that small time she hath almost undone all the other taverns. The gallants make no rendezvous now but at the Windmill.

*Roughm.* Spite of them, I'll have her. It shall cost me the setting on, but I'll have her.

*Fors.* Why, do you think she is so easily won?

*Roughm.* Easily or not, I'll bid as fair and far as any man within twenty miles of my head, but I will put her to the squeak.

*Fors.* They say there are knights' sons already come as suitors to her.

*Roughm.* 'Tis like enough, some younger brothers, and so I intend to make them.

*Fors.* If these doings hold, she will grow rich in short time.

*Roughm.* There shall be doings that shall make this Windmill my grand seat, my mansion, my palace, and my Constantinople.

*Enter BESS BRIDGES, like a Mistress, and CLEM.*

*Fors.* Here she comes. Observe how modestly she bears herself.

*Roughm.* I must know of what burden this vessel is. I shall not bear with her till she bear with me; and till then, I cannot report her for a woman of good carriage.

*Bess.* Your old master, that dwelt here before my coming, hath turned over your years to me.

*Clem.* Right, forsooth: before he was a vintner, he was a shoemaker, and left two or three turnovers more besides myself.

*Bess.* How long hast thou to serve?

*Clem.* But eleven years, next grass, and then I am in hope of my freedom. For by that time I shall be at full age.

*Bess.* How old art thou now?

*Clem.* Forsooth, newly come into my teens. I have scraped trenchers this two years, and the next vintage I hope to be bar-boy.

*Bess.* What's thy name?

*Clem.* My name is *Clem*: my father was a baker; and, by the report of his neighbours, as honest a man as ever lived by bread.

*Bess.* And where dwelt he?

*Clem.* Below here, in the next crooked street, at the sign of the Leg. He was nothing so tall as I; but a little wee man, and somewhat huek-backed.

*Bess.* He was once constable?

*Clem.* He was, indeed; and in that one year of his reign, I have heard them say, he bolted and sifted out more business than others in that office in many years before him.

*Bess.* How long is it since he died?

*Clem.* Marry, the last dear year; for when corn grew to be at a high rate, my father never doughed after.

*Bess.* I think I have heard of him.

*Clem.* Then I am sure you have heard he was an honest neighbour, and one that never loved to be meal-mouthed.

*Bess.* Well, sirrah, prove an honest servant, and you shall find me your good mistress. What company is in the Mermaid?



*Clem.* There be four sea-captains. I believe they be little better than spirats, they be so flush of their ruddocks.

*Bess.* No matter; we will take no note of them: Here they may vent many brave commodities, By which some gain accrues. They're my good customers,  
And still return me profit.

*Clem.* Wot you what, mistress, how the two sailors would have served me, that called for the pound and a half of cheese?

*Bess.* How was it, Clem?

*Clem.* When I brought them a reckoning, they would have had me to have scored it up. They took me for a simple gull, indeed, that would have had me to have taken chalk for cheese.

*Bess.* Well, go wait upon the captains: see them want no wine.

*Clem.* Nor reckoning, neither, take my word, mistress.

*Roughm.* She's now at leisure; I'll to her.—  
Lady, what gentlemen are those above?

*Bess.* Sir, they are such as please to be my guests, And they are kindly welcome.

*Roughm.* Give me their names.

*Bess.* You may go search the church-book where they were christened:  
There you perhaps may learn them.

*Roughm.* Minion, how?

*Fors.* Fie, fie! you are too rude with this fair creature, That no way seeks t'offend you.

*Bess.* Pray, hands off.

*Roughm.* I tell thee, maid, wife, or whate'er thou beest, No man shall enter here but by my leave.  
Come, let's be more familiar.

*Bess.* 'Las, good man!

*R.* Why, know'st thou whom thou slight'st? I am  
*Roughman,*

The only approved gallant of these parts :  
A man of whom the roarers stand in awe,  
And must not be put off.

*Bess.* I never yet heard man so praise himself,  
But proved in th'end a coward.

*Roughm.* Coward, Bess?

You will offend me, raise in me that fury  
Your beauty cannot calm. Go to ; no more :  
Your language is too harsh and peremptory ;  
Pray let me hear no more on't. I tell thee  
That quiet day scarce passed me these seven years  
I have not cracked a weapon in some fray,  
And will you move my spleen?

*Fors.* What, threat a woman?

*Bess.* Sir, if you thus persist to wrong my house,  
Disturb my guests, and nightly domineer,  
To put my friends from patience, I'll complain  
And right myself before the magistrate.  
Can we not live in compass of the law,  
But must be swaggered out on't?

*Roughm.* Go to, wench :

I wish thee well ; think on't, there's good for thee  
Stored in my breast ; and when I come in place,  
I must have no man to offend mine eye :  
My love can brook no rivals. For this time  
I am content your captains shall have peace,  
But must not be us'd to't.

*Bess.* Sir, if you come like other free and civil gentle-  
men,

You're welcome ; otherwise, my doors are barr'd you.

*Roughm.* That's my good girl.

I have fortunes laid up for thee : what I have,  
Command it as thine own. Go to ; be wise.

*Bess.* Well, I shall study for't.

*Rough.* Consider on't. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Bess.* My mind suggests me that this prating fellow  
Is some notorious coward. If he persist,  
I have a trick to try what metal's in him.

*Enter CLEM.*

What news with you?

*Clem.* I am now going to carry the captains a reck-  
oning.

*Bess.* And what's the sum?

*Clem.* Let me see—eight shillings and six pence.

*Bess.* How can you make that good? Write them a  
bill.

*Clem.* I'll watch them for that; 'tis no time of night  
to use our bills. The gentlemen are no dwarfs; and  
with one word of my mouth I can tell them what is to  
*be-tall.*

*Bess.* How comes it to so much?

*Clem.* *Imprimis*, six quarts of wine, at seven pence  
the quart, seven sixpences.

*Bess.* Why dost thou reckon it so?

*Clem.* Because, as they came in by hab nab, so I will  
bring them in a reckoning at six and at sevens.

*Bess.* Well, wine, 3s. 6d.

*Clem.* And what wants that of ten groats?

*Bess.* 'Tis two pence over.

*Clem.* Then put six pence more to it, and make it four  
shillings wine, though you bate it them in their meat.

*Bess.* Why so, I prithee?

*Clem.* Because of the old proverb, What they want  
in meat, let them take out in drink. Then, for twelve  
pennyworth of anchovies, eighteen pence.

*Bess.* How can that be?

*Clem.* Marry, very well, mistress: twelve pence, an-

chovies, and sixpence oil and vinegar. Nay, they shall have a saucy reckoning.

*Bess.* And what for the other half-crown?

*Clem.* Bread, beer, salt, napkins, trenchers, one thing with another; so the *summa totalis* is eight shillings and sixpence.

*Bess.* Well, take the reckoning from the bar.

*Clem.* What needs that, forsooth? The gentlemen seem to be high-flown already. Send them in but another pottle of sack, and they will cast up the reckoning of themselves. Yes, I'll about it. [*Exit.*]

*Bess.* Were I not with so my suitors pestered,  
And might I enjoy my *Spencer*, what a sweet,  
Contented life were this? For money flows,  
And my gain's great. But to my *Roughman* next.  
I have a trick to try what spirit's in him.  
It shall be my next business; in this passion  
For my dear *Spencer*, I propose me this;  
'Mongst many sorrows, some mirth's not amiss. [*Exit.*]

*Enter SPENCER and GOODLACK.*

*Goodl.* What were you thinking, sir?

*Spenc.* Troth, of the world: what any man should see in't to be in love with it.

*Goodl.* The reason of your meditation?

*Spenc.* To imagine that in the same instant that one forfeits all his estate, another enters upon a rich possession. As one goes to the church to be married, another is hurried to the gallows to be hanged; the last having no feeling of the first man's joy, nor the first of the last man's misery. At the same time that one lies tortured upon the rack, another lies tumbling with his mistress overhead and ears in down and feathers. This when I truly consider, I cannot but wonder why any fortune should make a man eestasiel.

*Goodl.* You give yourself too much to melancholy.

*Spenc.* These are my maxims; and were they as faithfully practised by others as truly apprehended by me, we should have less oppression, and more charity.

*Enter the two Captains that were before.*

1 *Capt.* Make good thy words.

2 *Capt.* I say, thou hast injured me.

1 *Capt.* Tell me wherein.

2 *Capt.* When we assaulted Fayal,  
And I had, by the General's command,  
The onset, and with danger of my person  
Enforc'd the Spaniard to a swift retreat,  
And beat them from their fort, thou, when thou saw'st  
All fear and danger past, mad'st up with me,  
To share that honour which was sole mine own,  
And never ventured shot for't, or e'er came  
Where bullet graz'd.

*Spenc.* See, captain, a fray towards.  
Let's, if we can, atone this difference.

*Goodl.* Content.

1 *Capt.* I'll prove it with my sword,  
That though thou had'st the foremost place in field,  
And I the second, yet my company  
Was equal in the entry of the fort.  
My sword was that day drawn as soon as thine,  
And that poor honour which I won that day  
Was but my merit.

2 *Capt.* Wrong me palpably,  
And justify the same?

*Spenc.* You shall not fight.

1 *Capt.* Why, sir, who made you first a justicer,  
And taught you that word *shall*? You are no Gene-  
ral;  
Or, if you be, pray show us your commission.

*Spenc.* Sir, you have no commission but my counsel,  
And that I'll show you, freely.

*2 Capt.* 'Tis some chaplain.

*1 Capt.* I do not like his text.

*Goodl.* Let's beat their weapons down.

*1 Capt.* I'll aim at him that offers to divide us!

*2 Capt.* Pox of these part-frays! see, I am wounded,  
By beating down my weapon.

*Goodl.* How fares my friend?

*Spenc.* You sought for blood, and, gentlemen, you  
have it.

Let mine appease you: I am hurt to death.

*1 Capt.* My rage converts to pity, that this gentleman  
Shall suffer for his goodness.

*Goodl.* Noble friend,

I will revenge thy death.

*Spenc.* He is no friend

That murmurs such a thought.—Oh, gentlemen,

I kill'd a man in Plymouth, and by you

Am slain in Fayal. *Carroll* fell by me,

And I fall by a *Spencer*. Heaven is just,

And will not suffer murder unreveng'd.

Heaven pardon me, as I forgive you both!

Shift for yourselves: away!

*2 Capt.* We saw him die,

But grieve you should so perish.

*Spenc.* Note Heaven's justice,

And henceforth make that use on't. I shall faint.

*1 Capt.* Short farewells now must serve. If thou  
surviv'st,

Live to thine honour; but if thou expir'st,

Heaven take thy soul to mercy.

[*Exeunt.*

*Spenc.* I bleed much;

I must go seek a surgeon.

*Goodl.* Sir, how cheer you?

*Spenc.* Like one that's bound upon a new adventure  
 To th' other world: yet thus much, worthy friend,  
 Let me entreat you, since I understand  
 The Fleet is bound for England, take your occasion  
 To ship yourself, and when you come to Foy,  
 Kindly commend me to my dearest *Bess*:  
 Thou shalt receive a will, in which I have  
 Possessed her of five hundred pounds a year.

*Goodl.* A noble legacy.

*Spenc.* The rest I have bestow'd amongst my friends;  
 Only reserving a bare hundred pounds,  
 To see me honestly and well interr'd.

*Goodl.* I shall perform your trust as carefully  
 As to my father, breath'd he.

*Spenc.* Mark me, captain.  
 Her legacy I give with this proviso:  
 If, at thy arrival where my *Bess* remains,  
 Thou find'st her well reported, free from scandal,  
 My will stands firm; but if thou hear'st her branded  
 For loose behaviour, or immodest life,  
 What she should have, I here bestow on thee:  
 It is thine own; but, as thou lov'st thy soul,  
 Deal faithfully betwixt my *Bess* and me.

*Goodl.* Else let me die a prodigy.

*Spenc.* This ring was hers; that, be she loose or chaste,  
 Being her own, restore her: she will know it;  
 And doubtless she deserves it. Oh, my memory!  
 What had I quite forgot? She hath my picture.

*Goodl.* And what of that?

*Spenc.* If she be rank'd among the loose and lewd,  
 Take it away: I hold it much indecent  
 A whore should ha't in keeping; but if constant,  
 Let her enjoy it. This my will perform,  
 As thou art just and honest.

*Goodl.* Sense else forsake me.



*Spenc.* Now lead me to my chamber. All's made even—  
My peace with earth, and my atone with Heaven.

*Enter BESS BRIDGES, like a Page, with a sword; and  
CLEM.*

*Bess.* But that I know my mother to be chaste,  
I'd swear some soldier got me.

*Clem.* It may be many a soldier's buff jerkin came  
out of your father's tan-vat.

*Bess.* Methinks I have a manly spirit in me,  
In this man's habit.

*Clem.* Now, am not I of many men's minds; for, if  
you should do me wrong, I should not kill you, though  
I took you pissing against a wall.

*Bess.* Methinks I could be valiant on the sudden,  
And meet a man i' th' field.

I could do all that I have heard discours'd  
Of *Mary Ambree*, or *Westminster Long Meg*.

*Clem.* What *Mary Ambree* was I cannot tell; but  
unless you were taller, you will come short of *Long  
Meg*.

*Bess.* Of all thy fellows, thee I only trust,  
And charge thee to be secret.

*Clem.* I am bound in my indentures to keep my  
master's secrets; and should I find a man in bed with  
you, I would not tell.

*Bess.* Begone, sir; but no words, as you esteem my  
favour.

*Clem.* But, mistress, I could wish you to look to your  
long seams; fights are dangerous. But am not I in a  
sweet taking, think you?

*Bess.* I prithee, why?

*Clem.* Why, if you should swagger and kill anybody,  
I, being a vintner, should be called to the bar. [*Exit.*]

*Bess.* Let none condemn me of immodesty,

Because I try the courage of a man,  
 Who on my soul's a coward; beats my servants,  
 Cuffs them, and, as they pass by him, kicks my maids;  
 Nay, domineers over me, making himself  
 Lord o'er my house and household. Yesternight  
 I heard him make appointment on some business  
 To pass alone this way. I'll venture fair,  
 But I will try what's in him.

*Enter ROUGHMAN and FORSET.*

*Fors.* Sir, I can now no farther; weighty business  
 Calls me away.

*Rough.* Why, at your pleasure, then.  
 Yet I could wish that ere I past this field  
 That I could meet some *Hector*, so your eyes  
 Might witness what myself have oft repeated,  
 Namely, that I am valiant.

*Fors.* Sir, no doubt; but now I am in haste. Fare-  
 well.

*Rough.* How many times brave words bear out a  
 man!  
 For if he can but make a noise, he's fear'd.  
 To talk of frays, although he ne'er had heart  
 To face a man in field, that's a brave fellow.  
 I have been valiant, I must needs confess,  
 In street and tavern, where there have been men  
 Ready to part the fray; but for the fields,  
 They are too cold to fight in.

*Bess.* You are a villain, a coward; and you lie.

*Rough.* You wrong me, I protest. Sweet, courteous  
 gentleman, I never did you wrong.

*Bess.* Wilt tell me that?  
 Draw forth thy coward sword, and suddenly,  
 Or, as I am a man, I'll run thee through,  
 And leave thee dead i' th' field.

*Rough.* Hold! as you are a gentleman. I have ta'en  
an oath

I will not fight to-day.

*Bess.* Th'ast took a blow already, and the lie:

Will not both these enrage thee?

*Rough.* No; would you give the bastinado, too,

I will not break mine oath.

*Bess.* Oh! your name's Roughman:

No day doth pass you, but you hurt or kill.

Is this out of your calendar?

*Rough.* I? you are deceiv'd.

I ne'er drew sword in anger, I protest,

Unless it were upon some poor, weak fellow,

That ne'er wore steel about him.

*Bess.* Throw your sword.

*Rough.* Here, sweet young sir; but, as you are a  
gentleman,

Do not impair mine honour.

*Bess.* Tie that shoe.

*Rough.* I shall, sir.

*Bess.* Untruss that point.

*Rough.* Any thing, this day, to save mine oath.

*Bess.* Enough! yet not enough. Lie down,

Till I stride o'er thee.

*Rough.* Sweet, sir, any thing.

*Bess.* Rise, thou hast leave. Now, Roughman, thou  
art blest:

This day thy life is sav'd; look to the rest.

Take back thy sword.

*Rough.* Oh! you are generous: honour me so much

As let me know to whom I owe my life.

*Bess.* I am *Bess Bridges'* brother.

*Rough.* Still methought you were something like her.

*Bess.* And I have heard

You domineer and revel in her house,

Control her servants, and abuse her guests,  
Which if I ever shall hereafter hear,  
Thou art but a dead man.

*Rough.* She never told me of a brother living :  
But you have power to sway me.

*Bess.* But for I see you are a gentleman,  
I am content this once to let you pass ;  
But if I find you fall into relapse,  
The second's far more dangerous.

*Rough.* I shall fear it. Sir, will you take the wine ?

*Bess.* I am for London,  
And for these two terms cannot make return ;  
But if you see my sister, you may say  
I was in health.

*Rough.* Too well : the devil take you !

*Bess.* Pray, use her well, and at my coming back  
I'll ask for your acquaintance. Now, farewell. [*Exit.*

*Rough.* None saw't : he's gone for London ; I am  
unhurt ;  
Then who shall publish this disgrace abroad ?  
One man's no slander, should he speak his worst.  
My tongue's as loud as his ; but in this country  
Both of more fame and credit. Should we contest,  
I can outface the proudest. This is, then,  
My comfort : Roughman, thou art still the same,  
For a disgrace not seen is held no shame. [*Exit.*

*Enter two Sailors.*

1 *Sa.* Aboard, aboard ! the wind stands fair for Eng-  
land ;  
The ships have all weighed anchor.  
2 *Sail.* A stiff gale blows from the shore.

*Enter Captain GOODLACK.*

*Goodl.* The sailors call aboard, and I am forc'd

To leave my friend now at the point of death,  
 And cannot close his eyes. Here is the will.  
 Now may I find yon tanner's daughter turn'd  
 Unchaste or wanton, I shall gain by it  
 Five hundred pounds a year. Here is good evidence.

1 *Sailor*. Sir, will you take the long boat and aboard?

*Enter a third Sailor.*

*Goodl.* With all my heart.

3 *Sail*. What! are you ready, mates?

1 *Sail*. We stayed for you. Thou canst not tell  
 who's dead?

The great bell rung out now.

3 *Sail*. They say 'twas for one *Spencer*, who this  
 night

Died of a mortal wound.

*Goodl.* My worthy friend:

Unhappy man, that cannot stay behind,

To do him his last rites!—Was his name *Spencer*?

3 *Sail*. Yes, sir; a gentleman of good account,  
 And well known in the navy.

*Goodl.* This is the end of all mortality.

It will be news unpleasing to his *Bess*.

I cannot fare amiss, but long to see

Whether these lands belong to her or me.

*Enter SPENCER and his Surgeon.*

*Surg.* Nay, fear not, sir: now you have scap'd this  
 dressing,

My life for yours.

*Spenc.* I thank thee, honest friend.

*Surg.* Sir, I can tell you news.

*Spenc.* What is't, I prithee?

*Surg.* There is a gentleman, one of your name,  
 That died within this hour.

*Spenc.* My name! What was he? Of what sickness died he?

*Surg.* No sickness, but a slight hurt in the body, Which showed at first no danger, but, being searched, He died at the third dressing.

*Spenc.* At my third search I am in hope of life. The heavens are merciful.

*Surg.* Sir, doubt not your recovery.

*Spenc.* That hundred pound I had prepar'd t' expend Upon mine own expected funeral, I for name-sake will now bestow on his.

*Surg.* A noble resolution.

*Spenc.* What ships are bound for England? I would gladly Venture to sea, though weak.

*Surg.* All bound that way are under sail already.

*Spenc.* Here's no security; For when the beaten Spaniards shall return, They'll spoil whom they can find.

*Surg.* We have a ship, Of which I am surgeon, that belongs unto A London merchant, now bound for Mamorah, A town in Barbary; please you to use that, You shall commend free passage: ten months hence, We hope to visit England.

*Spenc.* Friend, I thank thee.

*Surg.* I'll bring you to the master, who I know Will entertain you gladly.

*Spenc.* When I have seen the funeral rites perform'd To the dead body of my countryman And kinsman, I will take your courteous offer. England, no doubt, will hear news of my death. How *Bess* will take it is to me unknown. On her behaviour I will build my fate, There raise my love, or thence erect my hate.

*Explicit Actus secundus.*

## ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter ROUGHMAN and FORSET.*

*Rough.* Oh! y' are well met. Just as I prophecied,  
So it fell out.

*Fors.* As how, I pray?

*Rough.* Had you but stay'd the crossing of one field,  
You had beheld a *Hector*, the boldest Trojan  
That ever *Roughman* met with.

*Fors.* Pray, what was he?

*Rough.* You talk of *Little Dary*, *Cutting Dick*,  
And divers such; but tush! this hath no fellow.

*Fors.* Of what stature and years was he?

*Rough.* Indeed, I must confess he was no giant,  
Nor above fifty; but he did bestir him—  
Was here, and there, and every where, at once,  
That I was ne'er so put to't, since the midwife  
First wrapt my head in linen. Let's to *Bess*:  
I'll tell her the whole project.

*Fors.* Here's to the house: we'll enter, if you please.

*Rough.* Where be these drawers—rascals, I should  
say—  
That will give no attendance?

*Enter CLEM.*

*Clem.* Anon, anon, sir: please you see a room. What!  
you here, again? Now we shall have such roaring!

*Rough.* You, sirrah, call your mistress.

*Clem.* Yes, sir, I know it is my duty to call her mistress.

*Rough.* See and the slave will stir!

*Clem.* Yes, I do stir.

*Rough.* Shall we have humours, sauce-box? You  
have ears:  
I'll teach you prick-song.



*Clem.* But you have now a wrong sow by the ear.  
I will call her.

*Rough.* Do, sir; you had best.

*Clem.* If you were twenty *Roughmans*, if you lug me  
by the ears again, I'll draw.

*Rough.* Ha! what will you draw?

*Clem.* The best wine in the house for your worship;  
and I would call her, but I can assure you that she is  
either not stirring, or else not in case.

*Rough.* How not in case?

*Clem.* I think she hath not her smock on; for I think  
I saw it lie at her bed's head.

*Rough.* What! drawers grow capricious?

*Clem.* Help! help!

*Enter BESS BRIDGES.*

*Bess.* What uproar's this? Shall we be never rid  
From these disturbances?

*Rough.* Why, how now, *Bess*?  
Is this your housewifery? When you are mine,  
I'll have you rise as early as the lark.  
Look to the bar yourself; these lazy rascals  
Will bring your state behindhand.

*Clem.* You lie, sir.

*Rough.* How! lie!

*Clem.* Yes, sir, at the Raven in the High Street. I  
was at your lodging this morning for a pottle pot.

*Rough.* You will about your business: must you  
here  
Stand gaping and idle? [*Strikes him.*

*Bess.* You wrong me, sir,  
And tyrannize too much over my servants.  
I will have no man touch them but myself.

*Clem.* If I do not put ratsbane into his wine, instead  
of sugar, say I am no true baker. [*Exit.*

*Rough.* What! rise at noon?

A man may fight a tall fray in a morning,  
And one of your best friends, too, be hacked and  
mangled,

And almost cut to pieces, and you fast,  
Close in your bed, ne'er dream on't.

*Bess.* Fought you this day?

*Rough.* And ne'er was better put to't in my days.

*Bess.* I pray, how was't?

*Rough.* Thus. As I past yon fields—

*Enter the Kitchenmaid.*

*Maid.* I pray, forsooth, what shall I reckon for the  
jowl of ling in the Portecullis?

*Rough.* A pox upon your jowls, you kitchen-stuff!

Go, scour your skillets, pots, and dripping-pans,

And interrupt not us.

[*Kicks at her.*]

*Maid.* The devil take your ox-heels, you foul cod's-  
head! must you be kicking?

*Rough.* Minion! dare you scold?

*Maid.* Yes, sir; and lay my ladle over your coxcomb.

[*Exit.*]

*Bess.* I do not think that thou dar'st strike a man,  
That swagger'st thus o'er women.

*Rough.* How now, *Bess*?

*Bess.* Shall we be never quiet?

*Fors.* You are too rude.

*Rough.* Now I profess all patience.

*Bess.* Then proceed.

*Rough.* Rising up, early, minion, whilst you slept,  
To cross yon field, I had but newly parted  
With this my friend, but that I soon espied  
A gallant fellow, and most strongly arm'd.  
In the mid-field we met, and, both being resolute,  
We justled for the wall.

*Bess.* Why, did there stand a wall in the mid-field?

*Rough.* I meant, strove for the way.

Two such brave spirits meeting, straight both drew.

*Enter CLEM.*

*Clem.* The maid, forsooth, sent me to know whether you would have the shoulder of mutton roasted or sod.

*Rough.* A mischief on your shoulders! [*Strikes him.*]

*Clem.* That's the way to make me never prove good porter.

*Bess.* You still heap wrongs on wrongs.

*Rough.* I was in fury,  
To think upon the violence of that fight,  
And could not stay my rage.

*Fors.* Once more proceed.

*Rough.* Oh! had you seen two tilting meteors jumble  
In the mid region, with like fear and fury  
We two encountered. Not Briareus  
Could with his hundred hands have struck more thick.  
Blows came about my head; I took them still:  
Thrusts by my sides, 'twixt body and my arms;  
Yet still I put them by.

*Bess.* When they were past, he put them by.—Go on.  
But in this fury, what became of him?

*Rough.* I think I paid him home: he's soundly maul'd.  
I bosom'd him at every second thrust.

*Bess.* Scap'd he with life?

*Rough.* Ay, that's my fear. If he recover this,  
I'll never trust my sword more.

*Bess.* Why fly you not, if he be in such danger?

*Rough.* Because a witch once told me  
I ne'er should die for murder.

*Bess.* I believe thee.

But tell me, pray, was not this gallant fellow  
A pretty, fair, young youth, about my years?

*Rough.* Even there about.

*Clem.* He was not fifty, then?

*Bess.* Much of my stature?

*Rough.* Much about your pitch.

*Clem.* He was no giant, then.

*Bess.* And wore a suit like this?

*Rough.* I half suspect.

*Bess.* That gallant fellow,

So wounded and so mangled, was myself.

You base, white-livered slave! it was this shoe

That thou stoop'd to untie; untruss'd those points;

And, like a beastly coward, lay along,

Till I strid over thee. Speak: was't not so?

*Rough.* It cannot be denied.

*Bess.* Hare-hearted fellow! milksop! Dost not blush?

Give me that rapier: I will make thee swear

Thou shalt redeem this scorn thou hast incurr'd,

Or in this woman shape I'll cudgel thee,

And beat thee through the streets. As I am *Bess*, I'll

do't.

*Rough.* Hold; hold! I swear.

*Bess.* Dare not to enter at my door till then.

*Rough.* Shame confounds me quite.

*Bess.* That shame redeem, perhaps we'll do thee grace.

I love the valiant, but despise the base.

*Clem.* Will you be kicked, sir?

*Rough.* She hath waken'd me,

And kindled that dead fire of courage in me

Which all this while hath slept. To spare my flesh

And wound my fame, what is't? I will not rest,

Till by some valiant deed I have made good

All my disgraces past. I'll cross the street,

And strike the next brave fellow that I meet.

*Fors.* I am bound to see the end on't.

*Rough.* Are you, sir?

[*Beats off* FORSET.]

*Enter Mayor of Foy, an Alderman, and Servant.*

*Mayor.* Believe me, sir, she bears herself so well,  
No man can justly blame her ; and I wonder,  
Being a single woman as she is,  
And living in a house of such resort,  
She is no more distasted.

*Ald.* The best gentlemen  
The country yields become her daily guests.  
Sure, sir, I think she's rich.

*Mayor.* Thus much I know : would I could buy her  
state,  
Were't for a brace of thousands ! [*A shot.*

*Ald.* 'Twas said a ship is now put into harbour:  
Know whence she is.

*Serv.* I'll bring news from the quay. [*Exit.*

*Mayor.* To tell you true, sir, I could wish a match  
Betwixt her and mine own and only son ;  
And stretch my purse, too, upon that condition.

*Ald.* Please you, I'll motion it.

*Re-enter the Servant.*

*Serv.* One of the ships is new come from the Islands ;  
The greatest man of note's one Captain *Goodlack*.  
It is but a small vessel.

*Enter GOODLACK and Sailors.*

*Goodl.* I'll meet you straight at the Windmill.  
Not one word of my name.

1 *Sail.* We understand you.

*Mayor.* Sir, 'tis told us you came late from the Islands.

*Goodl.* I did so.

*Mayor.* Pray, sir, the news from thence ?

*Goodl.* The best is, that the General is in health,  
And Fayal won from the Spaniards ; but the fleet,

By reason of so many dangerous tempests,  
Extremely weather-beaten. You, sir, I take it,  
Are Mayor o' th' town.

*Mayor.* I am the King's lieutenant.

*Goodl.* I have some letters of import from one,  
A gentleman of very good account  
That died late in the Islands, to a maid  
That keeps a tavern here.

*Mayor.* Her name *Bess Bridges*?

*Goodl.* The same. I was desir'd to make inquiry  
What fame she bears, and what report she's of.  
Now, you, sir, being here chief magistrate,  
Can best resolve me.

*Mayor.* To our understanding  
She's without stain or blemish, well reputed;  
And, by her modesty and fair demeanour,  
Hath won the love of all.

*Goodl.* The worse for me.

*Ald.* I can assure you, many narrow eyes  
Have look'd on her and her condition;  
But those that with most envy have endeavour'd  
T'entrap her, have return'd, won by her virtues.

*Goodl.* So all that I inquire of make report.  
I am glad to hear't. Sir, I have now some business,  
And I of force must leave you.

*Mayor.* I entreat you to sup with me to-night.

*Goodl.* Sir, I may trouble you.—

[*Exeunt Mayor and Alderman.*]

Five hundred pounds a year out of my way.  
Is there no flaw that I can tax her with,  
To forfeit this revenue? Is she such a saint,  
None can missay her? Why, then, I myself  
Will undertake it. If in her demeanour  
I can but find one blemish, stain, or spot,  
It is five hundred pound a year well got.

[*Exeunt GOODLACK and Sailors.*]

*Enter CLEM and the Sailors on the one side: at the other, ROUGHMAN, who draws upon them, and beats them off.*

*Re-enter CLEM, and the Sailors, with BESS.*

*Bess.* But did he fight it bravely?

*Clem.* I assure you, mistress, most dissolutely: he hath run this sailor three times through the body, and yet never touched his skin.

*Bess.* How can that be?

*Clem.* Through the body of his doublet, I meant.

*Bess.* How shame, base imputation, and disgrace, Can make a coward valiant! Sirrah, you Look to the bar.

*Clem.* I'll hold up my hand there presently.

*Bess.* I understand you came now from the Islands?

*1 Sail.* We did so.

*Bess.* If you can tell me tidings of one gentleman, I shall requite you largely.

*1 Sail.* Of what name?

*Bess.* One *Spencer*.

*2 Sail.* We both saw and knew the man.

*Bess.* Only for that, call for what wine you please. Pray tell me where you left him.

*2 Sail.* In *Fayal*.

*Bess.* Was he in health? How did he fare?

*2 Sail.* Why, well.

*Bess.* For that good news, spend, revel, and carouse; Your reck'ning's paid beforehand.—I am ecstasied, And my delight's unbounded.

*1 Sail.* Did you love him?

*Bess.* Next to my hopes in heaven.

*1 Sail.* Then change your mirth.

*Bess.* Why, as I take it, you told me he was well; And shall I not rejoice?



1 *Sail.* He's well, in heaven; for, mistress, he is dead.

*Bess.* Ah! dead! Was't so you said? Th' hast given  
me, friend,

But one wound yet: speak but that word again,  
And kill me outright.

2 *Sail.* He lives not.

*Bess.* And shall I?—Wilt thou not break, heart?  
Are these my ribs wrought out of brass or steel,  
Thou canst not craze their bars?

1 *Sail.* Mistress, use patience, which conquers all  
despair.

*Bess.* You advise well.

I did but jest with sorrow: you may see

I am now in gentle temper.

2 *Sail.* True; we see't.

*Bess.* Pray take the best room in the house, and there  
Call for what wine best tastes you: at my leisure,  
I'll visit you myself.

1 *Sail.* I'll use your kindness. [*Exeunt Sailors.*]

*Bess.* That it should be my fate! Poor, poor sweet-  
heart!

I do but think how thou becom'st thy grave,  
In which would I lay by thee. What's my wealth,  
To enjoy't without my *Spencer*? I will now  
Study to die, that I may live with him.

*Enter* GOODLACK.

*Goodl.* The farther I inquire, the more I hear  
To my discomfort. If my discontinuance  
And change at sea disguise me from her knowledge,  
I shall have scope enough to prove her fully.  
This sadness argues she hath heard some news  
Of my friend's death.

*Bess.* It cannot, sure, be true  
That he is dead. Death could not be so envious,

To snatch him in his prime. I study to forget  
That e'er was such a man.

*Goodl.* If not impeach her,  
My purpose is to seek to marry her.  
If she deny me, I'll conceal the will,  
Or, at the least, make her compound for half.—  
Save you, fair gentlewoman.

*Bess.* You are welcome, sir.

*Goodl.* I hear say, there's a whore here, that draws wine.  
I am sharp set, and newly come from sea,  
And I would see the trash.

*Bess.* Sure, you mistake, sir.  
If you desire attendance, and some wine,  
I can command you both.—Where be these boys?

*Goodl.* Are you the mistress?

*Bess.* I command the house.

*Goodl.* Of what birth are you, pray?

*Bess.* A tanner's daughter.

*Goodl.* Where born?

*Bess.* In Somersetshire.

*Goodl.* A trade-fall'n tanner's daughter go so brave?  
Oh! you have tricks to compass these gay clothes.

*Bess.* None, sir, but what are honest.

*Goodl.* What's your name?

*Bess.* *Bess Bridges* most men call me.

*Goodl.* Y'are a whore.

*Bess.* I will fetch you wine, to wash your mouth;  
It is so foul, I fear't may fester, else:  
There may be danger in't.

*Goodl.* Not all this move her patience?

*Bess.* Good, sir, at this time I am scarce myself,  
By reason of a great and weighty loss  
That troubles me.—But I should know that ring.

*Goodl.* How! this, you baggage? It was never made  
To grace a strumpet's finger.

*Bess.* Pardon, sir; I both must and will leave you.

[*Exit.*]

*Goodl.* Did not this well? This will stick in my stomach.

I could repent my wrongs done to this maid;  
But I'll not leave her thus: if she still love him,  
I'll break her heart-strings with some false report  
Of his unkindness.

*Enter CLEM.*

*Clem.* You are welcome, gentleman. What wine will you drink? Claret, Metheglia, or Muscadine? Cider, or Perry, to make you merry? Aragoosa, or Peter-see-me? Canary, or Charnico? But, by your nose, sir, you should love a cup of Malmsey: you shall have a cup of the best in Cornwall.

*Goodl.* Here's a brave drawer, will quarrel with his wine.

*Clem.* But if you prefer the Frenchman before the Spaniard, you shall have either here of the deep red grape, or the pallid white. You are a pretty tall gentleman; you should love High Country wine: none but clerks and sextons love Graves wine. Or, are you a married man, I'll furnish you with bastard, white or brown, according to the complexion of your bedfellow.

*Goodl.* You rogue, how many years of your prenticeship have you spent in studying this set speech?

*Clem.* The first line of my part was, Anon, anon, sir; and the first question I answered to, was loggerhead, or blockhead—I know not whether.

*Goodl.* Speak: where's your mistress?

*Clem.* Gone up to her chamber.

*Goodl.* Set a pottle of sack in the fire, and carry it into the next room. [Exit.]

*Clem.* Score a pottle of sack in the Crown, and see at the bar for some rotten eggs, to burn it: we must

have one trick or other, to vent away our bad commodities. [Exit.]

*Enter BESS, [in her Chamber] with SPENCER'S Picture.*

*Bess.* To die, and not vouchsafe some few commends  
Before his death, was most unkindly done.  
This picture is more courteous: 't will not shrink  
For twenty thousand kisses; no, nor blush:  
Then thou shalt be my husband; and I vow  
Never to marry other.

*Enter GOODLACK.*

*Goodl.* Where's this harlot?

*Bess.* You are immodest, sir, to press thus rudely  
Into my private chamber.

*Goodl.* Pox of modesty,  
When punks must have it mincing in their mouths!  
And have I found thee? then, shalt hence with me.

*Bess.* Rob me not of the chiefest wealth I have.  
Search all my trunks; take the best jewels there;  
Deprive me not that treasure: I'll redeem it  
With plate, and all the little coin I have,  
So I make keep that still.

*Goodl.* Think'st thou that bribes  
Can make my leave my friend's will unperform'd?

*Bess.* What was that friend?

*Goodl.* One *Spencer*, dead i'th' Islands,  
Whose very last words, utter'd at his death,  
Were these: If ever thou shalt come to Foy,  
Take thence my picture, and deface it quite;  
For let it not be said, my portraiture  
Shall grace a strumpet's chamber.

*Bess.* 'Twas not so:  
You lie! you are a villain! 'twas not so.  
'Tis more than sin thus to bely the dead.  
He knew, if ever I could have transgress'd,

'T had been with him: he durst have sworn me chaste,  
And died in that belief.

*Goodl.* Are you so brief?

Nay, I'll not trouble you. Good bye you!

*Bess.* Yet leave me still that picture, and I'll swear  
You are a gentleman, and cannot lie.

*Goodl.* I am inexorable.

*Bess.* Are you a Christian? Have you any name  
That ever good man gave you?

'Twas no saint you were call'd after. What's thy name?

*Goodl.* My name is Captain *Thomas Good*——

*Bess.* I can see no good in thee: rase that syllable  
Out of thy name.

*Goodl.* *Goodluck's* my name.

*Bess.* I cry you mercy, sir: I now remember you.  
You were my *Spencer's* friend; and I am sorry,  
Because he lov'd you, I have been so harsh:  
For whose sake I entreat, ere you take't hence,  
I may but take my leave on't.

*Goodl.* You'll return it?

*Bess.* As I am chaste, I will.

*Goodl.* For once I'll trust you.

*Bess.* Oh thou! the perfect semblance of my love,  
And all that's left of him, take one sweet kiss,  
As my last farewell. Thou resemblest him,  
For whose sweet safety I was every morning  
Down on my knees, and with the lark's sweet tunes  
I did begin my prayers; and when sad sleep  
Had charm'd all eyes, when none save the bright stars  
Were up and waking, I remembered thee;  
But all, all to no purpose.

*Goodl.* Sure, most sure, this cannot be dissembled.

*Bess.* To thee I have been constant in thine absence;  
And when I look'd upon this painted piece,  
Remembered thy last rules and principles.

For thee I have given alms, visited prisons,  
 To gentlemen and passengers lent coin,  
 That, if they ever had ability,  
 They might repay't to *Spencer*: yet for this,  
 All this, and more, I cannot have so much  
 As this poor table.

*Goodl.* I should question truth, if I should wrong this  
 creature.

*Bess.* I am resolv'd.—  
 See, sir, this picture I restore you back;  
 Which, since it was his will you should take hence,  
 I will not wrong the dead.

*Goodl.* God be wi' you!

*Bess.* One word more.  
*Spencer*, you say, was so unkind in death.

*Goodl.* I tell you true.

*Bess.* I do entreat you, even for goodness' sake,  
 Since you were one that he entirely lov'd,  
 If you some few days hence hear me expir'd,  
 You will, 'mongst other good men, and poor people  
 That haply may miss *Bess*, grace me so much  
 As follow me to the grave. This if you promise,  
 You shall not be the last of all my friends  
 Remembered in my will. Now, fare you well.

*Goodl.* Had I had heart of flint or adamant,  
 It would relent at this.—My mistress *Bess*,  
 I have better tidings for you.

*Bess.* You will restore my picture? Will you?

*Goodl.* Yes, and more than that:  
 This ring from my friend's finger, sent to you  
 With infinite commends.

*Bess.* You change my blood.

*Goodl.* These writings are the evidence of lands:  
 Five hundred pound a year's bequeath'd to you,  
 Of which I here possess you: all is yours.

*Bess.* This surplusage of love hath made my loss,  
That was but great before, now infinite.—  
It may be compassed; there's in this my purpose  
No impossibility.

*Goodl.* What study you?

*Bess.* Four thousand pound, besides this legacy,  
In jewels, gold, and silver, I can make,  
And every man discharg'd. I am resolv'd  
To be a pattern to all maids hereafter  
Of constancy in love.

*Goodl.* Sweet Mistress *Bess*, will you command my  
service?

If to succeed your *Spencer* in his love,  
I would expose me wholly to your wishes.

*Bess.* Alas! my love sleeps with him in his grave,  
And cannot thence be wakened: yet for his sake  
I will impart a secret to your trust,  
Which, saving you, no mortal should partake.

*Goodl.* Both for his love and yours, command my  
service.

*Bess.* There's a prize  
Brought into Falmouth Road, a good tight vessel.  
The bottom will but cost eight hundred pound;  
You shall have money: buy it.

*Goodl.* To what end?

*Bess.* That you shall know hereafter. Furnish her  
With all provision needful: spare no cost;  
And join with you a ging of lusty lads,  
Such as will bravely man her. All the charge  
I will commit to you; and when she's fitted,  
Captain, she is thine own.

*Goodl.* I sound it not.

*Bess.* Spare me the rest.—This voyage I intend,  
Though some may blame, all lovers will commend.

[*Exeunt.*

*Explicit Actus tertius.*

E



## ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

*After an Alarum, enter a Spanish Captain, with Sailors, bringing in a Merchant: SPENCER, and the Surgeon, prisoners.*

*Spaniard.* For Fayal's loss and spoil, by th' English done,

We are in part reveng'd. There's not a vessel  
That bears upon her top St. George's Cross,  
But for that act shall suffer.

*Merchant.* Insult not, Spaniard,  
Nor be too proud, that thou by odds of ships,  
Provision, men, and powder, mad'st us yield.  
Had you come one to one, or made assault  
With reasonable advantage, we by this  
Had made the carcase of your ship your graves,  
Low sunk to the sea's bottom.

*Span.* Englishman, thy ship shall yield us pillage.  
These prisoners we will keep in strongest hold,  
To pay no other ransom than their lives.

*Spenc.* Degenerate Spaniard, there's no nobless in thee,  
To threaten men unarm'd and miserable.  
Thou might'st as well tread o'er a field of slaughter,  
And kill them o'er that are already slain,  
And brag thy manhood.

*Span.* Sirrah, what are you?

*Spenc.* Thy equal, as I am a prisoner;  
But once to stay a better man than thou:  
A gentleman in my country.

*Span.* Wert thou not so, we have strappados, bolts,  
And engines, to the mainmast fastened,  
Can make you gentle.

*Spenc.* Spaniard, do thy worst:

Thou canst not act more tortures than my courage  
Is able to endure.

*Span.* These Englishmen,  
Nothing can daunt them. Even in misery,  
They'll not regard their masters.

*Spenc.* Masters! Insulting, bragging *Thrasos!*

*Span.* His sauciness we'll punish 'bove the rest.  
About their censures we will next devise. † [*Flourish.*  
And now towards Spain, with our brave English prize.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* BESS, Mayor, Alderman, CLEM.

*A table set out, and stools.*

*Bess.* A table and some stools!

*Clem.* I shall give you occasion to ease your tails,  
presently.

*Bess.* Will't please you sit?

*Mayor.* With all our hearts, and thank you.

*Bess.* Fetch me that parchment in my closet window.

*Clem.* The three sheepskins with the wrong side out-  
ward?

*Bess.* That with the seal.

*Clem.* I hope it is my indenture, and now she means  
to give me my time. [*Exit.*

*Alder.* And now you are alone, fair Mistress *Elizabeth*,  
I think it good to taste you with a motion  
That no way can displease you.

*Bess.* Pray, speak on.

*Alder.* 'T hath pleas'd here Master Mayor so far to look  
Into your fair demeanour, that he thinks you  
A fit match for his son.

*Re-enter* CLEM, with the parchment.

*Clem.* Here's the parchment; but if it be the lease of  
your house, I can assure you 'tis out.

*Bess.* The years are not expired.

*Clem.* No; but it is out of your closet.

*Bess.* About your business.

*Clem.* Here's even *Susannah* betwixt the two wicked  
elders. [*Exit.*

*Alder.* What think you, Mistress *Elizabeth*?

*Bess.* Sir, I thank you;

And how much I esteem this goodness from you,

The trust I shall commit unto your charge

Will truly witness. Marry, gentle sir!

'Las, I have sadder business now on hand,

Than sprightly marriage; witness these my tears.

Pray read these.

*Mayor.* [*Reads*] The last will and testament of *Elizabeth Bridges*; to be committed to the trust of the Mayor and Aldermen of Foy, and their successors for ever.

To set up young beginners in their trade, a thousand  
pound.

To relieve such as have had loss by sea, five hundred  
pound.

To every maid that's married out of Foy, whose name's  
*Elizabeth*, ten pound.

To relieve maimed soldiers, by the year, ten pound.

To Captain *Goodlack*, if he shall perform the business  
he's employed in, five hundred pound.

The legacies for *Spencer* thus to stand:

To number all the poorest of his kin,

And to bestow on them. Item, to ——

*Bess.* Enough! You see, sir, I am now too poor  
To bring a dowry with me fit for your son.

*Mayor.* You want a precedent, you so abound  
In charity and goodness.

*Bess.* All my servants  
I leave at your discretions to dispose:  
Not one but I have left some legacy.

What shall become of me, or what I purpose,  
Spare farther to inquire.

*Mayor.* We'll take our leaves,  
And prove to you faithful executors  
In this bequest.

*Alder.* Let never such despair,  
As, dying rich, shall make the poor their heir. [*Exeunt.*]

*Bess.* Why, what is all thē wealth the world contains,  
Without my *Spencer*?

*Enter ROUGHMAN and FORSET.*

*Rough.* Where's my sweet Bess?  
Shall I become a welcome suitor, now  
That I have chang'd my copy?

*Bess.* I joy to hear it.  
I'll find employment for you.

*Enter GOODLACK, Sailors, and CLEM.*

*Goodl.* A gallant ship, and wondrous proudly trimm'd:  
Well caulked, well tackled; every way prepar'd.

*Bess.* Here, then, our mourning for a season end.

*Rough.* *Bess*, shall I strike that captain? Say the word,  
I'll have him by the ears.

*Bess.* Not for the world.

*Goodl.* What saith that fellow?

*Bess.* He desires your love, good Captain: let him  
ha' it.

*Goodl.* Then change a hand.

*Bess.* Resolve me all. I am bound upon a voyage:  
Will you, in this adventure, take such part  
As I myself shall do?

*Rough.* With my fair *Bess*, to the world's end.

*Bess.* Then, Captain and Lieutenant both join hands;  
Such are your places now.

*Goodl.* We two are friends.

*Bess.* I next must swear you two, with all your gings,  
True to some articles you must observe,  
Reserving to myself a prime command,  
Whilst I enjoin nothing unreasonable.

*Goodl.* All this is granted.

*Bess.* Then, first you said your ship was trim and gay :  
I'll have her pitched all o'er : no spot of white,  
No colour to be seen ; no sail but black ;  
No flag but sable.

*Goodl.* 'Twill be ominous, and bode disaster fortune.

*Bess.* I'll ha't so.

*Goodl.* Why, then, she shall be pitch'd black as the  
devil.

*Bess.* She shall be called *The Negro*. When you know  
My conceit, Captain, you will thank [me] for't.

*Rough.* But whither are we bound ?

*Bess.* Pardon me that :

When we are out at sea, I'll tell you all.  
For mine own wearing I have rich apparel,  
For man or woman, as occasion serves.

*Clem.* But, mistress, if you be going to sea, what will  
become of me a-land ?

*Bess.* I'll give thee thy full time.

*Clem.* And shall I take time, when time is, and let  
my mistress slip away ? No ; it shall be seen that my  
teeth are as strong to grind biscuit as the best sailor of  
them all, and my stomach as able to digest powdered beef  
and poor-john. Shall I stay here to score a pudding in  
the Half-moon, and see my mistress at the mainyard,  
with her sails up, and spread ? No ; it shall be seen  
that I, who have been brought up to draw wine, will  
see what water the ship draws, or I'll bewray the voyage.

*Bess.* If thou hast so much courage, the Captain shall  
accept thee.

*Clem.* If I have so much courage ? When did you

see a black beard with a white liver, or a little fellow without a tall stomach? I doubt not but to prove an honour to all the drawers in Cornwall.

*Goodl.* What now remains?

*Fors.* To make myself associate  
In this bold enterprise.

*Goodl.* Most gladly, sir.

And now our number's full, what's to be done?

*Bess.* First, at my charge, I'll feast the town of Foy;  
Then set the cellars ope, that these my mates  
May quaff unto the health of our boon voyage,  
Our needful things being once convey'd aboard;  
Then, casting up our caps, in sign of joy,  
Our purpose is to bid farewell to Foy. [*Hautboys long.*]

*Enter MULLISHEG, Bashaw Alcade, and JOFFER, with  
other Attendants.*

*Mullish.* Out of these bloody and intestine broils  
We have at length attain'd a fort'nate peace,  
And now at last established in the throne  
Of our great ancestors, and reign King  
Of Fez and great Morocco.

*Alcade.* Mighty Mullisheg,  
Pride of our age, and glory of the Moors,  
By whose victorious hand all Barbary  
Is conquer'd, aw'd, and sway'd, behold thy vassals  
With loud applauses greet thy victory.

[*Shout—flourish.*]

*Mull.* Upon the slaughter'd bodies of our foes  
We mount our high tribunal; and being sole,  
Without competitor, we now have leisure  
To 'stablish laws, first for our kingdom's safety,  
The enriching of our public treasury,  
And last our state and pleasure: then give order  
That all such Christian merchants as have traffic



And freedom in our country, that conceal  
The least part of our custom due to us,  
Shall forfeit ship and goods.

*Joff.* There are appointed  
Unto that purpose careful officers.

*Mull.* Those forfeitures must help to furnish up  
Th' exhausted treasure that our wars consumed.  
Part of such profits as accrue that way  
We have already tasted.

*Alc.* 'Tis most fit  
Those Christians that reap profit by our land  
Should contribute unto so great a loss.

*Mull. Alcade,* they shall.—But what's the style of king,  
Without his pleasure? Find us concubines,  
The fairest Christian damsels you can hire,  
Or buy for gold: the loveliest of the Moors  
We can command, and negroes every where.  
Italians, French, and Dutch, choice Turkish girls,  
Must fill our Alkedavy, the great palace  
Where *Mullisheg* now deigns to keep his court.

*Joff.* Who else are worthy to be libertines  
But such as bear the sword?

*Mull. Joffer,* thou pleasest us.  
If kings on earth be termed demigods,  
Why should we not make here terrestrial heaven?  
We can, we will: our God shall be our pleasure;  
For so our Meccan Prophet warrants us.  
And now the music of the drums surcease:  
We'll learn to dance to the soft tunes of peace.

[*Hautboys.*

*Enter BESS, like a Sea-captain, GOODLACK, ROUGHMAN,  
FORSET, and CLEM.*

*Bess.* Good morrow, Captain. Oh, this last sea-fight  
Was gallantly perform'd! It did me good



To see the Spanish carvel vail her top  
Unto my maiden flag. Where ride we now?

*Goodl.* Among the Islands.

*Bess.* What coast is this we now descry from far?

*Goodl.* Yon fort's called Fayal.

*Bess.* Is that the place where *Spencer's* body lies?

*Goodl.* Yes; in yon church he's buried.

*Bess.* Then know, to this place was my voyage bound,  
To fetch the body of my *Spencer* thence;  
In his own country to erect a tomb  
And lasting monument, where, when I die,  
In the same bed of earth my bones may lie.  
Then, all that love me, arm and make for shore:  
Yours be the spoil, he mine; I crave no more.

*Rough.* May that man die derided and accurs'd  
That will not follow where a woman leads.

*Goodl.* *Roughman*, you are too rash, and counsel ill.  
Have not the Spaniards fortified the town?  
In all our ging we are but sixty-five.

*Rough.* Come, I'll make one.

*Goodl.* Attend me, good Lieutenant;  
And, sweet *Bess*, listen what I have devis'd.  
With ten tall fellows I have mann'd our boat,  
To see what straggl'ing Spaniards they can take.  
And see where *Forset* is return'd with prisoners.

*Enter FORSET, with two Spaniards.*

*Fors.* These Spaniards we by break of day surpris'd,  
As they were ready to take boat for fishing.

*Goodl.* Spaniards, upon your lives, resolve us truly,  
How strong's the town and fort?

*Span.* Since English *Raleigh* won and spoil'd it first,  
The town's re-edified, and fort new built,  
And four field pieces in the block-house lie,  
To keep the harbour's mouth.

*Goodl.* And what's one ship to these?

*Bess.* Was there not, in the time of their abode,  
A gentleman call'd *Spencer* buried there,  
Within the church, whom some report was slain,  
Or perish'd by a wound?

*Span.* Indeed, there was,  
And o'er him raised a goodly monument;  
But when the English navy were sail'd thence,  
And that the Spaniards did possess the town,  
Because they held him for a heretic,  
They straight remov'd his body from the church.

*Bess.* And would the tyrants be so uncharitable  
To wrong the dead! Where did they then bestow him?

*Span.* They buried him i' th' fields.

*Bess.* Oh, still more cruel!

*Span.* The man that ought the field, doubtful his corn  
Would never prosper whilst a heretic's body  
Lay there, he made petition to the Church  
To ha' it digg'd up and burnt; and so it was.

*Bess.* What's he, that loves me, would persuade me  
live?

Not rather leap o'er hatches into the sea?  
Yet, ere I die, I hope to be reveng'd  
Upon some Spaniards, for my *Spencer's* wrong.

*Rough.* Let's first begin with these.

*Bess.* 'Las, these poor slaves! Besides their pardon'd  
lives,  
One give them money.—And, Spaniards, where you  
come,

Pray for *Bess Bridges*, and speak well o' th' English.

*Span.* We shall.

*Bess.* Our mourning we will turn into revenge.  
And since the Church hath censur'd so my *Spencer*,  
Bestow upon the Church some few cast pieces.—  
Command the gunner do't.

*Goodl.* And, if he can, to batter it to the earth.

[*A piece.*

*Enter CLEM, falling for haste.*

*Clem.* A sail! a sail!

*Bess.* From whence?

*Clem.* A pox upon you gunner! Could he not give warning, before he had shot?

*Rough.* Why, I prithee?

*Clem.* Why? I was sent to the top-mast, to watch, and there I fell fast asleep. Bounce, quoth the gun; down tumbles *Clem*; and, if by chance my foot had not hung in the tackles, you must have sent to England for a bone-setter, for my neck had been in a pitiful taking.

*Rough.* Thou told'st us of a sail.

*Enter Sailor, above.*

*Sailor.* Arm, gentlemen! a gallant ship of war  
Makes with her full sails this way; who, it seems,  
Hath took a bark of England.

*Bess.* Which we'll rescue,  
Or perish in th' adventure. You have sworn  
That, howsoc'er we conquer or miscarry,  
Not to reveal my sex.

*All.* We have.

*Bess.* Then, for your country's honour, my revenge,  
For your own fame, and hope of golden spoil,  
Stand bravely to't.—The manage of the fight  
We leave to you.

*Goodl.* Then, now up with your fights, and let your  
ensigns,  
Blest with St. George's Cross, play with the winds.—  
Fair *Bess*, keep you your cabin.

*Bess.* Captain, you wrong me: I will face the fight:  
And where the bullets sing loud'st 'bout mine ears,  
There shall you find me cheering up my men.

*Rough.* This wench would of a coward make a *Hercules*.

*Bess.* Trumpets, a charge! and with your whistles shrill,

Sound, boatswains, an alarum to your mates.

With music cheer up their astonished souls,

The whilst the thund'ring ordnance bear the bass.

*Goodl.* To fight against the Spaniards we desire.

Alarum, trumpets! [Alarum.

*Rough.* Gunners, straight give fire! [Shot.

[*Exeunt* GOODLACK, BESS, &c.

*Re-enter* GOODLACK, *hurt*, BESS, ROUGHMAN, FORSET, CLEM.

*Goodl.* I am shot, and can no longer man the deck:  
Yet let not my wound daunt your courage, mates.

*Bess.* For every drop of blood that thou hast shed,  
I'll have a Spaniard's life.—Advance your targets,  
And now cry all, Board! board! Amain for England!

[Alarum.

[*Exeunt* GOODLACK, BESS, &c.

*Re-enter, with victory*, BESS, ROUGHMAN, FORSET,  
CLEM, &c. *The Spaniards prisoners.*

*Bess.* How is it with the Captain?

*Rough.* Nothing dangerous;  
But being shot i' th' thigh, he keeps his cabin,  
And cannot rise to greet your victory.

*Bess.* He stood it bravely out, whilst he could stand.

*Clem.* But for these Spaniards: now, you *Don Diegos*,  
you that made *Paul's* to stink.

*Rough.* Before we farther censure them, let's know  
What English prisoners they have here aboard.

*Span.* You may command them all. We that were

Lords over them, Fortune hath made your slaves.—  
Release our prisoners!

*Bess.* Had my Captain died,  
Not one proud Spaniard had escap'd with life.  
Your ship is forfeit to us, and your goods:  
So live.—Give him his long boat: him and his  
Set safe ashore; and pray for English *Bess*.

*Span.* I know not whom you mean; but be't your  
queen,  
Famous Elizabeth, I shall report  
She and her subjects both are merciful. [Exeunt.]

*Enter ROUGHMAN, with the Merchant and SPENCER.*

*Bess.* Whence are you, sir, and whither were you  
bound?

*Merch.* I am a London, bound for Barbary;  
But by this Spanish man-of-war surpris'd,  
Pillag'd, and captiv'd.

*Bess.* We much pity you.  
What loss you have sustain'd, this Spanish prey  
Shall make good to you, to the utmost farthing.

*Merch.* Our lives, and all our fortunes whatsoever,  
Are wholly at your service.

*Bess.* These gentlemen have been dejected long.  
Let me peruse them all, and give them money  
To drink our health. And pray forget not, sirs,  
To pray for——hold! support me, or I faint.

*Rough.* What sudden, unexpected ecstasy  
Disturbs your conquest?

*Bess.* Interrupt me not;  
But give me way, for Heaven's sake!

*Spencer.* I have seen  
A face, ere now, like that young gentleman,  
But not remember where.

*Bess.* But he was slain;

Lay buried in yon church; and thence remov'd,  
 Denied all Christian rites, and, like an infidel,  
 Confin'd unto the fields; and thence digg'd up,  
 His body, after death, had martyrdom.  
 All these assure me 'tis his shadow dogs me,  
 For some most just revenge, thus far to sea.—  
 Is it because the Spaniards 'scap'd with life,  
 That were to thee so cruel after death,  
 Thou haunt'st me thus? Sweet ghost, thy rage forbear;  
 I will revenge thee on the next we seize.  
 I am amaz'd; this sight I'll not endure.  
 Sleep, sleep, fair ghost, for thy revenge is sure.

*Rough.* Forset, convey the owner to his cabin.

[Exit FORSET with BESS.]

*Spenc.* I pray, sir, what young gentleman is that?

*Rough.* He's both the owner of the ship and goods,  
 That for some reasons hath his name concealed.

*Spenc.* Methinks he looks like *Bess*; for in his eyes  
 Lives the first love that did my heart surprise.

*Rough.* Come, gentlemen, first make your losses good,  
 Out of this Spanish prize. Let's then divide  
 Both several ways, and heavens be our guide.

*Merch.* We towards Mamorah.

*Rough.* We where the Fates do please,  
 Till we have track'd a wilderness of seas.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

Enter CHORUS.

Our stage so lamely can express a sea,  
 That we are fore'd by *Chorus* to discourse  
 What should have been in action. Now, imagine  
 Her passion o'er, and *Goodlack* well recover'd;  
 Who, had he not been wounded, and seen *Spencer*,  
 Had sure descried him. Much prize they have ta'en:  
 The French and Dutch she spares; only makes spoil  
 Of the rich Spaniard and the barbarous Turk.

And now her fame grows great in all these seas.  
Suppose her rich, and forc'd, for want of water,  
To put into Mamorah, in Barbary,  
Where, wearied with the habit of a man,  
She was discover'd by the Moors aboard,  
Which told it to the amorous King of Fez,  
That ne'er before had English lady seen.  
He sends for her on shore. How he receives her,  
How she and *Spencer* meet, must next succeed.  
Sit patient, then: when these are fully told,  
Some may hap say, Ay, there's a girl worth gold.

[*Exit. Act long.*

*Explicit Actus quartus.*



## ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter* MULLISHEG, ALCADÉ, JOFFER, *Attendants, &c.*

*Mullisheg.* But was she of such presence?

*Alc.* To describe her were to make eloquence dumb.

*Mull.* Well habited?

*Alc.* I ne'er beheld a beauty more complete.

*Mull.* Thou hast inflam'd our spirits. In England  
born?

*Alc.* The captain so reported.

*Mull.* How her ship?

*Alc.* I never saw a braver vessel sail.

And she is call'd *The Negro*.

*Mull.* Ominous,

Perhaps, to our good fate: she in a *Negro*  
Hath sail'd thus far, to bosom with a Moor.  
But for the motion made to come ashore,  
How did she relish that?

*Alc.* I promis'd to the Captain large reward,  
To win him to it, and this day he hath promis'd  
To bring me her free answer.

*Mull.* When he comes,  
Give him the entertainment of a prince.

*Enter a Moor.*

The news with thee?

*Moor.* The Captain of *The Negro* craves admittance  
Unto your Highness' presence.

*Mull.* A guard attend him, and our noblest bashaws  
Conduct him safe where we will parley him. [*Flourish.*]

*Enter* GOODLACK and ROUGHMAN.

*Goodl.* Long live the high and mighty King of Fez!

*Mull.* If thou bring'st her, then dost thou bring me life.

Say, will she come?

*Goodl.* She will, my Lord; but yet conditionally, She may be free from violence.

*Mull.* Now, by the mighty Prophet we adore, She shall live lady of her free desires:

'Tis love, not force, must quench our amorous fires.

*Rough.* We will conduct her to your presence straight.

*Mull.* We will have banquets, revels, and what not, To entertain this stranger. [Hautboys.

*Enter* BESS BRIDGES, *veiled*, GOODLACK, ROUGHIMAN, FORSET, *and Moors.*

A goodly presence!—Why's that beauty veil'd?

*Bess.* Long live the King of Fez.

*Mull.* I am amaz'd!

This is no mortal creature I behold,  
But some bright angel, that is dropped from heaven,  
Sent by our Prophet.—Captain, let me thus  
Embrace thee in my arms.—Load him with gold,  
For this great favour.

*Bess.* Captain, touch it not.—

Know, King of Fez, my followers want no gold.  
I only came to see thee, for my pleasure,  
And show thee what these say thou never saw'st,  
A woman born in England.

*Mull.* That English earth may well be term'd a heaven,

That breeds such divine beauties. Make me sure  
That thou art mortal by one friendly touch.

*Bess.* Keep off: for, till thou swear'st to my demands,

I will have no commerce with *Mullisheg*,  
But leave thee as I came.

*Mull.* Wer't half my kingdom,  
That, beauteous English virgin, thou shalt have.

*Bess.* Captain, read.

*Goodl.* First, liberty for her and hers to leave the  
land at her pleasure.

Next, safe conduct to and from her ship, at her own  
discretion.

Thirdly, to be free from all violence, either by the  
king, or any of his people.

Fourthly, to allow her mariners fresh victuals aboard.

Fifthly, to offer no farther violence to her person  
than what he seeks by kingly usage and free en-  
treaty.

*Mull.* To these I vow and seal.

*Bess.* These being assur'd,  
Your courtship's free, and henceforth we secur'd.

*Mull.* Say, gentlemen of England, what's your fashion  
And garb of entertainment?

*Goodl.* Our first greeting  
Begins still on the lips.

*Mull.* Fair creature, shall I be immortaliz'd  
With that high favour?

*Bess.* 'Tis no immodest thing  
You ask, nor shame for *Bess* to kiss a king.

*Mull.* This kiss hath all my vitals ecstasied.

*Rough.* Captain, this king is mightily in love. Well,  
let her  
Do as she list, I'll make use of his bounty.

*Goodl.* We should be madmen else.

*Mull.* Grace me so much as take your seat by me.

*Bess.* I'll be so far commanded.

*Mull.* Sweet, your age?

*Bess.* Not fully yet seventeen.

*Mull.* But how your birth? How came you to this  
wealth,

To have such gentlemen at your command,  
And what your cause of travel?

*Bess.* Mighty prince,  
If you desire to see me beat my breast,  
Pour forth a river of increasing tears,  
Then you may urge me to that sad discourse.

*Mull.* Not for Mamorah's wealth, nor all the gold  
Coin'd in rich Barbary. Nay, sweet, arise,  
And ask of me, be't half this kingdom's treasure,  
And thou art lady on't.

*Bess.* If I shall ask, 't must be, you will not give.  
Our country breeds no beggars; for our hearts  
Are of more noble temper.

*Mull.* Sweet, your name.

*Bess.* *Elizabeth.*

*Mull.* There's virtue in that name. ✓  
The virgin queen, so famous through the world,  
The mighty empress of the maiden isle,  
Whose predecessors have o'errun great France,  
Whose powerful hand doth still support the Dutch,  
And keeps the potent King of Spain in awe,  
Is not she titled so?

*Bess.* She is.

*Mull.* Hath she herself a face so fair as yours,  
When she appears for wonder?

*Bess.* Mighty Fez,  
You cast a blush upon my maiden cheek,  
To pattern me with her. Why, England's queen  
She is the only Phœnix of her age,  
The pride and glory of the Western Isles.  
Had I a thousand tongues, they all would tire,  
And fail me in her true description.

*Mull.* Grant me this:  
To-morrow we supply our judgment seat,

And sentence causes; sit with us in state,  
And let your presence beautify our throne.

*Bess.* In that I am your servant.

*Mull.* And we thine.

Set on in state, attendants and full train:  
But find to ask, we vow thou shalt obtain.

[*Exeunt MULLISHEG, BESS, and Attendants.*

*Enter CLEM: manet GOODLACK.*

*Clem.* It is not now as when Andrea liv'd, or rather Andrew, our elder journeyman. What! drawers become courtiers! Now may I speak with the old ghost in *Jeronimo*—

When this eternal substance of my soul  
Did live imprisoned in this wanton flesh,  
I was a courtier in the court of Fez.

*Goodl.* Oh, well done, Clem! It is your mistress  
pleasure,

None come ashore that's not well habited.

*Clem.* Nay; for mine own part, I hold myself as good a Christian in these clothes, as the proudest infidel of them all.

*Enter ALCADÉ and JOFFER.*

*Alc.* Sir, by your leave, you're of the English train?

*Clem.* I am so, thou great monarch of the Mauritanians.

*Joff.* Then, 'tis the King's command we give you all attendance.

*Clem.* Great Signior of the Saracens, I thank thee.

*Alc.* Will you walk in to banquet?

*Clem.* I will make bold to march in towards your banquet, and there comfit myself, and cast all caraways down my throat, the best way I have to conserve myself in health: and for your country's sake, which is called Barbary, I will love all barbers and barberies the better.

And for you Moors, thus much I mean to say,  
I'll see if more I eat, the more I may.

*Enter two Merchants.*

1 *Mer.* I pray, sir, are you of the English train?

*Clem.* Why, what art thou, my friend?

1 *Mer.* Sir, a French merchant, run into relapse,  
And forfeit of the law. Here's for you, sir,  
Forty good Barbary pieces, to deliver  
Your lady this petition, who, I hear,  
Can all things with the King.

*Clem.* Your gold doth bind me to you.—You may see }  
what it is to be sudden courtier: I no sooner put my }  
nose into the court, but my hand itches for a bribe }  
already.—What's your business, my friend?

2 *Mer.* Some of my men, for a little outrage done,  
Are sentenc'd to the galleys.

*Clem.* To the gallows?

2 *Mer.* No; to the galleys. Now, could your lady  
purchase  
Their pardon from the King, here's twenty angels.

*Clem.* What are you, sir?

2 *Mer.* A Florentine merchant.

*Clem.* Then you are, as they say, a Christian?

2 *Mer.* Heaven forbid, else.

*Clem.* I should not have the faith to take your gold, else.  
Attend on me: I'll speak in your behalf.  
Where be my bashaws? Usher us in state: [*Flourish.*  
And when we sit to banquet, see you wait. [*Exit.*

*Enter SPENCER, solus.*

*Spenc.* This day the King ascends his royal throne.  
The honest merchant, in whose ship I came,  
Hath, by a cunning quiddit in the law,  
Both ship and goods made forfeit to the King.

To whom I will petition. But no more ;  
 He's now upon his entrance. [*Hautboys.*

*Enter the King, BESS, GOODLACK, ROUGHMAN,  
 ALCADE, JOFFER, with all the other train.*

*Mull.* Here seat the maid of England like a queen—  
 The style we'll give thee, wilt thou deign us love.

*Bess.* Bless me, you holy angels !

*Mull.* What is't offends you, sweet ?

*Spenc.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to think on't.

*Bess.* Captain, dost not see ? Is not that *Spencer's*  
 ghost ?

*Goodl.* I see, and like you I am ecstasied.

*Spenc.* If mine eyes mistake not,  
 That should be Captain *Goodlack*, and that *Bess*.  
 But oh ! I cannot be so happy.

*Goodl.* 'Tis he, and I'll salute him.

*Bess.* Captain, stay.  
 You shall be swayed by me.

*Spenc.* Him I well know ; but how should she come  
 hither ?

*Mull.* What is't that troubles you ?

*Bess.* Most mighty King,  
 Spare me no longer time, but to bestow  
 My Captain on a message.

*Mull.* Thou shalt command my silence, and his ear.

*Bess.* [*To Goodlack*] Go wind about, and when you  
 see least eyes  
 Arc fix'd on you, single him out, and see  
 If we mistake not. If he be the man,  
 Give me some private note.

*Goodl.* This.

*Bess.* Enough. What said your highness ?

*Mull.* Hark what I proffer thee. Continue here,  
 And grant me full fruition of thy love.



*Bess.* Good.

*Mull.* Thou shalt have all my peers to honour thee,  
Next our great Prophet.

*Bess.* Well.

*Mull.* And when thou'rt weary of our sun-burnt  
clime,  
Thy *Negro* shall be ballast home with gold.

*Bess.* I am eterniz'd ever!

Now, all you sad disasters, dare your worst;  
I neither care nor fear: my *Spencer* lives!

*Mull.* You mind me not, sweet virgin.

*Bess.* You talk of love:

My lord, I'll tell you more of that, hereafter:  
But now to your state-business.—Bid him do thus  
No more, and not to be seen till then.

*Goodl.* Enough.—Come, sir, you must along with me.  
[*Exeunt* GOODLACK and SPENCER.]

*Bess.* Now, stood a thousand deaths before my face,  
I would not change my cheer, since *Spencer's* safe.

*Enter* CLEM and the Merchants.

*Clem.* By your leave, my masters; room for Gene-  
rosity.

1 *Mer.* Pray, sir, remember me.

2 *Mer.* Good sir, my suit.

*Clem.* I am perfect in both your parts, without  
prompting. Mistress, here are two Christian friends  
of mine have forfeited ships and men to the black-a-  
morian king: now, one sweet word from your lips  
might get their release. I have had a feeling of the  
business already.

*Mull.* For dealing in commodities forbid,  
You're fined a thousand ducats.

*Bess.* Cast off the burden of your heavy doom:  
A follower of my train petitions for him.

*Mull.* One of thy train, sweet *Bess*?

*Clem.* And no worse man than myself, sir.

*Mull.* Well, sirrah, for your lady's sake  
His ship and goods shall be restored again.

*Mer.* Long live the King of Fez!

*Clem.* Mayst thou never want sweet water, to wash  
thy black face in, most mighty monarch of Morocco.—  
Mistress, another friend; ay, and paid beforehand.

*Mull.* Sirrah, your men, for outrage and contempt,  
Are doom'd unto the gallies.

*Bess.* A censure too severe for Christians.  
Great King, I'll pay their ransom.

*Mull.* Then, my *Bess*,  
Thy word shall be their ransom: they're discharg'd.  
What grave old man is that?

*Joff.* A Christian preacher; one that would convert  
Your Moors, and turn them to a new belief.

*Mull.* Then he shall die, as we are King of Fez.

*Bess.* For these I only spake; for him I kneel,  
If I have any grace with mighty Fez.

*Mull.* We can deny thee nothing, beauteous maid.  
A kiss shall be his pardon.

*Bess.* Thus I pay't.

*Clem.* Must your black face be smouching  
My mistress' white lips with a morian!  
I would you had kissed her a—

*Alc.* Hah! how is that, sir?

*Clem.* I know what I say, sir; I would he had kissed  
her a—

*Alc.* A—what?

*Clem.* A thousand times, to have done him a pleasure.

*Re-enter* SPENCER and GOODLACK.

*Mull.* That kiss was worth the ransom of a king.—  
What's he, of that brave presence?

*Bess.* A gentleman of England, and my friend.  
Do him some grace, for my sake.

*Mull.* For thy sake what would I not perform?  
He shall have grace and honour.—*Joffer*, go  
And see him gelded to attend on us.  
He shall be our chief eunuch.

*Bess.* Not for ten worlds! Behold, great King, I  
stand  
Betwixt him and all danger.—Have I found thee?—  
Seize what I have; take both my ship and goods;  
Leave naught that's mine unrifled: spare me him.—  
And have I found my *Spencer*?

*Clem.* Please your majesty, I see all men are not  
capable of honour: what he refuseth, may it please you  
to bestow on me.

*Mull.* With all my heart. Go, bear him hence, *Al-*  
*cade*,  
Into our Alkedavy: honour him,  
And let him taste the razor.

*Clem.* There's honour for me!

*Alc.* Come, follow.

*Clem.* No, sir; I'll go before you, for mine honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Spenc.* Oh! show yourself, renowned King, the same  
Fame blazons you. Bestow this maid on me:  
'Tis such a gift as kingdoms cannot buy.  
She is a precedent of all true love,  
And shall be register'd to after times,  
That ne'er shall pattern her.

*Goodl.* Heard you the story of their constant love,  
'Twould move in you compassion.

*Rough.* Let not intemperate love sway you 'bove pity.  
That foreign nation, that ne'er heard your name,  
May chronicle your virtues.

*Mull.* You have waken'd in me an heroic spirit:

Lust shall not conquer virtue.—Till this hour,  
We grac'd thee for thy beauty, English woman;  
But now we wonder at thy constancy.

*Bess.* Oh! were you of our faith, I'd swear great  
*Mullisheg*

To be a god on earth.—And lives my *Spencer*?  
In troth I thought thee dead.

*Spenc.* In hope of thee,  
I liv'd to gain both life and liberty.

*Enter CLEM, running.*

*Clem.* No more of your honour, if you love me! Is  
this your Moorish preferment, to rob a man of his best  
jewels?

*Mull.* Hast thou seen our Alkedavy?

*Clem.* Davy do you call him? he may be called  
shavy: I am sure he hath tickled my current commo-  
dity. No more your cutting honour, if you love me.

*Mull.* All your strange fortunes we will hear discours'd,  
And after that your fair espousals grace,  
If you can find a man of your belief  
To do that grateful office.

*Spenc.* None more fit  
Than this religious and grave gentleman,  
Late rescued from death's sentence.

*Preacher.* None more proud  
To do you that poor service.

*Mull.* Noble Englishman,  
I cannot fasten bounty to my will  
Worthy thy merit: move some suit to us.

*Spenc.* To make you more renown'd, great King, and us  
The more indebted, there's an Englishman  
Hath forfeited his ship for goods uncustom'd.

*Mull.* Thy suit is granted ere it be half begg'd:  
Dispose them at thy pleasure.

*Spenc.* Mighty King,

We are your Highness' servants.

*Mull.* Come, beauteous maid; we'll see thee crown'd  
a bride.

At all our pompous banquets these shall wait.  
Thy followers and thy servants press with gold;  
And not the mean'st that to thy train belongs,  
But shall approve our bounty. Lead in state,  
And wheresoc'er thy fame shall be enroll'd,  
The world report thou art a Girl worth Gold.

*Explicit Actus quintus.*

FINIS.

## N O T E S.

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Page 5, line 12. "Persever," for *persevere*, was then the most usual spelling and pronunciation of the word.

Page 6, line 1. This list is prefixed (without any heading) to the old copy, and we have not in any respect varied from what we may suppose to have been the author's arrangement of the characters of his play. We do not here give any account of the performers, whose names follow the parts they represented, because a full alphabetical list of all the actors on the English stage, prior to the Restoration, with such particulars of their lives, &c., as have come down to us, is one of the works in forward progress for the Members of our Society.

Page 6, line 25. "Cales" was the old mode of spelling *Cadiz*; and, as it is often necessary to preserve it, for the sake of the measure of the verse, we have adopted it from the old copy, whenever it occurs. The Earl of Essex, strictly speaking, was not "going to Cales" this voyage; for the expedition to Cadiz had been sent out in the preceding year. The expedition of 1597 was against the Azores, and the Spanish East and West India fleets: it was commonly called "the Island voyage."

Page 7, line 6. The Lord spoken of as about to put to sea, when the wind should be fair, was, of course, the Earl of Essex, the great and unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who was appointed leader of the expedition of 1597. It sailed in August of that year; so that the time of action in this play is very clearly ascertained.

Page 12, line 15. Go, let your master snick-up.] To "go snick-up" has been usually considered equivalent to *go hang*; but here it should seem that it has reference to drawing wine for the guests.

Page 16, line 24. The old copy reads corruptly "*From* new supply from thence." It was perhaps written by the author, "*Some* new supply from thence."

Page 18, line 29. The dumb show was of course intended to denote the departure of the General (the Earl of Essex) and his followers on their Island voyage. The liberality and punctuality of Essex in his payments are distinctly evinced by the discharge of the debts owing by him and his officers, previous to his final departure on 17th August. The "Hautboys" mentioned in the stage-direction played, as was not unusual, during the dumb-show and the passage of the characters across the stage.

Page 19, line 17. *Explicit Actus primus.*] So in the old copy; and as the terminations of the other four acts are marked in the same way, we thought it best to leave the drama, as far as possible, in the form in which it came from Heywood's hand.

Page 20, line 1. The scene here changes to Foy, where Bess Bridges is mistress of the Windmill tavern.

Page 20, line 31. Hath turned over your years to me.] *i.e.*, Clem's years of servitude: to turn over an apprentice from one master to another is still the expression.

Page 21, line 26. Marry, the last dear year.] We learn from Stow, (*Annales*, p. 1279) that in 1596, wheat was six, seven, and eight shillings per bushel: the dearth continued and increased in 1597; so that, in August of that year, the bushel of wheat was sold for thirteen shillings.

Page 24, line 16. I can tell them what is to *be-tall*.] A pun founded upon the German word *bezahlen*, which signifies *to pay*. Clem says that he can tell them what is to pay with one word of his mouth.

Page 25, line 11. The *exit* of Clem is not marked in the old copy.

Page 25, line 20. Enter Spencer and Goodlack.] The scene here changes to Fayal, in the Azores, after the taking of the place.

Page 26, line 5. That were before.] In the former scene of Act I.

Page 26, line 19. Atone this difference.] *i.e.*, *reconcile* this difference—at *one* it—a sense in which the word often occurs in Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

Page 27, line 1. Ought we not to read, in this line, "Sir, *I* have no commission but my counsel?"



Page 29, line 3. Enter Bess Bridges.] It is hardly necessary to remark that the scene here returns to England.

Page 29, line 17. Mary Ambree, or Westminster Long Meg.] A man-dressing heroine, often mentioned by our old dramatists, whose achievements are celebrated in a well-known ballad in vol. ii. of Percy's *Reliques*. Long Meg of Westminster, another masculine damsel, said to be of large dimensions, has had her exploits celebrated in prose, in a tract printed anterior to the close of the reign of Elizabeth, and reprinted in 1635. In modern times, it has been revived in *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, 4to., 1816.

Page 29, line 34. The *exit* of Clem is not marked in the old copy. Bess, just before, has ordered him to be gone.

Page 30, line 28. And you lie.] We are to suppose that Bess retires somewhat out of sight after her last speech, and now suddenly steps forward.

Page 32, line 17. Now farewell.] It is evident that Bess Bridges here makes her *exit*, but it is not marked; nor is that of Roughman, nine lines lower down.

Page 32, line 27. Enter two Sailors.] The scene is changed again to the Azores, with the bustle of an embarkation for England.

Page 35, line 1. The scene at the opening of this act of course is in England.

Page 35, line 3. This speech, in the old copy, is given to Forset, but it is clearly an error.

Page 35, line 10. Little Davy, Cutting Dick.] Two characters of the time, celebrated for their bravado and exploits.

Page 35, line 28. See and the slave will stir!] This exclamation might be more properly given, "See *an* the slave will stir!" but as the conjunction *an*, for *if*, was then very constantly written and printed *and*, no alteration seemed necessary.

Page 36, line 35. Neither this *exit* by Clem, nor that of the Kitchen-maid afterwards, is mentioned in the old copy.

Page 38, line 6, roasted or sod.] "Sod" is the old term for *boiled*.

Page 41, line 4. The King's lieutenant.] The Mayor ought to have said, the *Queen's* lieutenant, the time being 1597; but, when this play was written, the Mayor of Foy was the King's lieutenant.

Page 41, line 27. Exeunt Mayor and Alderman.] Not in the old

copy, but clearly necessary before Goodlack begins his soliloquy. The sailors, who entered and who go out with him, may be supposed to have stood back, out of hearing.

Page 42, line 5. Most dissolutely.] So Shakespeare, in "Merry Wives of Windsor," act i., sc. 1—"I am freely dissolved and *dissolutely*."

Page 45, line 12. Peter-see-me.] So called, from Pedro Ximenes, or Peter Simon, (as the name has been corrupted) who imported vines from Germany into Spain, and planted them near Malaga.—Henderson's "Hist. of Ancient and Modern Wines," 193. Peter-see-me is mentioned times out of number in our old dramatists.

Page 45, line 23. I'll furnish you with bastard.] The pun upon this sweet wine (from the Mediterranean, and so called from the species of grape) could hardly be avoided at any time.

Page 45, line 35. Rotten eggs.] From this and other authorities we learn that eggs were used in the burning of sack.

Page 48, line 6. As this poor table.] *i.e.*, picture: the word was not so usually applied to a portrait. A picture was called a table, because it was generally painted on a board.

Page 49, line 28. A ging of lusty lads.] "Ging" is the old form of *gang*, and it occurs in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act iv., sc. 2. It is also met with in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," (edit. Gifford, i., 47) where the editor thought fit to change it to *gang*—"An I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole *ging* of 'em." Middleton uses it twice; and the Rev. Mr. Dyce very properly preserves it, as one of the ancient words of our language. It may be found in other dramatists of the time of Shakespeare.

Page 50, line 1. The first scene of this act is evidently on board a Spanish ship.

Page 50, line 20. There's no nobless in thee.] So Shakespeare, as here, for the sake of the measure.

"Of noble Richard: then, true nobless would  
Learn him forbearance, &c."

*Richard II.*, act iv., sc 1.

Such is the reading of the earliest quarto, and is, of course, to be preferred in opposition to all the later editions, which read *nobleness*. The word "nobless" has also the authority of Ben Jonson for its employment.

Page 51, line 8. About their censures.] *i.e.*, judgments, or sentences : as soon as they have punished the sauciness of Spencer, they will consider about the sentences of the others. The word is used in the same way afterwards.

Page 51, line 11. The scene returns to Foy.

Page 52, line 5. *Exit.*] These stage-directions are often omitted ; and perhaps it may be enough to say now, that we have added them only where they seem necessary for the due understanding of the scene.

Page 53, line 13. I have chang'd my copy.] A common expression, in our old writers, to indicate an important or entire change.

Page 54, line 28. Poor-John.] The ordinary name for salt-fish, and particularly for hake, salted and dried.

Page 55, line 14. Hautboys long.] Such is the stage-direction ; meaning, no doubt, that the instruments are to play for a long time, in order to give opportunity for preparation, and a change of scene from Foy to Fez. The first speech of the first speaker conveys this needful intelligence to the auditory.

Page 56, line 31. Enter Bess, &c.] *i.e.*, on board her victorious ship, off Fayal, as we find just afterwards.

Page 58, line 16. The man that ought the field.] *i.e.*, owned (or *owed*, as it was often printed) the field. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Double Marriage," act iii., sc. 3—

"She did it for her husband, and she *ought* it."

Page 59, line 2. A piece.] A piece of artillery is discharged from the ship, against the church at Fayal.

Page 59, line 10. Bounce, quoth the gun.] Misprinted *guns* in the old copy ; but only one gun seems to have been fired.

Page 59, line 28. Up with your fights.] *Fights* were, technically, defences placed round the ship, to protect the crew on deck.

Page 60, line 28. Now, you Don Diegos.] The allusions to this dirty exploit of a Spaniard in St. Paul's are innumerable in our old dramatists, and for many years it continued a subject of reproach and laughter. See Middleton's "Blurt, Master Constable," act iv., sc. 3 ; Dekker and Webster's "Sir Thomas Wyatt," 1607 ; "Beaumont and Fletcher's "Captain," act iii., sc. 2, &c. Those who wish for a more minute explanation of the matter may consult the Rev. A. Dyce's edition of Webster's Works, ii., 298, and iv., 293.

Page 61, line 15. I am a London, bound for Barbary.] The measure is complete, but the word "merchant," after "London," is necessary for the sense. Perhaps we ought to read *Londoner*.

Page 62, line 14. This omitted stage-direction (as well as some others not specified) is clearly required.

Page 63, line 12. The words "Act long" are inserted to show that, in order to make due preparation for what follows, the interval between the fourth and fifth acts was longer than ordinary. On p. 55 we have had "Hautboys long."

Page 68, line 15. I was a courtier, &c.] These lines (with the omission of one, and the substitution of Fez for Spain) form the commencement of T. Kyd's celebrated drama, "The Spanish Tragedy," portions of which have been quoted by so many authors, that is impossible to enumerate them. It was a most popular favourite, and seems to have been especially so with all apprentices. For the original lines, see Dodsley's *Old Plays*, last edit., vol. iii., p. 99.

Page 69, line 27. The word "Flourish," which is merely a stage-direction, is printed in the old copy as part of the text; and in the next line the word "sit" is misprinted *fit*, by the common error of mistaking the long *s* for *f*.

Page 71, line 7. Ballast with gold.] Perhaps more properly spelt *ballac'd*, from the verb *to ballace*: we now say ballasted. Shakespeare, "Comedy of Errors," act iii., sc. 2, uses "ballast" in the same way as Heywood. Fitzgeoffrey, in his sermon on the death of Sir A. Rous, 1622, gives us the verb in its infinitive—"and to ballace their knowledge with judgment."

Page 71, line 8. Bess, we must suppose, makes this speech on observing Goodlack's sign to her respecting Spencer.

Page 71, line 15. The last part of this speech is addressed by Bess to Goodlack; who, after ascertaining the fact that Spencer is living, must have returned to the side of the heroine. The scene is confused, because, in the old copy, the exit of Goodlack with Spencer is not marked.

Page 72, line 25. With a morian.] Clem here seems attempting a sort of play upon the word *murrain*.



THE  
F A I R M A I D

OF THE WEST,

OR

*A Girle worth gold.*

The second part.

As it was lately acted before the King and Queen,  
with approved liking.

*By the Queen's Majesties Comedians.*

Written by T. H.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Royston, and are to be sold at his Shop  
in Ivie Lane. 1631.





To the true favourer of the *Muses*, and of  
all good Arts, *Thomas Hammon*,  
Esquire, of *Grays Inn*, &c.

The first part of this work I bestowed upon your friend, Mr. John Othow, the second I have conferred upon you, both being incorporated into one house, and noble society; the proximity in your chambers, and much familiar conference, having bred a mutual correspondency betwixt you. The prime motive inviting me to this Dedication, the much love and many courtesies reflecting upon me from you both; being the rather encouraged thereunto, that though the subject itself carry no great countenance in the title, yet it hath not only passed the censure of the *Plebe* and *Gentry*, but of the *Patricians* and *Prætextatæ*; as also of our royal *Augustus* and *Livia*. The reason why I have selected you my patrons was to exclude myself from the number of those of whom *Juvenal* speaks, Satire vii.—

Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.

Please you, at any of your more leisured hours, to vouchsafe the perusal of these slight papers, your acceptance shall be my recompence. Receive my wishes for your earth's

happiness in *millions*, for your heavenly bliss in *myriads*.  
Taking my leave of you with that in *Adelph*.

Nunquam ita magnifice quicquam dicam,  
Id virtus quin superet tua.

Yours, plenally devoted,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

## To the Reader.

Courteous Reader, if thou be'st tired in the first part, I would not wish thee to be travailed in the second; but I hope much better, and that thou didst leave in the last, as one that came late to his inn to rest himself for that night, only with purpose to go on with the second, as he that riseth early the next morning, (having refreshed himself) to proceed on his journey. By this time you cannot choose but be acquainted with the most of our Acts, but not with all; and more particularly for *Spencer* and his western *Bess*. With these countrymen of ours in their fellowship, you have heard the beginning of their troubles, but are not yet come to the end of their travels; in which you may accompany them on land, without the prejudice of deep ways or robbers; and by sea, free from the danger of rocks or pirates, as neither using horse or ship, more than this book in thine hand, and thy chair in thy chamber. More compliment I purpose not, and (I hope) thou expectest not. Farewell.

One studious to be thine,

T. H.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Tota*, Queen of Fez, and wife of *Mullisheg*; by THEOPHILUS  
BOURNE.

*Bashaw Joffer*.

*Roughman*.

*Clem*, the Clown.

*Mullisheg*, King of Fez.

*Bashaw Alcade*; by Mr. ANTHONY TURNER.

*Mr. Spencer*.

*Capt. Goodlack*.

*Forset*.

*Bess Bridges*.

A Porter of the King's gate.

A Lieutenant of the Moors.

A Guard.

A Negro.

A Chorus.

A Captain of the Banditti.

The *Duke of Florence*, with followers; by Mr. JOHN SOMNER.

The *Duke of Mantua*; by ROB. AXELL.

The *Duke of Ferrara*; by CHRISTOPH. GOAD.

An English Merchant.

Two Florentine Lords.

*Pedro Venturo*, General at sea for the *Duke of Florence*.

# T H E F A I R M A I D

of the West;

Or,

*A Girl worth Gold.*

The Second Part.

---

*Enter TOTA, MULLISHEG'S Wife.*

*Tota.* It must not, may not, shall not be endur'd.  
Left we for this our country, to be made  
A mere neglected lady here in Fez?  
A slave to others, but a scorn to all?  
Can womanish ambition, heat of blood,  
Or height of birth, brook this, and not revenge?  
Revenge? On whom? On mighty *Mullisheg*?  
We are not safe then. On the English stranger?  
And why on her, when there's no apprehension  
That can in thought pollute her innocence?  
Yet something I must do. What! nothing yet?  
Nor must we live neglected: I should doubt  
I were a perfect woman, but degenerate  
From mine own sex, if I should suffer this.  
I have a thousand projects in my brain,  
But can bring none to purpose.

*Enter Bashaw JOFFER.*

*Joff.* Call'd your majesty?

*Tota.* No; yet I think I did. Begone: yet stay.—  
Will not this misshapen embryo grow to form?  
Not yet? Nor yet?

*Joff.* I attend your Highness' pleasure.

*Tota.* 'Tis perfect, and I ha' it.  
I am ambitious but to think upon't;  
And if it prove as I have fashion'd it,  
I shall be trophied ever.

*Joff.* I wait still.

*Tota.* The King no way in peril; she secure;  
None harm'd; all pleas'd; I sweetly satisfied,  
And yet reveng'd at full. Brain, I for this  
Will wreath thee in a glorious arch of gold,  
Stuck full of Indian gems. But, *Tota*, whom  
Wilt thou employ in this? The Moors are treache-  
rous,

And them we dare not trust.

*Joff.* You need not me.

*Tota.* Say, where's the King?

*Joff.* I' the presence.

*Tota.* How?

*Joff.* Distemper'd, late, and strangely humorous,  
The cause none can conjecture.

*Tota.* Send in his sweetheart;  
And, were his own heart double ribb'd with brass,  
Yet she would search the inmost of his thoughts.  
No; 'tis not her on whom I build my project.—  
Is the King upon his entrance?

*Joff.* 'Tis thought he is.

If so, this strange sudden distemperature  
Hath not his purpose alter'd.

*Tota.* You have now leave  
To leave us, and attend the King.

*Joff.* I shall.

*Tota.* If any of the English lady's train

Come in your way, you may request them hither.  
Say, I would question some things of their country.

*Joff.* Madam, I shall.

*Tota.* Then in to your attendance.—What we must,  
We'll work by th' English: these we dare not trust.

*Enter CLEM, meeting JOFFER.*

*Joff.* 'Tis the Queen's pleasure you attend her.

*Clem.* The Queen speak with me? Can you tell the  
business? A murrain of these barbers of Barbary! they  
have given me a receipt, that, scape the colic as well as  
I can, I shall be sure never to be troubled with the  
stone.

*Joff.* Yonder she walks. I leave ye. [*Exit.*

*Tota.* Now, sir; you are of England?

*Clem.* And I think you are a witch.

*Tota.* How, sirrah?

*Clem.* A foolish proverb we use in our country; which,  
to give you in other words, is as much as to say, you  
have hit the nail on the head.

*Tota.* And servant to the English *Elizabeth*,  
So great in court by mighty *Mullisheg*.  
You follow her?

*Clem.* I must confess, I am not her gentleman usher,  
to go before her; for that way, as the case stands with  
me now, I can do her but small pleasure. I do follow her.

*Tota.* You have seen both nations, England and our  
Fez: How do our people differ?

*Clem.* Our countrymen eat and drink as yours do, for  
all the world; open their eyes, when they would see,  
and shut them again, when they would sleep: when  
they go, they set one leg before another; and gape  
when their mouths open, as yours: eat when they have  
stomachs, scratch when it itcheth; only, I hold our  
nation to be the cleaner.



*Tota.* Cleanlier? Wherein?

*Clem.* Because they never sit down to meat with such foul hands and faces.

*Tota.* But how your ladies and choice gentlewomen?

*Clem.* You shall meet some of them sometimes as fresh as flowers in May, and as fair as my mistress, and within an hour the same gentlewoman as black as yourself, or any of your Morians.

*Tota.* Can they change faces so? Not possible. Show me some reason for't.

*Clem.* When they put on their masks.

*Tota.* Masks? What are they?

*Clem.* Please you to put off yours, and I'll tell you.

*Tota.* We wear none but that which Nature hath bestowed on us, and our births give us freely.

*Clem.* And our ladies wear none but what the shops yield, and they buy for their money.

*Tota.* Canst thou be secret to me, Englishman?

*Clem.* Yes, and chaste, too: I have ta'en a medicine for't.

*Tota.* Be fix'd to me in what I shall employ thee,  
Constant and private unto my designs,  
More grace and honour I will do to thee  
Than e'er thou didst receive from *Mullisheg*.

*Clem.* Grace and honour! His grace and honour was to take away some part, and she would honour me to take away all. I'll see you damned as deep as the black father of your generation, the devil, first!

*Tota.* Mistake me not.

*Clem.* Nay, if you were with child with a young princely devil, and had a mind to any thing that's here, I'd make you lose your longing.

*Tota.* Sure, this fellow is some sot.

*Clem.* Grace and honour, quotha!

*Enter ROUGHMAN.*

*Rough.* How now, *Clem*; whither in such post-haste?

*Clem.* There, if you will have any grace and honour, you may pay for't as dear as I have done. 'Sfoot! I have little enough left: I would fain carry away something into my own country.

*Rough.* Why, what's the matter? I prithee stay.

*Clem.* No, Lientenant, you shall pardon me: not I; the room is too hot for me. I'll be gone: do you stay at your own peril. I'll be no longer a prodigal; I'll keep what I have. [*Exit CLEM.*

*Tota.* This should have better sense. I'll next prove him.

*Rough.* Excuse me, mighty princess, that my boldness hath press'd thus far into your privacies.

*Tota.* You no way have offended. Nay, come near: We love to grace a stranger.

*Rough.* 'Twas my ignorance,  
And no pretended boldness.

*Tota.* I have observ'd you  
To be of some command amongst the English;  
Nor make I question but that you may be  
Of fair revenues.

*Rough.* A poor gentleman.

*Tota.* We'll make thee rich. Spend that.

*Rough.* Your grace's bounty  
Exceeds what merit can make good in me.  
I am your Highness' servant.

*Tota.* Let that jewel be worn as our high favour.

*Rough.* 'Sfoot! I think  
This Queen's in love with me.—Madam, I shall.

*Tota.* If any favour I can do in court  
Can make you farther gracious, speak it freely:  
What power we have is yours.

*Rough.* Doubtless it is so, and I am made for ever.

*Tota.* Nay, we shall take it ill

To give ourselves so amply to your knowledge,  
And you not use us.

*Rough.* Use us! Now, upon my life, she's caught.  
What! courted by a Queen—a royal Princess?  
Where were your eyes, *Bess*, that you could not see  
These hidden parts and mysteries which this Queen  
Hath in my shape observ'd? 'Tis but a fortune  
That I was born to; and I thank Heaven for't.

*Tota.* May I trust you?

*Rough.* With your life, with your honour.  
I'll be as private to you as your heart  
Within your bosom; close as your own thoughts.—  
I'll brag of this in England, that I once  
Was favourite to a Queen.—My royal mistress.

*Tota.* If what you have already promis'd you'll make  
good,  
I'll prove so.

*Rough.* Madam, let this—

*Tota.* What?

*Rough.* This kiss.

*Tota.* This fool! this ass! this insolent gull!

*Rough.* Why, did not your grace mean plainly?

*Tota.* In what, sir?

*Rough.* Did you not court me?

*Tota.* How! that face?

Think'st thou I could love a monkey—a baboon?  
Know, were I mounted in the height of lust,  
And a mere prostitute, rather than thee  
I'd embrace one—name but that creature  
That thou dost think most odious.

*Rough.* Pardon me, lady:  
I humbly take my leave.

*Tota.* Have I given you your description? I pray,  
sir,

Be secret in't.

*Rough.* I shall be loth to tell it,  
Or publish it to any.

*Tota.* Yet you are not gone.  
Know, then, you have incurr'd  
The King's wrath first, our high displeasure next,  
The least of which is death. Yet, will you grow  
More near to us, and prove loyal unto my present pur-  
poses,  
I will not only pardon you what's past,  
But multiply my bounties.

*Rough.* I am your prisoner.

*Tota.* Be free: there's nothing that can be called  
offence,  
But that in thee we pardon.

*Rough.* I am fast.

*Tota.* And yet a free man. I am injured highly,  
And thou must aid me in my just revenge.

*Rough.* Were it to combat the most valiant Moor  
That ever Fez, Morocco, or Argiers bred,  
I for your sake would do it.

*Tota.* We seek nor blood,  
Nor to expose thee to the least of danger.  
I am modest; and what I dare not trust my own tongue  
with,  
Or thoughts, I'll boldly give unto thine ears.  
List.—Do you shake your head? Say; is't done al-  
ready?

*Rough.* Wrong my friend?

*Tota.* Do you cast doubts or dangers? Is not our life,  
Our honour, all in your hand, and will you lavish us,  
Or scant that bounty should crown you with excess?

*Rough.* I'll pause upon't.

*Tota.* Is not your life ours, by your insolence?  
Have we not power to take it?

*Rough.* Say no more: I'll do it.

*Tota.* But may I hope?

*Rough.* I have cast all doubts, and know how it may  
be compass'd.

*Tota.* There's more gold: your secrecy, that's all I  
crave.

*Rough.* To prove myself in this just cause I have,  
An honest man, or a pernicious knave.

*Tota.* Take the advantage of this night.

*Rough.* I shall expect fair end.

All doubts are cast.

*Tota.* So make a Queen thy friend. [Recorders.

*Enter* MULLISHEG, JOFFER, *and* ALCADE, SPENCER,  
GOODLACK, BESS, *and the rest.*

*Mull.* All music's harsh: command these discords  
cease;

For we have war within us.

*Bess.* Mighty King,

What is't offends your Highness?

*Mull.* Nothing, *Bess.*

Yet all things do.—Oh, what did I bestow,  
When I gave her away!

*Bess.* The Queen attends you.

*Mull.* Let her attend.

*Tota.* Ay, King.—Neglected still,  
My just revenge shall wound, although not kill.

*Mull.* I was a traitor to my own desires,  
To part with her so slightly. What! no means  
To alter these proceedings?

*Spenc.* Strange disturbances.

*Goodl.* What might the project be?

*Alc.* May it please your highness, shall the Masque go forward,

That was intended to grace this jovial night?

*Mull.* We'll have none. Let it be treason held To any man that shall but name our pleasure, Or that vain word, delight.—The more I gaze, The more I surfeit; and the more I strive To free me from these fires, I am deeper wrapt: In flames I burn.

*Spenc.* Your discontent, great Prince, takes from us all

The edge of mirth. These nuptial joys, that should Have swell'd our souls with all the sweet varieties Of apprehensive wishes, with your sadness Grow dull and leaden: they have lost their taste. In this your discontent, all pleasures lose their sweetness.

*Bess.* Mighty Fez, hath any ignorant neglect in us Bred these disturbances?

*Mull.* Offence and you Are like the warring elements, oppos'd. And Fez, why a king, and not command thy pleasure? Is she not within our kingdom? Nay, within our palace?

And therefore in our power. Is she alone That happiness that I desire on earth? Which, since the heavens have given up to mine hands, Shall I despise their bounty—and not rather Run through a thousand dangers, to enjoy Their prodigal favours? Dangers! 'Tush! there's none. We are here amidst our people, wall'd with subjects round,

And danger is our slave: besides, our war Is with weak woman. Oh! but I have sworn And seal'd to her safe conduct. What of that? Can a king swear against his own desires,

Whose welfare is the sinews of his realm?  
 I should commit high treason 'gainst myself,  
 Not to do that might give my soul content,  
 And satisfy my appetite with fulness.—*Alcade!*

*Alc.* My Lord.

*Mull.* Rides the English *Negro* still within the harbour?

*Alc.* Some league from land.

*Mull.* Lest that these English should attempt escape,  
 Now they are laden fully with our bounties,  
 Cast thou a watchful eye upon these two.

*Alc.* I shall.

*Mull.* I know their love's so fervent and entire,  
 They will not part asunder—she leave him,  
 Or he without her make escape to sea.  
 Then, while the one's in sight, our hope's are safe.  
 Be that thy charge.

*Alc.* I'll be an Argus o'er them.

*Goodl.* Unless the King be still in love with *Bess*,  
 Repenting him of their late marriage,  
 'Tis beyond wonder to calculate these storms.

*Mull.* How goes the hour?

*Alc.* About some four.

*Mull.* We rose too soon, *Bess*, from your nuptial feasts:

Something we tasted made us stomach sick,  
 But now we find a more contentful change.

*Bess.* Your sunshine is our day.

*Mull.* Dispose yourselves  
 All to your free desires; to dancing some,  
 Others to mount our stately Barbary horse,  
 So famous through the world for swift career,  
 Stomach, and fiery pace. Those that love arms,  
 Mount for the tilt: this day is yours; to you 'tis consecrate.



He commits treason in the highest degree  
 Whose cloudy brow dares the least tempest show,  
 To cross what we intend. Pleasure shall spring  
 From us to flow on you.

*All.* Long live the King!

*Mull.* To your free pastimes: leave us.

[*Exeunt. Manent GOODLACK and MULLISHEG.*  
 Captain, stay. Captain, I read a fortune in thy brow,  
 More than the slight presage of augury,  
 Which tells me thou, and only thou, art mark'd  
 To make me earthly blest.

*Goodl.* That I can do't?

*Mull.* It lies in thee to raise thy ruin'd fortunes  
 As high as is a Viceroy's, wreath thy front  
 Within a circled piramis of gold,  
 And to command, in all our territories,  
 Next to our person.

*Goodl.* Golden promises.

*Mull.* Our words are acts, our promises are deeds;  
 We do not feed with air: it lies in thee.  
 We two may grapple souls, be friends and brothers.

*Goodl.* Teach me how.

*Mull.* I do not find thee coming: in thy looks  
 I cannot spy that fresh alacrity,  
 Which, with a glad and sprightly forwardness,  
 Should meet our love half way.

*Goodl.* You wonder me.

*Mull.* No; thou art dull, or fearful. Fare thee well:  
 Thou hadst a fate laid up to make thee chronicled  
 In thy own country, but thou wilt basely lose it,  
 Even by thine own neglect.

*Goodl.* Forspeak me not.

The sun ne'er met the summer with more joy  
 Than I'd embrace my fortunes; but to you,  
 Great King, to whom I am so greatly bound,

I'd purchase't with a danger should fright earth,  
Astonish heaven, and make all hell to tremble :  
I am of no shrinking temper.

*Mull.* Prove but as wise as thou art bold and valiant,  
And gain me wholly to thee : half thou hast already  
Purchas'd by this bold answer ; but perform  
The rest, and we are all and only thine.

*Goodl.* Show me the way to gain this royal purchase ;  
If I do't not, divide me from your presence,  
From your grace ; and all those glorious hopes you have  
    propos'd  
Turn into scorns and scandals.

*Mull.* I am dull  
And drowsy on the sudden : whilst I sleep,  
Captain, read there.

[*He counterfeits sleep, and gives him a letter.*]

*Goodl.* To make Bess mine, some secret means devise,  
To thy own height and heart I'll make thee rise.—  
Is not this ink the blood of basilisks,  
That kills me in the eyes, and blinds me so,  
That I can read no further ? 'twas compos'd  
Of dragons' poison, and the gall of asps ;  
Of serpents' venom, or of vipers' stings ;  
It could not read so harsh, else. Oh, my fate !  
Nothing but this ? This ? Had a parliament  
Of fiends and furies in a synod sat,  
And devis'd, plotted, parley'd and contriv'd,  
They scarce could second this. This ? 'tis unparallel'd.  
To strumpet a chaste lady ; injure him  
That rates her honour dearer than his life ;  
T' employ a friend in treasons 'gainst his friend,  
And put that friend to do't : t'impose on me  
The hateful style and blot of pandarism,  
That am a gentleman : nay, worse than this,  
Make me in this a traitor to my country,

In giving up their honours. Who but a Moor, }  
 Of all that bears man's shape, likest a devil, }  
 Could have devis'd this horror? Possible  
 That he should mark out me? What does my face  
 Prognosticate, that he should find writ there  
 An index of such treasons? But beware:  
 'Twas his own plot; ay, and his cunning, too;  
 I'll add that to his project. But a Viceroy,  
 And a King's minion, titles that will shadow  
 Ills the most base and branded. Not to do it,  
 May purchase his displeasure, which can be  
 No less than death, or bondage. Here's propos'd  
 Honour and peril.—But what writes he farther?  
*We are impatient of delays; this night  
 Let it be done.*

I am doubtful of my purpose,  
 And can resolve of nothing.

[MULLISHEG starts out of his chair, as from a dream.

*Mull.* If he fail,

I'll have his flesh cut small as winter's snow,  
 Or summer's atoms.

*Goodl.* Ha! was that by us?

*Mull.* Where was I?—Oh! I dream'd upon the  
 sudden:

How fast was I.

*Goodl.* A fair warning 'twas.—Have you the cunning  
 To speak your thoughts in dreams!

*Mull.* Who's i' th' next room?

*Goodl.* My Lord.

*Mull.* My Captain, was it thou?

Sleep did surprise my senses, worthy friend,  
 And in my dreams I did remember thee.

*Goodl.* How me, my Lord?

*Mull.* Methought I had employ'd thee in a business  
 In which thou wert or fearful, or else false;

At which I was so overcome with rage,  
That from my dreams I started.

*Goodl.* Seamen say,  
When Haleyons sing, look for a storm that day :  
There's death in my denial.

*Mull.* Did you read  
That scroll we gave you, Captain? There's wrapt up  
A thousand honours for thee, and more gold  
Than, shouldst thou live a double Nestor's age,  
Thou couldst find ways to lavish.

*Goodl.* Add to your work a business of more danger,  
That I may think me worthy ; otherwise,  
This slight employment will but prize me low,  
And of desertless merit.

*Mull.* Think'st thou, Captain,  
It may be easily compass'd ?

*Goodl.* Dare you trust me ?

*Mull.* I dare.

*Goodl.* Then know, besides to dare and can,  
I will, though work beyond the power of man,  
I'll set my brains in action.

*Mull.* Noble friend,  
Above thy thoughts our honours shall extend.

*Goodl.* I am not to be shaken.

*Mull.* Where be our eunuchs ?  
We'll crown our hopes and wishes with more pomp  
And sumptuous cost than Priam did his son's,  
That night he bosom'd Helen : she's as fair,  
And we'll command our pomp to be as rare.  
We will have torches shall exceed the stars  
In number and in brightness : we will have  
Rare change of music shrill and high,  
That shall exceed the spheres in harmony.  
The jewels of her habit shall reflect,  
To daze all eyes that shall behold her state.

Our treasure shall like to a torrent rush  
Streams of rewards, richer than Tagus' sands,  
To make these English strangers swim in gold.  
In wild moriscos we will lead the bride;  
And when with full satieties of pleasures  
We are dull and satiate, at her radiant eyes  
Kindle fresh appetite, since they aspire  
T'exceed in brightness the high orbs of fire.  
Make this night mine, as we are King of Fez,  
Th'art Viceroy, Captain. [Exit MULLISHEG.

*Goodl.* Make my estate much less,  
And my attempts more honourable. Honour and  
virtue

To me seem things in opposition;  
Nor can we with small danger catch at one,  
But we must lose the other. Oh, my brain,  
In what a labyrinth art thou! Say I could  
Be false, as he would make me, what device,  
What plot, what train have I to compass it?  
Or with what face can I solicit her,  
In treason towards my friend?

*Enter ROUGHMAN.*

*Rough.* I am to solicit *Spencer*  
To lie with the Moor's Queen; a business *Bess*  
Will hardly thank me for: but, howsoever,  
I have underta'en it.

*Goodl.* Impossibilities all: the more I wade,  
The more I drown in weakness.

*Rough.* Captain.

*Goodl.* Oh! Lieutenant,  
Never was man perplex'd thus.

*Rough.* What! as you?  
Had you but my disturbance in your brain,  
'Twould tax a stoic's wit, or *Cedipus*.

Why, Captain, a whole school of sophisters  
Could not unriddle me.

*Goodl.* I would we might change business.

*Rough.* I would give boot so to be rid of mine.

*Goodl.* Shall we be free and open-breasted?

*Rough.* How?

*Goodl.* As thus:

Tell me thy grievances, and unto thee  
I will unveil my bosom: both disclos'd,  
I'll beg in mine thy counsel and assistance;  
Thy cause shall mine command.

*Rough.* A heart, a hand.

*Goodl.* I am to woo fair *Bess* to lie with *Mullisheg*.

*Rough.* And I woo *Spencer* to embrace the Queen.

*Goodl.* Is't possible?

*Rough.* 'Tis more than possible; 'tis absolutely past.

*Goodl.* There's not a hair to choose. Canst counsel  
me?

*Rough.* Can you advise me?

*Goodl.* I am past my wits.

*Rough.* And I beyond all sense.

*Goodl.* Wouldst thou do't, here lay the way plain  
before thee?

*Rough.* What! for gold betray my friend and country?  
Would you, Captain?

*Goodl.* What! and wear a sword  
To guard my honour and a Christian's faith?  
I'd flesh it here first!

*Rough.* Nobly resolved.

*Goodl.* We are not safe, Lieutenant. Moors are  
treacherous.

Nay, come, thy counsel: Fez hath proffer'd me  
The honour of a Viceroy; and withal,  
If I should fail performance, cunningly  
Hath threaten'd me with death.

*Rough.* You still propose

The danger, but you show no way to clear them.

*Goodl.* Brain, let me waken thee.—'Sfoot! hast thou no project? Dost thou partake my dulness?

*Rough.* The more I strive, the more I am entangled.

*Goodl.* And I, too.—Not yet?

*Rough.* Nor yet, nor ever.

*Goodl.* 'Twas coming here, and now again 'tis vanish'd.

*Rough.* Call't back again, for Heaven's sake.

*Goodl.* Again.

*Rough.* Thanks, Heaven!

*Goodl.* And now again 'tis gone.

*Rough.* Can you not catch fast hold on't?

*Goodl.* Give me way.

Let's walk, Lieutenant: could a man propose

A stratagem to gull this lustful Moor,

To supply him, and then to satiate her?

*Rough.* Good.

*Goodl.* Next, out of all these dangers secure us,  
And keep our treasure safe.

*Rough.* 'Twere excellent.

*Goodl.* But how shall this be done?

*Rough.* Why, Captain, know not you?

*Goodl.* Thinkst thou it in the power of man to work it?  
Yet come, I'll try; I owe my fate a death.  
Be sway'd by me in all things.

*Rough.* Noble Captain, I do not wish to outlive thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Explicit Actus primus.*



## ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter* SPENCER, BESS, and CLEM.

*Spenc.* The King was wondrous pleasant.—Oh! my  
*Bess,*

How much am I indebted to his highness,  
Only for gracing thee.

*Bess.* Could my *Spencer*  
Think that a barbarous Moor could be so train'd  
In human virtues?

*Clem.* Fie upon't! I am so tired with dancing with  
these same black she chimney-sweepers, that I can  
scarce set the best leg forward: they have so tired me  
with their moriscos, and I have so tickled them with  
our country dances, *Sellenger's* round, and *Tom Tiler*.  
We have so fiddled it!

*Spenc.* Sirrah, what news will you tell to your friends,  
when you return into England?

*Clem.* First and foremost, I have observed the wisdom  
of these Moors: for some two days since, being invited  
to one of the chief bashaws to dinner, after meat, seated  
by a huge fire, and feeling his shins to burn, I requested  
him to pull back his chair, but he very understandingly  
sent for three or four masons, and removed the chimney.  
The same Moorish entreated me to lie with him; and I,  
according to the state of my travels, willing to have a  
candle burning by, but he by no means would grant it:  
I asked him why. "No," says he; "we'll put out the  
light, that the fleas may not know where to find us."

*Enter* GOODLACK and ROUGHMAN.

*Spenc.* No storm at sea could be so tyrannous,  
Nor half th' affright bear in his forehead bare,  
As I spy in that look.

*Bess.* Let not your looks presage more terrors than  
Your tongues can speak: out with't at once, Lieutenant.

*Spenc.* Captain, speak.

*Goodl.* W'are all lost.

*Rough.* All shipwrecked.

*Clem.* Are we ashore, and shall we be cast away?

*Spenc.* Great *Mullisheg* is royal.

*Goodl.* False to you.

*Bess.* Gracious and kind.

*Rough.* Disloyal to us all.

*Spenc.* Wrap me not in these wonders, worthy friend.  
The very doubt of what the danger is,  
Is more than danger can be.

*Bess.* Be it death,  
So we may die together, here's a heart  
Fear never could affright.

*Goodl.* The King still loves your *Bess*.

*Spenc.* Hah!

*Rough.* The Queen your *Spencer*.

*Bess.* How?

*Goodl.* This night he must enjoy her.

*Rough.* And she him.

*Spenc.* A thousand deaths are in that word con-  
triv'd.

I'll make my passage through the blood of Kings,  
Rather than suffer this.

*Bess.* I through hell,  
Or were there place more dangerous.

*Goodl.* Else all die.

*Clem.* Die? 'Sfoot! this is worse than being made  
an eunuch, as I was.

*Spenc.* We have yet life, and therefore cherish hope.

*Goodl.* All hopes are banish'd in the deep abyss  
Of our perplexed thoughts.

*Rough.* All things run to retrograde.

*Bess.* Why, Captain, why, Lieutenant, had you the skill

To bring my ship thus far, to wreck her here?  
 Pass'd you the ocean, to perish in the harbour?  
 Thou, *Tom Goodlack*,  
 Wert ever true and just to my designs,  
 And canst thou fail me now?

*Goodl.* I study for you.

*Bess.* Hast thou brought me but to see my *Spencer's*  
 shadow,

And not enjoy the substance? for what more  
 Have I yet had from him, than from his picture,  
 That once hung in my chamber? Gentlemen, amongst  
 you all,

Rescue an innocent maid from violence;  
 Or do but say it cannot be prevented,  
 I begin, he that best loves me, follow.

*Spenc.* What means *Bess*?

*Goodl.* If it could be fashion'd to my thoughts,  
 And have success, 'twere brave.

*Spenc.* What, noble friend?

*Goodl.* To thrive but as we purpose.

*Spenc.* Have you way?

*Goodl.* 'Tis but a desperate course; and if it fail,  
 The worst can be but death; and I, even I,  
 That laid the plot, will teach them how to die.  
 I'll lead them on.

*Spenc.* If thou hast any project—

*Bess.* Joy or comfort—

*Rough.* And if not comfort, counsel—

*Goodl.* Say it thrive?

*Spenc.* What, Captain? what?

*Goodl.* You'll rip it from the womb  
 Ere it be fully hatch'd.

Now, if it prosper but to my desire  
And wishes, 'twere admirable.

*Spenc.* No longer hold us in suspense, good Captain,  
But free us from these fears.

*Goodl.* You, noble friend,  
This night cast gracious eyes upon the Queen.

*Bess.* And prove to me disloyal?

*Goodl.* Still you cross me,  
And make the birth abortive. You, fair *Bess*,  
With amorous favours entertain the King.

*Spenc.* And yield herself to his intemperate lust?

*Goodl.* You still prevent me: either give me way,  
To show you light unto your liberties,  
Or still remain in darkness.

*Rough.* Hear him out.

*Goodl.* You soothe the Queen, I'll flatter with the  
King.

Let's promise fair on both sides—say 'tis done  
All to their own desires.

*Spenc.* The event of this?

*Goodl.* A happy freedom, with a safe escape  
Unto our ship this night.

*Bess.* Oh, could this be!

*Goodl.* Fortune assists the valiant and the bold:  
We'll bid fair for't. I had forgot myself:  
Where's *Clem*?

*Clem.* Noble Captain.

*Goodl.* Post to the ship; bid *Forset* man the long boat  
With ten good musketeers, and at a watchword,  
If we can free our passage, take us in.  
Nay, make haste; one minute's stay is death.

*Clem.* I am gone in a twinkling.

*Goodl.* To compass the King's signet; then, to com-  
mand  
Our passage, 'scape the gates and watches too:

For that I have brain. The King's upon his entrance.  
 Hours waste, revels come on, a thousand projects  
 Of death, hopes, and fears, are warring  
 In my bosom, and at once.—  
 Eye you the Queen, and humour you the King;  
 Let no distaste nor discontented brow  
 Appear in you: their lust I'll make the ground  
 To set all free, or keep your honour sound.  
 Disperse; the King's on coming. [*Flourish.*

*Enter* MULLISHEG, TOTA, JOFFER, *and* ALCADE.

*Mull.* We consecrate this evening, beauteous bride,  
 To th' honour of your nuptials.—Is all done?

*Goodl.* Done.

*Tota.* Is he ours?

*Rough.* Yours.

*Tota.* And we ever thine.

*Goodl.* Ay, and so cast, that she shall grasp you freely,  
 And think she hugs her *Spencer*.

*Rough.* And when he bosoms you, think he enfolds  
 His lovely *Bess*.

*Tota.* Thou mak'st a queen thy servant.

*Goodl.* Your highness' signet, to command our passage  
 From chamber to chamber.

*Mull.* 'Tis there.

*Goodl.* The word.

*Mull.* 'Tis *Mullisheg*.

*Goodl.* This must bring us safe aboard.

*Mull.* We keep the bride  
 Too long from rest; now she is free for bed.

*Tota.* Please her to accept it,  
 In honour of her beauty; this night I'll do her any ser-  
 vice.

*Bess.* Mighty Princess,  
 Excuse my breeding from such arrogance

And overbold presumption, you nor yours  
 Can own me any duty: 'tis, besides,  
 The fashion of our country, not to trust  
 The secrets of a nuptial night like this  
 To the eyes of any stranger.

*Tota.* At your pleasure.

*Bess.* With our first night's unlacing, mighty Queen,  
 We dare not trust our husbands; 'tis a modesty  
 Our English maids profess.

*Mull.* Keep your own customs, as you shall think  
 best.

So for this night we leave you to your rest.

*Tota.* Remember.

*Rough.* 'Tis writ here.

*Mull.* Captain. [Exeunt: manet GOODLACK.

*Goodl.* I am fast.—

Now is my task in labour, and is plung'd  
 In thousand throes of child-birth. Dangerous it is  
 To deal where kings' affairs are questioned,  
 Or may be parley'd; but what's he so base,  
 That would not all his utmost powers extend,  
 For freedom of his country and his friend.  
 When all the court is silent, sunk in dreams,  
 Then must my spirits awake. By this the King  
 Has ta'en his leave of bride and bridegroom too;  
 And th' amorous Queen longs for some happy news  
 From *Roughman*, as great Fez expects from us.  
 My friend and *Bess*, wrapt in a thousand fears,  
 To find my plot in action; and it now  
 Must take new life. Auspicious Fate, thy aid,  
 To guard the honour of this English maid. [Exit.

*Enter ROUGHMAN, ushering the Queen.*

*Rough.* Tread soft, good madam.

*Tota.* Is this the chamber?

*Rough.* I'll bring him instantly.

He thinks this bed provided for his *Bess*,  
And that she lodges here, while she, poor soul,  
Embraceth naught but air.

*Tota.* Thou mak'st a queen thy servant.

*Rough.* Beware; be not too loud, lest that your  
tongue betray you.

*Tota.* Mute as night;

As silent and as secret. Wrongs should be  
Paid with wrongs, for so indeed 'tis meet;  
My just revenge, though secret, yet 'tis sweet.  
Haste time, and haste our bounty. [*Exit.*

*Rough.* Queen, I shall.—

So, now were we all safe, and in our *Negro* shipp'd,  
Might'st thou lie there till doomsday, lustful Queen.

[*Exit.*

*Enter GOODLACK and the King.*

*Goodl.* My Lord, the custom is in England still  
For maids to go to bed before their husbands:  
It saves their cheek from many a modest blush.

*King.* And in the dark.

*Goodl.* We use it for the most part.

*King.* Soft may their bones lie in their beds of ashes,  
That brought this custom into England first.

*Goodl.* This is the place where *Bess* expects her  
*Spencer*.

*King.* Thou Viceroy of Argiers—for, Captain, that  
Is now thy title—thou hast won a King  
To be thy breast companion.

*Goodl.* Not too loud.

Why enters not your highness? You are safe.

*King.* With as much joy as to our prophet's rest.  
But what thinks *Spencer* of this?

*Goodl.* I have shifted in her place



A certain Moor, whom I have hired for money,  
Which (poor soul) he entertains for *Bess*.

*King*. My excellent friend.

*Goodl*. Beware of conference, lest your tongue reveals  
What this safe darkness hides.

*King*. I am all silent.—

Oh! thou contentful night, into thy arms,  
Of all that e'er I tasted, sweetest and best,  
I throw me, more for pleasure than for rest.

[*Exit King*.

*Goodl*. One fury clasp another, and there beget  
Young devils between you, so fair *Bess* be safe.  
I have here the King's signet; this will yield us  
Way through the court and city: *Bess* being mask'd,  
How can she be descried, when none suspect,  
Our flight this day not dreamt on? Now to execute  
What was before purpos'd, which if it speed,  
I'll say the heavens have in our fates agreed. [Exit.

*Enter BESS, SPENCER, and ROUGHMAN.*

*Spenc*. How goes the night?

*Rough*. 'Tis some two hours from day.

*Bess*. Yet no news from the Captain.

*Rough*. I have done a midwife's part: I have brought  
the Queen to bed; I could do no more.

*Enter GOODLACK.*

*Spenc*. The Captain is come.

*Bess*. Thy news?

*Goodl*. All safe. Faith, wench, I have put them to it  
for a single combat: I have left them at it.

*Bess*. King and Queen?

*Goodl*. The same.

*Rough*. Now for us.

*Goodl*. Ay, there's all the danger: there's one Bashaw,

Whose eye is fix'd on *Spencer*, and he now  
Walks e'en before our lodging.

*Bess.* Then, what's past  
Is all yet to no purpose.

*Goodl.* He and I  
May freely pass the court; and you, fair *Bess*,  
I would disguise: but then for *Spencer*?

*Bess.* Why, that's the main of all: all, without his  
freedom,  
That we can aim at's nothing.

*Spenc.* It shall be thus, which alter none that loves me.  
With this signet you three shall pass to th' ship:  
Whilst I'm in sight, she will not be suspected.  
My escape leave to my own fair fortune.

*Bess.* How that?

*Spenc.* Through twenty Bashaws I will hew my way,  
But I will see thee ere morning.

*Bess.* Think'st thou, *Spencer*,  
That I will leave thee? Think'st thou that I can?  
Thou mayst as well part body from the soul,  
As part us now: it is our wedding night;  
Wouldst now divide us?

*Spenc.* Yield to time's necessities,  
And to our strict disasters.

*Goodl.* Words are vain.  
We now must cleave to action: our stay's death;  
And if we be not quick in expedition,  
We all perish.

*Spenc.* *Bess*, be sway'd.

*Bess.* To go to sea without thee,  
And leave thee subject unto a tyrant's cruelty?  
I'll die a thousand deaths first.

*Spenc.* First save one,  
And by degrees the rest. When thou hast pass'd  
The perils of this night, I am half safe:

But whilst thou art environ'd, more than better  
Half of my part's endanger'd.

*Goodl.* Talk yourselves

To your deaths, do : will you venture forth?

Leave me to the Bashaw.

*Rough.* Or me : I'll buffet with him for my passage.

*Spenc.* Neither : in what I purpose I am constant.

Conduct her safe : th' advantage of the night

I'll take for my escape ; and, my sweet *Bess*,

If in the morning I behold thee not

Safe within my *Negro*, be assur'd

I am dead. Nay, now, delays are vain.

*Bess.* Sir, did you love me,

You would not stay behind me.

*Spenc.* I'll ha't so.—

Gentlemen, be chary of this jewel

That throws herself into the arms of night

Under your conduct.—If I live, my *Bess*,

To-morrow I'll not fail thee.

*Bess.* And if thou diest to-morrow, be assur'd

To-morrow I'll be with thee.

*Spenc.* Shall thy love

Betray us all to death?

*Bess.* Well, I will go ;

But if thou dost miscarry, think the ocean

To be my bride-bed.

*Spenc.* Heaven for us !

That power that hath preserv'd us hitherto,

Will not let's sink now.—And, brave gentlemen,

Of the Moor's bounty bear not any thing

Unto our ship, lest they report of us

We fled by night, and robb'd them.

*Goodl.* Nobly resolv'd.

*Spenc.* Now embrace and part ; and my sweet *Bess*,

This be thy comfort 'gainst all future fears,

To meet in mirth that now divide in tears :  
Farewell, *Bess*.—I'll back into my chamber.

*Bess*. Can I part with life  
In more distracted horror ?

*Goodl*. You spoil all  
That we before have plotted.  
Will you mask yourself? and to the Porter first.  
Ho ! Porter !

*Enter Porter.*

*Porter*. Who calls ?

*Goodl*. One from the King.

*Porter*. How shall I know that ?

*Goodl*. This token be your warrant : behold his signet.

[*Porter*.] That's not enough : the word ?

*Goodl*. *Mullisheg*.

*Porter*. Pass freely.—Some weighty business is in  
hand,

That the King's signet is abroad so late.

But no matter ; this is my discharge : I'll to my rest.

[*Exit Porter*.]

*Enter Bashaw* ALCADE.

*Alc*. I much suspect,  
These English 'mongst themselves are treacherous.  
I have observ'd, the King had conference with the  
Captain : many whisperings and passages I have ob-  
served ; but that which makes me most suspect is, be-  
cause the King hath removed his lodging, and it may  
be to prostitute the English maid. Hah ! suspect, said  
I ? nay, examine things exactly, and 't must needs be  
so : the King is wondrous bountiful, and what is't gold  
cannot ? Troth, I could even pity the poor forlorn  
Englishman, who this night must be forced to lie alone,  
and have the King taste to him.

*Enter* SPENCER.

*Spenc.* Sure, this Moor hath been made private to the King's intents, which if I find, I'll make him the instrument for me to pass the Court gates. This man, whose office was to keep me, shall be the only means to free me.

*Alc.* On his marriage night, and up at this hour! Nay, if I once suspect, 'tis as firm as if it were confirmed by *Alcoran*, or *Mahomet* himself had sworn it. I'll sport myself with his distaste and sorrow.

*Spenc.* Thus abus'd.

*Alc.* What! up so late, and on your bridal night, When you should lie lull'd in the fast embrace Of your fair mistress.—I hope I have given't him soundly.

*Spenc.* Is't possible, To lodge my bride in one place, and dispose me To a wrong chamber? she not once send to me, That I might know to find her.

*Alc.* Excellent! Nay, if I once suspect, it never fails.

*Spenc.* I'll not take 't At the hands of an Empress, much less at hers.

*Alc.* Why, what's the business, sir? Oh! I guess the cause of your grief.

*Spenc.* And, sir, you may; but I'll be revenged.

*Alc.* Troth, and I would.

*Spenc.* I'll bosom somebody, Be it the common'st courtezan in Fez, If not for love, to vex her.

*Alc.* Can you do less?

*Spenc.* To leave me the first night.

*Alc.* Oh! 'twas a sign she never dearly lov'd you.

*Spenc.* I perceive, Bashaw *Alcade*, you understand my wrongs.

*Alc.* In part, though not in whole.

*Spenc.* Your word is warrant: pass me the Court gate.  
I'll to some loose bordello, and tell her when I have done.

*Alc.* Were it my cause, I'd do this, and more.

*Spenc.* Make me wait thus!

*Alc.* Oh! sir, 'tis insufferable.

*Spenc.* Troth, I dally my revenge too long. What, ho!

*Enter Porter.*

*Porter.* How now! Who calls?

*Alc.* Here's Bashaw *Alcade*: turn the key.

*Porter.* His name commands my gate: pass freely.

*Spenc.* Sir, I am bound to you.

To take this wrong, I should be held no man.—

Now to the watch; 'scape there as I can. [*Exit.*]

*Alc.* Ha, ha! so long as she sleeps in the arms of Fez, let him pack where he pleases.—*Porter*, now he's without, let him command his entrance no more, neither for reward nor entreaty, till day breaks.

*Porter.* Sir, he shall not.

*Alc.* 'Tis well we are so rid of him: *Mullishey* will give me great thanks for this.

I'll to his chamber, there attend without,

Till he shall waken from his drowsy rest,

And then acquaint him with this fortunate jest.

[*Exit.*]

*Alarum.* *Enter* JOFFER, *Lieutenant*; SPENCER *prisoner,*  
*and wounded.*

*Joff.* Sir, though we wonder at your noble deeds,  
Yet I must do the office of a subject,  
And take you prisoner. By that noble blood  
That runs in these my veins, when I behold  
The slaughter you have made, which wonders me,  
I wish you had escap'd, and not been made captive

To him, who though he may admire and love you,  
Yet cannot help you.

*Spenc.* Your style is like your birth, for you are *Joffer*,  
Chief Bashaw to the King; and him I know  
Lord of most noble thoughts. Speak: what's my  
danger?

*Joff.* Know, sir, a double forfeit of your life.  
Your outrage first is death, being in the night,  
And 'gainst the watch; but those that you have  
slain

In this fierce conflict brings it without all bounds  
Of pardon.

*Spenc.* I was born to't, and I embrace my fortune.

*Joff.* Sir, now I know you  
To be that brave and worthy Englishman,  
So highly grac'd in Court, which more amazeth me,  
That you should thus requite him with the slaughter  
Of his lov'd subjects.

*Spenc.* I entreat you, sir,  
As you are noble, question me no farther:  
I have many private thoughts that trouble me,  
And not the fear of death.

*Joff.* We know your name, and now have prov'd your  
courage:

Both these move us to give you as easy bondage  
As our loyalty to the King can suffer.  
You are free from irons.

*Spenc.* When this news shall come to her!

*Joff.* Lieutenant, lead the watch some distance off;  
Bid them remove those bodies lately slain:  
I must have private conference with this prisoner.  
Leave him to my charge.—  
Sir, think me, though a Moor,  
A nation strange unto you Christians,  
Yet that I can be noble: but in you



I have observ'd strange contrarities,  
Which I would be resolv'd in.

*Spenc.* Speak your thoughts.

*Joff.* When I conferr'd the nobleness of your blood  
With this your present passion, I much muse  
Why either such a small effuse of blood,  
These your slight wounds, or the pale fear of death,  
Should have the power to force a tear from such  
A noble eye.

*Spenc.* Why, think'st thou, Bashaw,  
That wounds, blood, or death,  
Could force a tear from me? Thou noblest of thy  
nation,

Do not so far misprize me. I tell thee, Bashaw,  
The rack, strappado, or the scalding oil,  
The burning pincers, or the boiling lead,  
The stakes, the pikes, the cauldron, or the wheel,  
Were all these tortures to be felt an once,  
Could not draw water hence.

*Joff.* Whence comes it, then?

*Spenc.* From that whose pains as far surmount all  
those,  
As whips of Furies do the ladies' fans,  
Made of the plumes o' th' estridge: this, like the sun,  
Extracts the dew from my declining soul,  
And swims mine eyes in moist effeminacy.  
Oh! *Bess, Bess, Bess, Bess.*

*Joff.* Dead pity you have waken'd in my bosom,  
And made me with you like compassionate.  
Freely relate your sorrows.

*Spenc.* Sir, I shall.  
If you have ever lov'd, or such a maid,  
So fair, so constant, and so chaste as mine,  
And should Fortune, too lamentable Fortune,  
Betray her to a black, abortive fate,

How would it wring you! Or if you had a heart,  
 Made of that metal that we white men have,  
 How would it melt in you!

*Joff.* Sir, you confound me.

*Spenc.* I will be brief. The travels of my *Bess*,  
 To find me out, you have partook at full,  
 In presence of the King; these I omit.  
 Now, when we came to sum up all our joy,  
 And this night were ent'ring to our hoped bliss,  
 The King—oh, most unworthy of that name!—  
 He quite fell off from goodness.

*Joff.* Who—*Mullisheg*?

*Spenc.* His lust outweigh'd his honour; and as if his  
 soul

Were blacker than his face, he laid plots  
 To take this sweet night from me; but prevented,  
 I have convey'd my beauteous bride aboard,  
 My Captain and Lieutenant.

*Joff.* Are they escap'd?

*Spenc.* Safe to my *Negro*. Thus far fortune led me  
 Through many dangers, till I pass'd this bridge,  
 The last of all your watches. And muse not,  
 Bashaw, that I thus single durst oppose myself:  
 I wore my mistress here, and she, not I,  
 Made me midway a conqueror.

*Joff.* She being at sea,  
 And safe, why should your own fates trouble you?

*Spenc.* Renowned Moor, there is your greatest error.  
 When we parted, I swore, by the honour of a gentle-  
 man,

And as I ever was her constant friend,  
 If I surviv'd, to visit her aboard  
 By such an hour; but if I fail, that she  
 Should think me dead: now, if I break one minute,  
 She leaps into the sea. 'Tis this, great Bashaw,

That from a soldier's eyes draws pearly tears :  
For my own person I despise all fears.

*Joff.* You have deeply touch'd me ; and to let you  
know

All moral virtues are not solely grounded  
In th' hearts of Christians, go, and pass free ;  
Keep your appointed hour ; preserve her life.  
I will conduct you past all danger ; but withal,  
Remember my head's left to answer it.

*Spenc.* Is honour fled from Christians unto Moors,  
That I may say, in Barbary I found  
This rare black swan?

*Joff.* And when you are at sea,  
The wind, no question, may blow fair ; your anchors,  
They are soon weigh'd, and you have sea-room free  
To pass unto your country. 'Tis but my life ;  
And I shall think it nobly spent to save you,  
Her, and your train, from many sad disasters.

*Spenc.* Sir, I thank you.  
Appoint me a fix'd hour : if I return not,  
May I be held a scorn to Christendom,  
And recreant to my country.

*Joff.* By three to-morrow.

*Spenc.* Bind me by some oath.

*Joff.* Only your hand and word.

*Spenc.* Which if I break,—  
What my heart thinks, my tongue forbears to speak.

*Joff.* I'll bear you past all watches. [Exeunt.]

*Explicit Actus secundus.*

## ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter MULLISHEG and TOTA.*

*Mull.* Through satiate with the pleasures of this night,  
The morning calls me from the sweet embraces  
Of the fair English damsel.

*Tota.* The English stranger  
Is stol'n from forth mine arms; I am at full reveng'd.  
Were I again to match, I'd marry one  
Of this brave nation, if a gentleman,  
Before the greatest monarch of the world,  
They are such sweet and loving bedfellows.  
Now to my chamber: darkness guide my way,  
Lest what none yet suspect the night betray.  
Let all like me wrong'd in their nuptial bed,  
Not aim at th' heart, but rather strike at th' head.

*Mull.* Venetian ladies, nor the Persian girls,  
The French, the Spanish, nor the Turkish dames,  
Ethiop, nor Greece, can kiss with half that art  
These English can; nor entertain their friends  
With tenth part of that ample willingness  
Within their arms.

*Enter Bashaw ALCADE.*

*Alc.* Your highness called.

*Mull.* To tell thee that none shall partake but thou.  
Oh! I have had the sweetest night's content  
That ever king enjoy'd.

*Alc.* With the fair English bride.

*Mull.* Nor envy if I raise the Captain for't,  
For he shall mount.

*Alc.* And he deserves it; but to me you owe  
Part of that honour: I had a hand in't, too,  
Although, perhaps, you thought me ignorant  
In what is past.

*Mull.* Hadst thou no more  
Than half a finger in this night's content,  
It shall not be forgot; but thou, as he,  
Shall be rais'd one step higher.

*Alc.* Observing what had pass'd, I spied the bride-  
groom,  
As still mine eyes were fix'd on him, up and late;  
Then, by a trick, a pretty sleight, a fine fetch of mine  
own,  
I pass'd him forth the gates, and gave command  
He should not have his entrance back again,  
Neither for reward or entreaties, till day broke.

*Mull.* Your aim in that?

*Alc.* For fear lest he by some suspicious jealousy  
Should have disturb'd your rest.

*Mull.* Thy providence  
Shall not die unrewarded. Shift him hence,  
And with his will, too, this makes thee  
Of our Council.

*Alc.* 'Tis an honour  
My wisdom hath long aim'd at, and I hope  
Now shall receive his merit.

*Enter a Negro.*

*Negr.* Pardon, great King, that I thus rudely press  
Into your private bed-chamber.

*Mull.* Speak; thy news?

*Negr.* The English Captain, with the lovely bride,  
With her Lieutenant, hath secretly this night,  
With your Highness' signet and the word,  
Pass'd the court gates, pass'd all the watches, and  
Got aboard their *Negro*,  
And I was sent to know your Highness' pleasure.

*Mull.* Hah! this night?—*Alcade*, seek, search;  
I left her sleeping in our royal bed.

*Alc.* I shall, my Lord.—I half suspect.

[*Exit.*

*Mull.* But was not *Spencer* with them?

*Negr.* Only they three:

And we, by virtue of your highness' signet,  
Pass'd them the court gates without trouble.

*Re-enter Bashaw ALCADE.*

*Mull.* We are amaz'd.

*Alcade*, whom find'st thou there?

*Alc.* Nothing, my Lord, but empty sheets,  
A bed new toss'd, but neither English lady,  
Nor any lady else.

*Mull.* We stand astonish'd,  
Not knowing what to answer.

*Enter a second Messenger.*

*Mess.* Pardon, great King, if I relate the news  
That will offend you highly.

*Mull.* That the English Captain, lady, and Lieu-  
tenant, are escap'd?

*Mess.* But that's not all.

*Mull.* Can there be worse behind?

*Mess.* Yes; if the loss of your dear subjects' lives  
Be worse than their escape. *Spencer*, without  
The signet or the word, being left behind.

*Mull.* [*To Alcade*] You call'd the porter up,  
And let him after.

*Alc.* Pardon, great King.

*Mull.* Was this your trick, your sleight, your stra-  
tagem?

As we are King of Fez, thy life shall pay  
The forfeit: thine own tongue shall sentence thee.—  
But to the rest.

*Mess.* Then pass'd he to the bridge,  
Where stood armed men, in number forty.

Maugre all their strength, with his good sword  
 He would have made through all ;  
 And in this fierce conflict, six, to the maze  
 Of all the rest, were slain : nor would he yield,  
 Till suddenly we rais'd a loud alarm,  
 At which the captain of the watch came down,  
 And so there surpris'd him.

*Mull.* Is he prisoner, then ?

*Mess.* In custody of the great Bashaw *Joffer*,  
 With whom we left him.

*Mull.* Command our Bashaw  
 To bring him clogg'd in irons.—These English pirates  
 Have robb'd us of much treasure ; and for that  
 His trait'rous life shall answer.—But for thee, traitor,  
 Thou hadst a hand in his escape ;  
 Thou shalt be sure to pay for't.

*Alc.* Alas ! my lord,  
 What I did was merely ignorance.

*Mull.* Nay, bribes ;  
 And I shall find it so.—Bear him to guard.—

[*Exit* ALCACADE, guarded.]

What dissolute strumpet did that trait'rous Captain  
 Send to our sheets ? But all our injuries  
 Upon that English prisoner we'll revenge :  
 As we in state and fortune hope to rise,  
 A never heard of death that traitor dies.

*Enter Captain* GOODLACK, BESS, ROUGHMAN, CLEM.

*Bess.* No news from *Forset* yet, that waits or *Spencer*.  
 The long boat's not returned ?

*Goodl.* Not yet.

*Bess.* *Clem*, to the main-top, *Clem*, and give us notice  
 If thou seest any like them make from the shore :  
 The day is broke already.

*Clem.* With all my heart, so you will give me warn-



ing before the gunner shoots, lest I tumble down again, and put my neck a second time in danger.

*Bess.* Prithee, begone: let's have no jesting now.

*Clem.* Then I'll to the main-top in earnest.

*Goodl.* How fares it with you, *Bess*?

*Bess.* Like a heartless creature, a body without motion.

How can I choose, when I am come to sea,  
And left my heart ashore? What! no news yet?

*Goodl.* None.

*Bess.* I prithee, *Roughman*, step into my cabin,  
And bring me here my hour-glass.

*Rough.* That I shall.

*Goodl.* To what end would you use it?

*Bess.* Shall I tell thee, Captain?

I would know how long I have to live:  
That glass once turn'd, the sandy hour quite run,  
I know my *Spencer's* dead, and my life's done.

*Enter ROUGHMAN with the glass.*

*Rough.* Your glass.

*Bess.* Gramercy, good Lieutenant.

'Tis better than a gaudy looking-glass,  
To deck our faces in: that shows our pride,  
But this our ends those glasses seek to hide.—  
Have you been all at prayers?

*Both.* We have.

*Bess.* I thank you, gentlemen.

Never more need: and you would say as I do,  
Did you but know how near our ends some are.  
Dost thou not think, Captain, my *Spencer's* slain?

*Goodl.* Yet hope the best.

*Bess.* This is the hour he promis'd: Captain, look,  
For I have not the heart, and truly tell me  
How far 'tis spent.

[*Goodl.*] Some fifteen minutes.

*Bess.* Alas! no more? I prithee, tak't away;  
 Even just so many have I left to pray,  
 And then to break my heart-strings. None that loves me  
 Speak one word to me of him, or any thing.  
 If in your secret cabins you'll bestow  
 Of him and me some tears and hearty prayers,  
 We, if we live, shall thank you. Good gentlemen,  
 Engage me so far to you.

*Enter CLEM.*

*Clem.* News, news, news!

*Bess.* Good or bad?

*Clem.* Excellent, most excellent; nay, super-excellent. *Forset* and all his companions are rowing hither like madmen; and there is one that sits i' th' stern, and does not row at all; and that is,—let me see who is it? I am sure 'tis he,—noble *Spencer*.

*Bess.* *Spencer!*

Heart, let me keep thee: thou wast up to heaven  
 Half way in rapture.—Art thou sure?

*Clem.* I think you'll make a man swear his heart out.

*Bess.* Teach me but how

I shall receive him when he comes aboard.  
 How shall I bear me, Captain, that my joy  
 Do not transcend my soul out of this earth,  
 Into the air, with passionate ecstasy?

*Enter SPENCER.*

*Goodl.* Now, farewell Barbary. King *Mullisheg*,  
 We have sea-room and wind at will: not ten  
 Of thy best gallies, arm'd with Moors,  
 Can fetch us back.

*Rough.* For England, gentlemen!

*Bess.* Oh! where's the gunner?

See all the ordnance be straight discharg'd,  
 For joy my *Spencer* lives: let's mist ourselves  
 In a thick cloud of smoke, and speak our joys  
 Unto the highest heavens in fire and thunder.

*Rough.* To make the Queen vex and torment herself.

*Bess.* To make the King tear his contorted locks,  
 Curl'd like the knots of furies. Oh! this music  
 Doth please me better than th' effeminate things  
 Tun'd to their wild moriscos: dance, my soul,  
 And caper in my bosom, joyful heart,  
 That I have here my *Spencer*.

*Goodl.* Come, weigh anchor,  
 Hoist sail: we have a fair and gentle gale  
 To bear us to our country.

*Spenc.* Captain, stay.

*Bess.* I did not hear my *Spencer* speak till now;  
 Nor would my sudden joy give me that judgment,  
 To spy that sadness in thee I now see.  
 Good, what's the cause? canst thou conceal't from me?  
 What! from thy *Bess*? Whence came that sigh?  
 You will not tell me. No; do not:  
 I am not worthy to partake your thoughts.  
 Do you repent you that you see us safe  
 Embark'd for England, to enjoy me there?  
 Is there some other that you better love?  
 Let me but know her, and for your sweet sake  
 I'll serve her, too. Come, I will know the cause.

*Spenc.* Know all in one:

Now I have seen you, I must leave you, *Bess*.

*Bess.* Leave me? Oh, fatal!— [Swoons.

*Spenc.* Speak, my *Bess*: it is thy *Spencer* tells thee.

*Bess.* That he will leave me. If the same tongue  
 That wounded me gives me no present cure,  
 It will again entrance me.

*Spenc.* Arm yourself:

It must be spoke again, for I must leave you.  
 My honour, faith, and country, are engaged,  
 The reputation of a Christian's pawn'd;  
 And all that wear that sacred livery  
 Shall in my breach be scandal'd. Moors will say  
 We boast of faith, none does good works but they.

*Bess.* I am nor sleep nor waking, but my senses  
 All in a confus'd slumber.

*Goodl.* Sir, resolve us:  
 You wrap us in a labyrinth of doubts,  
 From which, I pray, unloose us.

*Spenc.* I shall.  
 I made my way through slaughter; but at length  
 The watch came down, and took me prisoner  
 Unto a noble Bashaw: for my valour,  
 It pleas'd him to admire me; but, when sorrow  
 To disappoint my *Bess* struck me in passion,  
 He urg'd me freely to relate my griefs,  
 Which took in him such deep impression,  
 That, on my word and promise to return  
 By such an hour, he left himself in hostage,  
 To give me my desires.

*Goodl.* 'Twas nobly done;  
 But what's the lives of twenty thousand Moors,  
 To one that is a Christian?

*Rough.* We have liberty and free way to our country:  
 Shall not we take th' advantage that the heavens  
 Have lent us; but now, as if we scorn'd  
 Their gracious bounty, give up ourselves  
 To voluntary bondage?

*Bess.* Prize you my love no better, than to rate it  
 Beneath the friendship of a barbarous Moor?  
 Can you, to save him, leave me to my death?  
 Is this the just reward of all my travails?

*Spenc.* I prize my honour, and a Christian's faith,

Above what earth can yield. Shall Fez report,  
 Unto our country's shame, and to the scandal  
 Of our religion, that a barbarous Moor  
 Can exceed us in nobleness? No; I'll die  
 A hundred thousand deaths first.

*Bess.* Oh, my fate! Was ever maid thus cross'd,  
 That have so oft been brought to see my bliss,  
 And never taste it?

To meet my *Spencer* living, after death,  
 To join with him in marriage, not enjoy him?  
 To have him here, free from the barbarous Moors,  
 And now to lose him? Being so oft rais'd  
 Unto the height of all felicity,  
 To make my ruin greater. If you needs  
 Will hazard your own person, make me partner  
 In this thy present danger: take me with thee.

*Spenc.* Not for the world: no living soul shall bleed  
 One drop for me.

*Bess.* Canst thou be so unkind? Then, false man,  
 know

That thou hast taught me harshness. I without  
 Thee came to Mamorah, and to my country back  
 I will return without thee. I am here,  
 In mine own vessel, mine own train about me;  
 And since thou wilt forsake me, to embrace  
 The Queen of Moors, though coining strange excuse,  
 E'en at thy pleasure be it; my way's into my country.  
 Farewell; I'll not shed one tear more.

*Spenc.* My parting's death;  
 But honour wakens me. The hour draws nigh;  
 And if I fail one minute, he must die.

The long boat now!—Farewell, *Bess.* [*Exit.*

*Bess.* Why, farewell:

*Spencer,* I always lov'd thee but too well.

Captain, thine ear.—

This I have vow'd, and this you all shall swear.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter MULLISHEG, Queen, JOFFER, Headsman.*

*Mull.* Produce your prisoner, Bashaw.

*Joff.* Mighty King,

Had you beheld his prowess, and, withal,  
But seen his passions, you would then, like me,  
Have pitied his disasters.

*Mull.* We know no pity for an injury  
Of that high nature, more than our revenge.  
We have vow'd his death, and he shall therefore die.  
Go, bring him forth.

*Joff.* Spare me, my lord, but some few hours, I shall.

*Mull.* The least delay is death.

*Joff.* Then know, my lord, he was my prisoner.

*Mull.* How! was, and is not?

*Joff.* By promise—

*Mull.* Not in gyves?

*Joff.* He's gyved to me by faith, but else at liberty.

*Mull.* I pray unriddle us, and teach us that  
Which we desire to know: where is the English  
prisoner?

*Joff.* I presum'd, my lord,  
Such noble valour could not be lodg'd alone,  
Without some other virtues, faith and honour:  
Therefore I gave him freedom to his ship,  
Only upon his promise to return.  
Now, if there be such nobleness in a Christian,  
Which, being a Moor, I have express'd to him,  
He will not see me perish.

*Mull.* Foolish Bashaw,  
To jest away thy head. You are all conspirators  
Against our person, and you all shall die.

Why, canst thou think a stranger, so remote  
 Both in country and religion, being embark'd  
 At sea, and under sail, free from our bands,  
 In the arms of his fair bride,  
 His Captain and his sailors all aboard,  
 Sea room and wind at will, and will return,  
 To expose all these to voluntary dangers,  
 For a bare verbal promise?

*Joff.* If he comes not,  
 Be this mine honour, King; that though I bleed,  
 A Moor a Christian thus far did exceed.

*Mull.* The hour is past;  
 The Christian hath broke faith.—  
 Off with his head!

*Enter SPENCER.*

*Spenc.* Yet come at last.

*Mull.* Is't possible? can England, so far distant,  
 Harbour such noble virtues?

*Joff.* I beshrew you, sir,  
 You come unto your death, and you have ta'en  
 Much honour from me, and engross'd it all  
 To your own fame. 'Twould have liv'd longer by me  
 Than any monument can last, to have lost  
 My life for such a noble stranger,  
 Whose virtue even in this last act appears.  
 I wish this blood, which now are friendly tears.  
 You are come unto your death.

*Spenc.* Why, 'twas my purpose;  
 And by that death to make my honour shine.—  
 Great *Mullisheg*, cherish this noble Moor,  
 Whom all thy confines cannot parallel  
 For virtue and true nobleness. Ere my ship  
 Should with such black dishonour bear me safe  
 Into my country by thy Bashaw's death,



I would have bent my ordnance 'gainst her keel,  
And sunk her in the harbour.

*Mull.* Thou hast slain  
Six of our subjects.

*Joff.* Oh! had you seen  
But with what eminent valour—

*Mull.* Naught that's ill  
Can be well done: then, Bashaw, speak no more.  
His life is merely forfeit, and he shall pay it.

*Spenc.* I am proud, Fez, that I now owe thee nothing,  
But have in me ability to pay.  
If it be forfeit, take it: lay all on me;  
I'll pay the debt, then set the Bashaw free.

*Mull.* Besides misprizing all our gracious favours,  
To violate our laws, infringe our peace,  
Disturb our watch by night; and now, perhaps  
Having robb'd us of much treasure, stol'n to sea.

*Spenc.* In that thou art not royal, *Mullisheg.*  
Of all thy gold and jewels lately given us,  
There's not a doit embark'd;  
For, finding thee dishonourably unkind,  
Scorning thy gold, we left all behind.

*Tota.* If private men be lords of such brave spirits,  
How royal should their princes be.

*Mull.* Englishman,  
There's but one way for thee to save thy life  
From imminent death.

*Spenc.* Well, propose it.

*Mull.* Instantly  
Send to thy *Negro*, and surrender up  
Thy Captain and thy fair bride: otherwise,  
By all the holy rites of our great Prophet,  
Thou shalt not live an hour.

*Spenc.* Alas! good King,  
I pity and despise thy tyranny:

Not live an hour? And when my head is off,  
 What canst thou do then? Call'st thou that revenge,  
 To ease me of a thousand turbulent griefs,  
 And throw my soul in glory for my honour?  
 Why, thou striv'st to make me happy: but for her,  
 Wert thou the king of all the kings on earth;  
 Could thou lay all their sceptres, robes, and crowns,  
 Here at my feet, and hadst power to instal me  
 Emperor of the universal empery,  
 Rather than yield my basest ship boy up,  
 To become thy slave, much less betray my bride  
 To thee and to thy brutish lust, know, King  
 Of Fez, I'd die a hundred thousand deaths first.

*Mull.* I'll try your patience.—Off with his head!

*Enter BESS, GOODLACK, and ROUGHMAN.*

*Bess.* Here's more work.—Stay!

*Spenc.* What make you here?

You wrong me above injury.

*Bess.* If you love blood,

That river spare, and for him take a flood;

Be but so gracious as save him alone:

And, great King, see, I bring thee three for one.

Spare him, thou shalt have more,

The lives of all my train. What say'st thou to't?

And with their lives, my ship and all, to boot.

*Spenc.* I could be angry with you above measure.

In your four deaths I die, that had before

Tasted but one.

*Mull.* Captain, art thou there? Howe'er these  
 fare,

Thou shalt be sure to pay for't.

*Goodl.* 'Tis my least care.

What's done is mine, I here confess't;

Then seize my life, in ransom of the rest.

*Tota.* Lieutenant, you are a base villain.  
What groom betray'd you to our sheets?

*Rough.* Please keep your tongue; I did you no dishonour.

*Tota.* Whom did you bring to our free embraces?

*Rough.* 'Twas the King: conceal what's past.

*Tota.* Howe'er my mind, then yet my body's chaste.

*Rough.* Make use on't.

*Spenc.* Dismiss, great King, these to their ship again;  
My life is solely forfeit: take but that,  
I shall report thee merciful.

*Bess.* It were no justice, King, to forfeit his,  
And to spare mine: I am as deep as he;  
Since what my *Spencer* did was all for me.

*Goodl.* Great King, if any faulted, then 'twas I:  
I led them on, and therefore first should die.

*Rough.* I am as deep as any.

*Joff.* Oh! had my head  
Excus'd all these, I had been nobly dead.

*Bess.* Why pause you, King? Is't by our noble  
virtues,

That you have lost the use of speech? Or can you think  
That, *Spencer* dead, you might inherit me?

No; first, with Roman Portia, I'd eat fire,

Or, with Lucretia, character thy lust

'Twi'th these two breasts. Stood I engag'd to death,  
I'd scorn for life to bend a servile knee;

But 'tis for thee, my *Spencer*. [*Kneels.*] What was  
his fault?

'Twas but to save his own, rescue his dear bride  
From adulterate sheets; and must he die for this?

*Mull.* Shall lust in me have chief predominance,  
And virtuous deeds, for which in Fez

I have been long renown'd, be quite exil'd?

Shall Christians have the honour

To be sole heirs of goodness, and we Moors  
 Barbarous and bloody?—Captain, resolve me,  
 What common courtezan didst thou convey  
 Into our royal bed?

*Tota.* I can excuse him. Pardon me, great King:  
 I, having private notice of your plots,  
 Wrought him unto my purpose; and 'twas I  
 Lodg'd in your arms that night.

*Mull.* These English are in all things honourable,  
 Nor can we tax their ways in any thing,  
 Unless we blame their virtues.—English maid,  
 We give thee once more back unto thy husband,  
 Whom likewise freely we receive to grace:  
 And, as amends for our pretended wrongs,  
 With her we'll tender such an ample dower,  
 As shall renoun our bounty. But we fear  
 We cannot recompence the injurious loss  
 Of your last night's expectations.

*Bess.* 'Tis full amends,  
 Where but the least part of your grace extends.

*Mull.* Captain, we prize thy virtues to thy friends,  
 Thy faith to us, and zeal unto our Queen.—  
 And, Bashaw, for thy nobleness to a gentleman  
 Of such approved valour and renown,  
 We here create thee Viceroy of Argiers,  
 And do esteem thee next our Queen in grace.—  
 Y' have quenched in me all lust, by which shall grow  
 Virtues which Fez and all the world shall know.

*Spenc.* We shall report your bounties, and your  
 royalties  
 Shall fly through all the parts of Christendom.

*Bess.* Whilst *Bess* has gold, which is the meed of  
 bays,  
 She'll make our English poets tune thy praise.—  
 And now, my *Spencer*, after all our troubles,

Crosses, and threat'nings of the sea's rough brow,  
I ne'er could say thou wert mine own till now.

*Mull.* Call this your harbour, and your haven of joy ;  
For so we'll strive to make it, noble strangers :  
Those virtues you have taught us by your deeds,  
We futurely will strive to imitate.  
And for the wrongs done to the hop'd delights  
Of your last night's divorce, double the magazine  
With which our largess should have swell'd your ship.  
A golden Girl th'art call'd; and, wench, be bold,  
Thy lading back shall be with pearl and gold.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* Imagine *Bess* and *Spencer* under sail :  
But the intelligence of their great wealth  
Being bruited 'mongst the merchants, comes to th' ears  
Of a French pirate, who, with two ships well rigg'd,  
Waylays them in their voyage. Long they fought,  
And many slain on both sides ; but the Frenchmen,  
Proud of their hopeful conquest, boarding twice,  
Are twice blown up ; which adds courage to the English,  
But to the Frenchmen fear. Just as they buckled,  
*Spencer* and *Goodlack*, with two proof targets arm'd,  
Into the French ship leap, and on the hatches  
There make a bloody slaughter : but at that instaut, -  
The billows swell'd, the winds grew high and loud,  
And as the soul and body use to part,  
With no less force these lovers are divided.  
He wafts to her, and she makes signs to him :  
He calls, and she replies : they both grow hoarse  
With shrieking out their last farewell. Now she swoons,  
And sinks into the arms of *Roughman*. *Spencer*  
Upon a chest gets hold, and safe arrives  
I th' Marquis of Ferrara's country. The like adventure

Chan'd *Goodlack*: upon a mast he pierces Italy,  
Where these two Dukes were then at odds. *Spencer* is  
chosen

Ferrara's champion; Mantua makes *Goodlack* his.

What happened them, if you desire to know,

To cut off words, we'll act it in dumb show.

[*Dumb show.*

The Dukes by them aton'd, they grac'd and preferr'd  
Take their next way towards Florence.—What of *Bess*,  
*Roughman*, and *Clem* becomes, must next succeed.

The seas to them like cruel proves, and wrecks

Their *Negro* on the coast of Florence, where

They wander up and down 'mongst the banditties.

More of their fortunes we will next pursue,

In which we mean to be as brief as true.

[*Exit.*

*Explicit Actus tertius.*

## ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter* BESS, ROUGHMAN, *and* CLEM.

*Bess.* All is lost!

*Rough.* Save these ourselves.

*Clem.* For my part, I have not so much left as a clean shirt.

*Bess.* And *Spencer*, too: had the seas left me him, I should have thought them kind; but in his fate All wishes, fortunes, hopes of better days, Expire.

*Rough.* *Spencer* may live.

*Clem.* Ay, that he may, if it be but in a sea-water green suit, as I was, among the haddocks.

*Bess.* How many bitter plunges have I pass'd, Ere I could win my *Spencer*! who no sooner Married, but quite divorce'd; possess for some few days, Then rent asunder; as soon a widow as I was a bride: This day the mistress of many thousands, And a beggar now, not worth the clothes I wear.

*Rough.* At the lowest ebb The tides still flow; besides, being on the ground, Lower we cannot fall.

*Bess.* Yes; into the ground, the grave.  
*Roughman*, would I were there; till then I never Shall have true rest. I fain would know What greater misery Heaven can inflict, I have not yet endur'd: If there be such, I dare it; let it come.

*Enter Captain* [of] *Banditties*, *and others.*

*Band.* Seize, and surprise the prisoners! thou art mine.

*Rough.* Villain, hands off! Know'st thou whom thou offendest?



*Band.* Bind her fast, and after captive him.

*Rough.* I will rather die,  
Than suffer her sustain least injury.

[*ROUGHMAN is beaten off. Exit CLEM.*]

*Bess.* What's thy purpose?

*Band.* In all my travels and my quest of blood,  
I ne'er encounter'd such a beauteous prize.  
Heavens! if I thought you would accept his thanks,  
That trades in deeds of hell, I would acknowledge  
Myself in debt to you.

*Bess.* What's thy intent,  
Bold villain, that thou mak'st this preparation?

*Band.* I intend to ravish thee.

*Bess.* All goodness pardon me; and you, blest  
          heavens,  
Whom I too boldly challeng'd for a misery  
Beyond my *Spencer's* loss. What! rape intended?  
I had not thought there had been such a mischief  
Devis'd for wretched woman. Ravish me!  
'Tis beyond shipwreck, poverty, or death:  
It is a word invented first in hell,  
And by the devils first spew'd upon earth:  
Man could not have invented to have given  
Such letters sound.

*Band.* I trifle hours too long;  
And now to my black purpose.—Envious day,  
Gaze with thy open eyes on this night's work,  
For thus the prologue to my lust begins.

*Bess.* Help! murder! rape! murder!

*Band.* I'll stop your mouth from bawling.

*Enter Duke of Florence and a train, and Merchant.*

*Flor.* This way the cry came.—Rescue for the lady!—  
Hold thy desperate fury, and arm thyself  
For my encounter.

*Band.* Hell! prevented? [Exit with followers.

*Flor.* Unbind that beauteous lady, and pursue  
The ruffian: he that can bring his head, shall have  
A thousand crowns propos'd for his reward.  
He should be captain of those bloody thieves  
That haunt our mountains, and of our dear subjects  
Hath oft made outrage.—Go, see this proclaim'd.

*Bess.* Ere I the happy wishes of my soul,  
My orisons to Heaven, or make free tender  
Of a most bounden duty, grace my misery,  
To let me know, unto what worthy person,  
Of what degree or state, I owe the service  
Of a most wretched life, lest in my ignorance  
I prove a heretic to all good manners,  
And harshly so offend. [Kneels.

*Flor.* Fairest of thy sex, I need not question thine,  
Because I read a nobleness in thy forehead;  
But, to resolve thee, know, I am styl'd the Duke  
Of Florence, and of this country Prince.

*Bess.* Then, from my knees I fall flat on my face,  
In bound obeisance.

*Flor.* Rise:  
That earth's too base for such pure lips to kiss.  
They should rather join with a prince's, as at first  
Made for such use: nay, we will have it so.

*Mer.* That lady, if my memory be faithful  
Unto my judgment, I should have seen ere now,  
But where, what place, or in what country, now  
I cannot call to mind.

*Flor.* Where were you bred?

*Bess.* In England, royal sir.

*Mer.* In England?

*Flor.* By what strange adventure, then,  
Happen'd you on these coasts?

*Bess.* By shipwreck.

*Flor.* Then, churlish were the waves t' expose you to  
Such danger. Whence disembark'd you last?

*Bess.* From Barbary.

*Flor.* From Barbary? Our merchant, you came  
lately thence.

*Mer.* 'Tis she: I now remember her.  
She did me a great courtesy, and I am proud,  
Fortune, however enemy to her,  
Has given me opportunity to make  
A just requital.

*Flor.* What occasion,  
Fair lady, being of such state and beauty,  
Drew you from your own country, to expose you  
To so long travel?

*Mer.* Mighty sovereign,  
Pardon my interruption, if I make bold  
To put your grace in mind of an English virgin,  
So highly grac'd by mighty *Mullisheg*.

*Flor.* A legend worthy to be writ in gold,  
Whose strangeness seem'd at first to exceed belief:  
And had not thy approved honesty  
Commanded our attention, we should have doubted  
That thou therein hadst much hyperboliz'd.

*Mer.* What would your grace give  
To see that miracle of constancy,  
She who reliev'd so many Christian captives;  
Redeem'd so many of the merchants' goods;  
Begg'd of the King so many forfeitures;  
Kept from the galleys some, and some from slaughter;  
She whom the King of Fez never denied,  
But she denied him love; whose chastity  
Conquer'd his lust, and, maugre his incontinence,  
Made him admire her virtues?

*Flor.* The report  
Strikes us with wonder and amazement too;

But to behold the creature, were a project  
 Worthy a theatre of Emperors,  
 Nay, gods themselves, to be spectators.

*Mer.* Behold that wonder.—Lady, know you me?

*Bess.* Not I, I can assure you, sir.

*Mer.* I'll give

You instance, then. I was that Florentine,  
 Who, being in Fez, for a strange outrage there,  
 Six of my men were to the galleys doom'd;  
 But, at your intercession to the King,  
 Freely releas'd: for which, in this dejection,  
 I pray accept these thousand crowns, to raise  
 Your ruin'd fortunes.

*Bess.* You are grateful, sir, beyond my merit.

*Flor.* I cannot blame great Fez,

To become enamour'd on so fair a creature.  
 You had a friend much grac'd by that same Moor,  
 Whom, as our merchant told us, you were espous'd  
 to

In the Court of Fez: where's he?

*Bess.* I cannot speak it without tears.

*Flor.* Why, is he dead?

*Bess.* I cannot say he lives.

*Flor.* How were you sever'd?

*Bess.* It asks a sad relation.

*Flor.* We'll find a fitter time to hear't. But now,  
 Augment your griefs no farther. On what coast,  
 Pray, were you shipwreck'd?

*Bess.* Upon these neighbouring shores, where all the  
 wealth

I had from Barbary is perish'd in the sea.

I, that this morn commanded half a million,

Have nothing now but this good merchant's bounty.

*Flor.* You are richer

In our high favour, than all the royalty

Fez could have crown'd your peerless beauty with :  
He gave you gold, but we your almost forfeit chastity.

*Bess.* A gift above the wealth of Barbary.

*Flor.* Conduct this lady to the city straight,  
And bear this our signet to our treasurer:  
Command for her ten thousand crowns immediately.  
Next to our wardrobe, and what choice of habit  
Best likes her, 'tis her own.

Only, for all this grace, deign, beauteous lady,  
That I may call you servant.

*Bess.* Pardon me, sir ;

You are a Prince, and I am here your vassal.

*Flor.* Merchant,

As you respect our favour, see this done.

*Bess.* What must my next fall be ? I that this morning  
Was rich in wealth and servants, and ere noon  
Commanded neither ; and next doom'd to death ;  
Not death alone, but death with infamy.

But what's all this unto my *Spencer's* loss ?

*Flor.* You to the city ; we'll pursue the chase.—  
Madam, be comforted ; we'll send, or see you :  
All your fortunes are not extinct in shipwreck ;  
The land affords you better, if you'll be sway'd by us.  
As first you find us, we'll be still the same.—  
Oft have I chas'd, ne'er found so fair a game.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter CLEM, solus.*

*Clem.* Where are my bashaws now ? Let me see ;  
what shall I do ? I have left my mistress ; where shall  
I have my wages ? She's peppered by this : but if the  
Captain of the banditties had had but that grace and  
honour that I had when I was in Barbary, he would  
not have been so lusty. She 'scaped drowning, which  
is the way of all fish, and by this is gone the way of all

flesh. My Lieutenant, he's sure cut to pieces among the banditties; and so had I been, had not my baker's legs stept a little aside. My noble Captain and *Spencer*, they are either drowned i' th' tempest, or murdered by the pirates; and none is left alive but I, *Clem*, poor *Clem*! but, poor *Clem*, how wilt thou do now? What trick have you to satisfy colon, here in a strange country? It is not now with me as when *Andrea* lived. Now I bethink me, I have a trade; and that, they say, will stick by a man when his friends fail him. The city is hard by, and I'll see and I can be entertained to my old trade of drawing wine: if't be but an under-skinker, I care not: better do so, than, like a prodigal, feed upon husks and acorns.

Well, if I chance to lead my life under some happy  
sign,

To my countrymen still I'll fill the best wine. [Exit.

*Enter ROUGHMAN, bleeding.*

*Rough.* Wounded, but 'scap'd with life: but *Bess's* loss; that's it that grieves me inward. Ravished, perhaps, and murdered. Oh, if *Spencer* and *Goodluck* survive, how would they blame my cowardice! A thread spun may be untwined, but things in nature done, undone can never be. She's lost, they are perished: they are happy in their deaths, and I surviving, left to the earth most miserable. No means to raise myself? I met a Pursuivant, even now, proclaiming to the man who could bring the head of the banditties' Captain, for his reward a thousand crowns: if not for gain of gold, yet for he injured *Bess*, that shall be my next task. What, though I die,

Be this my comfort, that it chanc'd me well,

To perish by his hand by whom she fell. [Exit.

*Enter Duke of FLORENCE, Merchant.*

*Flor.* Our merchant, have you done to th' English lady

As we commanded? Did she take the gold?

*Mer.* After many compliments, circumstances,  
Modest refusals, sometimes with repulse,  
I fore'd on her your bounty. Had you seen  
What a bewitching art she striv'd to use,  
Betwixt denial and disdain, contempt and thankfulness,  
You would have said, that out of a mere scorn  
T'accept your gift, she express'd such gratitude,  
As would demand a double donative.

*Flor.* And it has don't; it shall be doubl'd straight,  
Arising thence unto an infinite,  
If she'll but grant us love. How for her habit?

*Mer.* With an enforced will, wilful constraint,  
And a mere kind of glad necessity,  
She put it on, but to lament the death  
Of her lost husband.

*Flor.* Why, is he lost?

*Mer.* By all conjectures, never to be found.

*Flor.* The less her hope is to recover him,  
The more our hope remains to conquer her.  
Bear her from us this jewel, and withal,  
Provide a banquet. Bid her leave all mourning;  
This night in person we will visit her.

*Mer.* I shall.

*Flor.* Withal, more gold.  
And if thou canst, by way of conference,  
Get from her how she stands affected towards us:  
It shall not be the farthest way about  
To thy preferment and our special favour.

[*Exit Merchant.*



*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The two bold Dukes of Mantua and Ferrara, after many bloody garboils, have entered league, and within these two days mean to visit Florence, to make your Court a witness of their late concluded amity.

*Flor.* We'll receive them

As Princes that in this would honour us.

*Mess.* These letters will speak farther.

*Flor.* Bear them straight

Unto our secretary, and withal, give order

That all our Court may shine in gold and pearl.

They never could have come in a happier season,

Than when the great and high magnificence,

Without suspect we would have shown to her,

Will be accounted honour done to them.

In fate's despite,

We will not lose the honour of this night. [*Exit.*

*Enter SPENCER, GOODLACK.*

*Spenc.* *Ferrara* was exceeding bountiful.

*Goodl.* So was the Duke of Mantua. Had we stayed Within their confines, we might, even till death, Have liv'd in their high favour.

*Spenc.* Oh! but Captain,

What would their dukedoms gain me, without *Bess*?

Or all the world, t' enjoy it without her?

Each passage of content, or pleasing fortune,

When I record she has no part in it,

Seems rather as an augmentation

Of a more great disease.

*Goodl.* This be your comfort, that by this She's best part of her way for England, whither She is richly bound; then, where she is most hopeless Of this your safety,

With your survival to receive us gladly,  
With an abundant treasure.

*Spenc.* But for that,  
I had sunk, ere this, beneath the weight of war,  
And chose an obscure death, before the glory  
Of a renowned soldier. But we are now  
As far as Florence onward of our way:  
Were it best that we made tender of our service  
To the Grand Duke?

*Goodl.* 'Tis the greatest benefits of all our travels to  
see foreign Courts, and to discourse their fashions: let  
us by no means neglect that duty.

*Spenc.* Where were we best to lodge?

*Goodl.* Hard by is a tavern: let's first drink there,  
and after make inquiry who's the best host for strangers.

*Spenc.* Come, ho! where be these drawers?

*Enter a Drawer.*

*Draw.* Gentlemen, I draw none myself, but I'll send  
some.

*Enter CLEM, with wine.*

*Clem.* Welcome, gentlemen.—Score a quart!

*Spenc.* Ha!

*Goodl.* How!

*Clem.* No, no; I am an ass, a very animal; it cannot  
be.

*Spenc.* Why dost thou bear the wine back? The  
slave thinks, belike, we have no money.

*Goodl.* What! dost thou think us to be such cashier'd  
soldiers, that we have no cash?—Tush! it cannot be he.

*Spenc.* How should he come here?—Set down the  
wine.

*Clem.* I will, I will, sir.—Score a quart of——Tricks,  
mere phantasms. Shall I draw wine to shadows? So

I might run o' th' score, and find no substance to pay for it.

*Spenc.* Left we not him a-shipboard, on his voyage towards England, with my——

*Goodl.* With *Bess*; true.—Sirrah, set down the wine.

*Clem.* Some Italian mountebanks: upon my life, mere juggling.

*Goodl.* Upon my life 'tis *Clem*.

*Clem.* Ca—Ca—Cap—Captain! Master *Spencer*!

*Spenc.* *Clem*?

*Clem.* I am *Clem*.

*Spenc.* And I am *Spencer*.

*Goodl.* And I *Goodlack*, but cannot think thee *Clem*.

*Clem.* Yes, I am *Clem*, of Foy, the Bashaw of Barbary, who, from a courtier of Fez, am turned a drawer in Florence. But let me clear my eyes better: now I know you to be the same whose throats the pirates would have cut, and have spoiled your drinkings.

*Spenc.* Oh! tell us, and be brief in thy relation, What happen'd you after the sudden tempest Sever'd our ships, or what's become of *Bess*?

*Goodl.* Where did our *Negro* touch?

*Clem.* I'll give you a touch, take it as you will.—The *Negro*, and all that was in her, was wrecked on the coast of Florence; she, and all the wealth that was in her, all drowned i' th' bottom of the sea.

*Spenc.* No matter for the riches; where's she, worth more than ship or goods?

*Goodl.* Where's *Roughman*? For thou, we see, art safe.

*Spenc.* Nay, speak; where's *Bess*?—  
How my heart quails within me.

*Clem.* She, *Roughman*, and I, were all cast ashore safe, like so many drowned rats; where we were no sooner

landed, but were set upon by the banditties, where she was bound to a tree, and ready to be ravished by the Captain of the outlaws.

*Spenc.* Oh! worse than shipwreck could be.

*Clem.* I see *Roughman* half cut in pieces with reseuing her; but whether the other half be alive, or no, I cannot tell. For my own part, I made shift for one, my heels doing me better service than my hands; and coming to the city, having no other means to live by, got me to my old trade to draw wine, where I have the best wine in Florence for you, gentlemen.

*Spenc.* Ravished?

*Goodl.* And *Roughman* slain?

*Spenc.* Oh! hard news: it frets all my blood,  
And strikes me stiff with horror and amazement.

*Goodl.* It strikes me  
Into a marble statue, for with such  
I have like sense and feeling.

*Spenc.* Tell me, Captain:  
Wilt thou give me leave at length to despair,  
And kill myself? I will disclaim all farther  
Friendship with thee, if thou persuad'st me live.—  
Ravished!

*Goodl.* Perhaps attempted, but prevented.  
Will you, before you know the utmost certainty,  
Destroy yourself?

*Spenc.* What is this world? What's man? Are we  
created  
Out of flint, or iron, that we are made to bear this?

*Goodl.* Comfort, sir.

*Clem.* Your only way is to drink wine, if you be in grief; for that's the only way, the old proverb says, to comfort the heart.

*Goodl.* Hark where we lie; and I prithee, *Clem*, let's hear from thee; but now leave us.

*Clem.* I will make bold inquire you out; and if you want money, (as many travellers may) as long as I have either credit, wages, or any coin i' th' world, you shall not want, as I am a true eunuch. [*Exit CLEM.*]

*Enter FLORENCE, ushering BESS; train.*

*Goodl.* Let's stand aside, and suffer these gallants pass, that with their state take a whole street before them.

*Flor.* Our coach stay; we'll back some half hour hence; Only conduct this lady to her lodging.—  
Hah! started you, sweet? Whence fetch'd  
You that sigh?—Our train lead on:  
W' have other business now to think upon. [*Exeunt.*  
[*BESS casts a jewel.*]

*Goodl.* Sure this was some great lady.

*Spenc.* But observ'd you not this jewel that she cast me?

'Tis a rich one.

*Goodl.* Believe me, worthy your wearing.

*Spenc.* What might she be to whom I am thus bound?  
I'm here a stranger: never till this day  
Beheld I Florence, nor acquaintance, friend;  
Especially of ladies.

*Goodl.* By their train,  
The man that did support her by the arm  
Was of some special note; and she a lady  
Nobly descended. Why should she throw you this,  
Being a mere stranger?

*Spenc.* There's some mystery in't,  
If we could find the depth on't; sure there is.

*Goodl.* Perhaps some newly fallen in love with you  
Now at first sight, and hurl'd that as a favour.

*Spenc.* Yet neither of us  
Had the wit or sense to inquire her name.

I'll wear it openly, and see if any  
Will challenge it—the way to know her best.

*Goodl.* And I would so.

*Spenc.* I'll truce awhile with sorrow for my *Bess*,  
Till I find th' event.

*Goodl.* And at best leisnre  
Tender our service to the Duke,  
Whom fame reports to be a bounteous Prince,  
And liberal to all strangers.

*Spenc.* 'Tis decreed.  
But howsoe'er his favours he impart,  
My *Bess's* loss will still sit near my heart. [Exeunt.

*Flourish.* Enter FLORENCE, MANTUA, FERRARA.

*Flor.* This honour you have done me, worthy  
Princes,  
In leaving of your Courts to visit me,  
We reckon as a trophy of your loves,  
And shall remain a future monument  
Of a more firm and perfect amity.

*Mant.* To you, as the greatest, most honoured,  
And most esteemed Prince of Italy,  
After a tedious opposition  
And much effuse of blood, this Prince and I,  
Late reconcil'd, make a most happy tender  
Of our united league.

*Ferar.* Selecting you  
A royal witness of this union ;  
Which to express, we come to feast with you,  
To sport and revel, and in full largess  
To spend our royal bounty through your Court.

*Flor.* What neither letters nor ambassadors,  
Soliciting by factions or by friends,  
Heaven's hand hath done by your more calmer temper.

*Mant.* All resistals,

Quarrels, and ripping up of injuries,  
 Are smother'd in the ashes of our wrath,  
 Whose fire is now extinct.

*Ferar.* Which whoso kindles,  
 Let him be held a new *Herostratus* ;  
 Who was so hated throughout *Ephesus*,  
 They held it death to name him.

*Flor.* Nobly spoke.  
 And now, confederate Princes, you shall find,  
 By our rich entertainment, how w' esteem  
 Your friendship.—Speak ; have we no ladies here  
 To entertain these Princes ?

*Enter BESS.*

*Mant.* Methinks I spy one beauty in this place,  
 Worth all the sights that I have seen before.  
 I think, survey the spacious world abroad,  
 You scarce can find her equal.

*Ferar.* Had not wonder  
 And deep amazement curbed my speech in,  
 I had forestall'd this Prince in approbation  
 Of her compareless beauty.

*Flor.* Taste her, Princes.—  
 This surfeits me, and adds unto my love,  
 That they should thus admire her.

*Mant.* Beauteous lady,  
 It is not my least honour to be first  
 In this most wish'd solicit.

*Bess.* I stand a statue,  
 And cannot move but by another's will,  
 And as I am commanded.

*Ferar.* I should have wrestled for priority,  
 But that I hold it as a blessing,  
 To take off that kiss which he so late laid on.

*Flor.* Now tell me, Princes,



How do you like my judgment in the choice  
Of a fair mistress?

*Mant.* You shall choose for me.

*Ferar.* More happy in this beauty, I account you,  
Than in your richest treasure.

*Flor.* Wer't not clouded o'er  
With such a melancholy sadness, I'd  
Not change it, for the wealth of Italy.—  
Sweet, cheer this brow, whereon no frown can sit,  
But it will ill become you.

*Bess.* Sir, I bleed.

*Flor.* Hah! bleed?

I would not have a sad and ominous fate  
Hang o'er thee, for a million.  
Perhaps 'tis custom with you.

*Bess.* I have observ'd,  
Even from my childhood, never fell from hence  
One crimson drop, but either my greatest enemy  
Or my dearest friend was near.

*Flor.* Why, we are here,  
Fix'd to thy side, thy dearest friend on earth.  
If that be all, fear nothing.

*Bess.* Pardon, sir;  
Both modesty and manners plead for me,  
And I must needs retire.

*Flor.* Our train attend her:  
Let her have all observance.—By my royalty,  
I would not have her taste the least disaster  
For more than can we promise. [Exit BESS.]

*Ferar.* You have only showed us a rich jewel, sir,  
And put it in a casket.

*Mant.* Of what country,  
Fortune, or birth, doth she proclaim herself?  
For by her garb and language we may guess  
She was not bred in Florence.

*Flor.* Seat you, Princes; I'll tell you a strange project.

*Enter* SPENCER *and* GOODLACK.

*Spenc* I have walked the streets, but find not any that will make challenge of this jewel. Captain, now we'll try the Court.

*Goodl.* Beware of these Italians:  
They are by nature jealous and revengeful,  
Not sparing the most basest opportunity  
That may procure your danger.

*Spenc.* Innocence  
Is bold, and cannot fear. But see, the Duke;  
We'll tender him the solemn'st reverence  
Of travellers and strangers.—Peace, prosperity,  
And all good fates, attend your royalty.

*Goodl.* Behold, w'are two poor English gentlemen,  
Whom travel hath enforced through your dukedom,  
As next way to our country, prostrate you  
Our lives and service: 'tis not for reward  
Or hope of gain we make this tender to you,  
But our free loves.

*Flor.* That which so freely comes,  
How can we scorn? What are you, gentlemen?

*Mant.* I'll speak for this.

*Ferar.* And I for him.

Well met, renowned Englishman,  
Here in the Court of Florence. This was he,  
Great Duke, whom fame hath for his valour blazon'd,  
Not only through Mantua,  
But through the spacious bounds of Italy,  
Where 'twas shown.

*Ferar.* Hath fame been so injurious to thy merit,  
That this great Court is not already fill'd  
With rumour of their matchless chivalry?

*Flor.* If these be they, as by their outward semblance

They promis'd not much less, fame hath been harbinger  
To speak their praise beforehand. Noble gentlemen,  
You have much grac'd our Court: we thank you for't;  
And, though no way according to your merits,  
Still will we strive to cherish such brave spirits.

*Spenc.* Th' acceptance of our smallest service, sir,  
Is bounty above gold: we're poor gentlemen,  
And, though we cannot, gladly would deserve.

*Goodl.* 'T has pleas'd these Princes to bestow on us  
Too great a character, and gild our praises  
Far above our deserts.

*Flor.* That's but your modesty.  
English gentlemen, let fame speak for you.

*Ferar.* Gentlemen of England, we pardon you all  
duty;

We accept you as our friends and our companions:  
Such you are, and such we do esteem you.

*Spenc.* Mighty Prince, such boldness wants excuse.

*Flor.* Come, we'll ha't so.—

Amazement! Can it be? Sure 'tis the self-same  
jewel

I gave the English lady: more I view it,  
More it confirms my knowledge. Now is no time  
To question it.—Once more, renowned Englishmen,  
Welcome to us and to these Princes.

*Enter ROUGHMAN [and Merchant].*

*Rough.* Can any man show me the great Duke of  
Florence?

*Mer.* Behold the Prince.

*Rough.* Deign then, renowned Duke, to cast thy eyes  
Upon a poor dejected gentleman,  
Whom fortune hath dejected even to nothing.

I have nor meat nor money: these rags are all my riches.

Only necessity compels me claim  
A debt owing by you.

*Flor.* By us?

Let's know the sum, and how the debt accrues.

*Rough.* You have proclaim'd to him could bring the  
head

Of the banditties' Captain, for his reward,  
A thousand crowns. Now, I being a gentleman,  
A traveller, and in want, made this my way  
To raise my ruin'd hope. I singled him,  
Fought with him hand to hand, and from his bloody  
shoulders  
Lopped this head.

*Flor.* Boldly and bravely done. Whate'er thou be,  
Thou shalt receive it from our treasury.

*Rough.* You show yourself as fame reports you,  
A bounteous Prince, and liberal to all strangers.

*Flor.* From what country  
Do you claim your birth?

*Rough.* From England, royal sir.

*Flor.* These bold Englishmen,  
I think, are all compos'd of spirit and fire;  
The element of earth hath no part in them.

*Mant.* If, as you say, from England, we retain  
Some of your countrymen. Know you these gentle-  
men?

*Rough.* Let me no longer live in ecstacy;  
This wonder will confound me.—Noble friends,  
Bootless it were to ask you why, because  
I find you here.—Illustrious Duke, you owe  
Me nothing now; to show me these, is reward  
Beyond what you proclaim'd: the rest I'll pardon.

*Flor.* What these are we know,

And what thou art we need not question much :  
 That head, though mute, can speak it.—  
 Princes, once more receive our royal welcome.—  
 Oh ! but the jewel : but of that at leisure ;  
 Now we cannot stay.—Our train lead on. [*Flourish.*  
[*Exeunt Dukes, &c.*

*Spenc.* Oh ! that we three so happily should meet,  
 And want the fourth.

*Rough.* I left her in the hands  
 Of rape and murder ; whence, except some deity,  
 'Twas not in the power of man to rescue her.  
 However, a good office I have done her,  
 Which even in death her soul will thank me for,  
 Reveng'd her on that villain.

*Goodl.* It hath express'd the nobleness of thy spirit ;  
 For it we still shall owe thee.

*Rough.* But what adventure hath preferr'd you,  
 And brought you thus in grace ?

*Goodl.* You shall hereafter  
 Partake of that at large. But, leaving this discourse,  
 With our joint persuasions let's strive to comfort him,  
 That's nothing but discomfort.

*Rough.* Would I had brought him news of that rare  
 virtue !

Yet you have never heard of our late shipwreck.

*Goodl.* *Clem* reported it.

*Rough.* How ? *Clem* ! where's he ?

*Goodl.* He has got a service hard by, and draws wine.

*Rough.* His master may well trust him with his  
 maids ;

For, since the Bashaws gelded him, he has learnt  
 To run exceeding nimbly.

*Re-enter Merchant.*

*Mer.* Sir, 'tis to you, I take it,

My message is directed.

The Duke would have some conference with you,  
But it must be in private.

*Spenc.* I am his servant, still at his command.—  
Where shall 's meet, anon?

*Goodl.* At *Clem's*.

*Spenc.* Content.

*Goodl.* Where we'll make a due relation  
Of all our desperate fortunes.

*Rough.* 'Tis concluded.

[*Exeunt.*

*Explicit Actus quartus.*

## ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Duke of FLORENCE and SPENCER.*

*Flor.* I cannot rest till I am fully resolv'd  
About this jewel.—Sir, we sent to stay you,  
And wean you some small season from your friends;  
And you above the rest, because your presence  
Doth promise good discourse.

*Spenc.* Sir, I am all yours.

*Flor.* How long hath been your sojourn here in Florence?

*Spenc.* Two days; no more.

*Flor.* Have you, since your arrival,  
Retain'd no beauteous mistress? Pardon me,  
Sir, that I am come thus near you.

*Spenc.* On my soul,  
Not any, royal sir.

*Flor.* Think it my love that I presume thus far  
To question you. Have you observ'd no lady  
Of special note, courted or discours'd with any  
Within these two days?

*Spenc.* Upon my honour, none.

*Flor.* You are a soldier and a gentleman,  
And should speak all truth.

*Spenc.* If otherwise, I should disclaim my gentry.

*Flor.* I believe you, sir. You have a rich jewel here,  
Worthy a prince's wearing: 'twere not modesty  
To ask you how you came by it, or from whom?

*Spenc.* Nor can I, sir, resolve you, if you did;  
But it was cast me by a lady, of whom,  
As then, I took small notice of, my mind  
Being troubled.

*Flor.* 'Tis even so.



*Spenc.* Perhaps your grace, by knowing of this jewel,  
May know the beauteous flinger, and so you might  
Engage me deeply to acquaint me with her,  
To prove her grateful debtor.

*Flor.* No such thing?  
You know none in this city?

*Spenc.* Worse than scorn,  
Or foul disgrace befall me, if I know  
Any you can call woman.

*Flor.* Be not mov'd ;  
I spoke but this in sport.—Sure this strange lady,  
Casting her eye upon this gentleman,  
Grew straight of him enamoured, which makes her  
Keep off from my embraces ; but I'll sound all,  
Yet my own wrongs prevent.—Sir, I stayed you  
But to another purpose, to commit  
A weighty secret to you.

*Spenc.* Wer't of millions,  
I'd prove your faithful steward.

*Flor.* I have a mistress that I tender dearer  
Than mine own eyes—observe me, dearer, sir :  
Whom neither courtship moves, favours can work,  
Nor no preferment tempt.

*Spenc.* How rich were he  
Could call himself lord of such a jewel.

*Flor.* My entreaties, friends, persuasions, importuni-  
ties  
Of my chaste ladies, cannot prevail at all.  
Now would I choose a stranger, selecting thee,  
To bear to her these few lines, which contain  
The substance of my mind.

*Spenc.* And, sir, I shall.

*Flor.* In thy aspect  
I read a fortune, that should destine me  
To strange felicities. Wilt thou be faithful?

*Spenc.* As to my soul.

*Flor.* But thou shalt swear, before thou undertak'st it,  
(Though I suspect not falsehood in thy visage)  
Not once to cast on her an amorous look,  
Speak to her no familiar syllable;  
Not to embrace her, nor to kiss her hand,  
Nor her free lip by no means.

*Spenc.* Well, I swear.

*Flor.* But that's not all.  
Swear, by thy faith and thy religion,  
Not to taste the least small favour for thyself,  
Touch, or come near her bosom; for, fair stranger,  
I love her above measure, and that love  
Makes me thus jealous.

*Spenc.* By my honesty,  
Faith, and religion, without free release  
From your own lips, all this will I perform.

*Flor.* And so return the richest Englishman,  
That ever pierc'd our dukedom. Instantly  
Thou shalt about thy task. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter BESS, Merchant.*

*Bess.* You have tir'd our ears with your long dis-  
course:

Leave us to rest.

*Mer.* Dream in your best desires.

*Bess.* If at some half hour hence you visit us,  
We shall be free for language.

*Mer.* Soft rest with you. [*Exit.*

*Bess.* If my soft sleep presents me any shadow,  
Oh! let it be my *Spencer's*: him whom waking  
I cannot see, I may in dreams perhaps  
Converse with. My sudden bleeding and my drowsiness  
Should not presage me good. Pray Heaven the Duke  
Prove loyal to mine honour! Howsoever,

Death will end all; and I presume on this:  
'Tis way to *Spencer*, and my haven of bliss.

[*She lies to sleep.*

*Enter* SPENCER.

*Spenc.* What beauty should this be, on whom the  
Duke

Is grown so jealous? Sure 'tis some rare piece.  
He told me she was fairer  
Than I could either judge, or yet imagine.  
Would *Bess* were here, to wager beauties with her,  
For all my hopes in England! This is the chamber.  
Hah! thus far off she seems to promise well.  
I'll take a nearer and more free survey:  
This taper shall assist me. Fail my eyes,  
Or meet I nothing else but prodigies?  
Oh, heavens! it is my *Bess*. Oh, sudden rapture!  
Let me retire to more considerate thoughts.  
What should I think but presently to wake her,  
And, being mine, to seize her where I find her?  
Oh! but mine oath, that I should never, never  
Lie with her, being my wife, nor kiss her, touch her,  
Speak to her one familiar syllable.  
Can oaths bind thus? My honesty, faith, and religion,  
Are all engag'd; there's no dispense for them.  
And yet, in all this conflict, to remember  
How the Duke prais'd her virtue, chastity,  
And constancy, whom nothing could corrupt,  
Adds to my joys. But on the neck of this,  
It lays a double torture on my life,  
First to forswear, then leave so fair a wife. [*She starts.*

*Bess.* I am all distraction! In my sleep  
I saw him: could I but behold him waking,  
That were a heaven. Hah!  
Do I dream still, or was I born to see  
Nothing but strange illusions? *Spencer!* Love!

*Spenc.* I am neither.

*Bess.* Thou hast his shape, his gait, his face, his language;

Only these words of thine, and strange behaviour,  
Never came from him. Let me embrace thee.

*Spenc.* No.

*Bess.* Then kiss me.

*Spenc.* No.

*Bess.* Yet speak me fair.

*Spenc.* I cannot.

*Bess.* Look on me.

*Spenc.* I must not, I will not. Fare thee well :  
Yet first read that.

*Bess.* I have read too much already,  
Within thy change of looks.

*Spenc.* Oh me ! my oath :  
I'd chop off this right hand, to cancel it.

*Bess.* But if not now, when then ?

*Spenc.* Never.

*Bess.* Not kiss me ?

*Spenc.* No.

*Bess.* Not fold thee in thine arms ?

*Spenc.* Not.

*Bess.* Nor cast a gracious look upon thy *Bess* ?

*Spenc.* I dare not.

*Bess.* Never ?

*Spenc.* No ; never.

*Bess.* Oh, I shall die ! *[She swoons.*

*Spenc.* She faints ; and yet I dare not, for my  
oath,

Once to support her ; dies before mine eyes,  
And yet I must not call her back to life.

Where is the Duke ? Some help ! no ladies nigh ?

Are you all, all asleep, or dead,

There's no more noise in Court ?

*Enter Duke and his train.*

*Flor.* Hah! what's the business? Noble friend, what news?

How speed you with my mistress?

*Spenc.* You may see there on the ground, half  
In the grave already. So fare you well:

What grief mine is, those that love best can tell. [*Exit.*]

*Flor.* Support her.—Speak, love: look up, divinest  
mistress.

*Bess.* You said you would not speak, nor look, nor  
touch

Your *Bess.*

*Flor.* Who, I?

By all my hopes, I ne'er had such a thought.

*Bess.* Oh! I mistook.

*Flor.* Why do you look so ghastly about the room?  
Whom do your eyes inquire for?

*Bess.* Nothing; nay, nobody.

*Flor.* Why do you weep?

*Bess.* Hath some new love possess'd him, and excluded  
Me from his bosom? Can it be possible?

*Flor.* All leave the chamber.

*Bess.* But I'll be so reveng'd as never woman was:  
I'll be a precedent to all wives, hereafter,  
How to pay home their proud, neglectful husbands.  
'Tis in my way; I've power, and I'll do it.

*Flor.* What is't offends you?

*Bess.* 'Tis you have don't.

*Flor.* We?

*Bess.* If you be the Prince,  
There's but one man I hate above all the world,  
And you have sent him to torment me here.

*Flor.* What satisfaction shall I make thee for't?

*Bess.* This, and this only. If you have any interest

In him, or power above him. If you be a Prince  
 In your own country, have command and rule  
 In your own dominions, freely resign his person  
 And his state solely to my disposure.

*Flor.* But whence grows  
 The ground of such inveterate hate?

*Bess.* All circumstances to omit,  
 He, and only he, ravish'd me from my country:  
 He was the cause of all my afflictions,  
 Tempests, shipwreck, fears. I never had just cause  
 Of care and grief, but he was author of it.  
 Speak: is he mine?

*Flor.* What interest I can claim, either by oath  
 Or promise, thou art commandress of.

*Bess.* Then I am yours;  
 And to-morrow, in the public view of all  
 The stranger Princes, courtiers, and ladies,  
 I will express myself. This night I entreat  
 I may repose myself in my own lodging,  
 For private meditations.

*Flor.* What we have promis'd,  
 Is in our purpose most irrevocable;  
 And so, we hope, is yours.

*Bess.* You may presume, my lord.

*Enter Merchant.*

*Flor.* Conduct this lady to her chamber:  
 Let her have all observance.—We will lay  
 Our strict command on him, lest he should leave  
 Our city before our summons: 'tis to-morrow, then,  
 Shall happy thee, make us most blest of men.

[*Exit Duke.*

*Bess.* Now shall I quite him home. Th' ingrate shall  
 know,  
 'Tis above patience to be injured so.

*Mer.* Will you walk, lady, or take your coach?

*Bess.* That we the streets more freely may survey,  
We'll walk along. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter CLEM, with his pots.*

*Clem.* Let me see—three quarts, two pottles, one gallon, and a pint; one pint, two quarts more, then I have my load: thus are we that are under-journeymen put to't. Oh! the fortune of the seas: never did man that marries a whore so cast himself away, as I had been like i' th' last tempest: yet nothing vexes me so much, that, after all my travels, no man that meets me but may say, and say very truly, I am now no better than a pot companion.

*Enter BESS, Merchant.*

*Bess.* That should be *Clem*, my man.—Give me some gold.—

Here, sirrah; drink this to the health

Of thy old mistress.—Usher on:

We have more serious things to think upon.

[*Exeunt BESS and Merchant.*

*Clem.* Mistress *Bess*! Mistress *Elizabeth*! 'tis she. Hah! gold! Hence, pewter pots; I'll be a pewter porter no longer. My mistress turned gallant; and shall I do nothing but run up-stairs and down stairs with Anon, anon, sir? No; I have gold, and anon will be as gallant as the proudest of them. Shall I stand at the bar, to bar any man's casting that drinks hard? No; I'll send these pots home by some porter or other, put myself into a better habit, and say, the case is altered: then will I go home to the Bush, where I drew wine, and buy out my time, and take up my chamber; be served in pomp by my fellow prentices.

I will presently thither,

Where I will flaunt it in my cap and feather.



\*

*Enter* GOODLACK, SPENCER, ROUGHMAN.

*Goodl.* You tell us of the strangest wonderment  
That ever came within the compass of my knowledge.

*Spenc.* I tell you but what's true.

*Goodl.* It cannot find example. Did you leave her  
In those extremities of passion?

*Spenc.* I think dying, or the next way to death.

*Goodl.* To cheer you,  
The Duke's own witness of her constancy  
And virtue, arm'd against all temptations,  
Part of your griefs should lessen.

*Spenc.* Rather, friend,  
Augment my passions, to be fore'd to lose  
And quite abjure so sweet a bedfellow.  
Oh! it breeds more distraction.

*Goodl.* Wer't my cause,  
I'd to the Duke, and claim her; beg for justice,  
And through the populous Court  
Clamour my wrongs, if he detain her from you.

*Spenc.* But my oath  
Ties me from that. I have quite abjur'd her;  
I have renounc'd her freely; cast her off;  
Disclaim'd her quite. I can no more  
Interest claim in her than, *Goodlack,*  
Thou, or *Roughman,* thou.

*Goodl.* 'Tis most strange Let's examine all our  
brains  
How this may be avoided.

*Rough.* How now, *Clem!* you loiter here? the house  
is full of guests, and you are extremely called for.

*Clem.* You are deceived, my Lieutenant, I'll assure  
you: you speak to as good a man as myself. Do you  
want any money?

*Goodl.* Canst thou lend me any?

*Clem.* Look; I am the lord of these mines, of these Indies.

*Rough.* How camest thou by them?

*Clem.* A delicate, sweet lady, meeting me i' th' street, like an ass groaning under my heavy burthen, and being enamoured of my good parts, gave me this gold. If you think I lie, examine all these pots, whose mouths, if they could speak, would say as much in my behalf. But if you want any money, speak in time; for, if I once turn courtier again, I will scorn my poor friends, look scurvily upon my acquaintance, borrow of all men, be beholding to any man, and acknowledge no man; and my motto shall be, *Base is the man that pays.*

*Rough.* But, *Clem*, how camest thou by this gold?

*Clem.* News, news! though not the lost sheep, yet the lost shrew is found—my mistress, Mistress *Elizabeth*, 'tis she. She, meeting me i' th' street, seeing I had a pot or two too much, gave me ten pounds in a purse to pay for it: *Ecce signum.*

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* The Duke hath summon'd your appearance, gentlemen,  
And lays his power of love, not of command,  
To visit him in Court.

*Clem.* I am put into the number, too.—If he be a tall man, tell him we will attend his highness.

*Lord.* Fellow, my language was not aim'd at you.

*Clem.* But, sir, I'll make bold to come at first bidding.

*Lord.* Sir, your reward stays for you at Court,  
For bringing of the outlawed Captain's head:  
There's order ta'en for 't from the treasury.

*Rough.* The Duke is just and royal. We'll attend you.

*Clem.* And I'll go furnish myself with some better accoutrements, and I'll be with you to bring presently.

*Enter FLORENCE, MANTUA, and FERRARA.*

*Mant.* There is not in your looks, renowned *Florence*,  
That summer's calm and sweet alacrity  
That was wont there to shine: a winter's storm  
Sits threatening on your discontented brow.  
May we desire the cause?

*Flor.* Which you shall know.  
Princes, the fierce and bloody Moors have late  
Committed outrage on our seas, especially  
One mighty Bashaw, 'gainst whom w' have sent  
*Pietro di Venturo*, one of our best sea captains;  
And till we hear of his success, w' are barr'd  
Of much content.

*Enter Merchant.*

*Mer.* My lord, good news. *Pietro di Venturo* is re-  
turn'd,  
With happy victory, and many noble prisoners,  
And humbly lays his conquest at your feet.

*Enter PIETRO, Bashaw JOFFER.*

*Flor.* Pietro, welcome. This thy service shall not  
Die unrewarded. Freely relate  
The manner of thy sea fight.

*Pietro.* Then thus, great Duke.  
This noble Bashaw—noble I must call him,  
For he deserves that worthy attribute—  
Did lord o'er these our seas, appointed well,  
Laden with many a rich and golden spoil,  
Not weak to us in number; being in ken,  
We had him and his galleys straight in chase.  
He ne'er set sail, or fled: afar our ordnance play'd;  
Coming more near, our muskets and our small shot,  
Like showers of hail, began the slaughter.

There this Bashaw, then perceiving straight  
 That he must either yield or die, his scimitar  
 He pointed to his breast, thinking thereon  
 To perish, had not my coming stay'd him.

*Joff.* Nor think, bold Christian,  
 That I can commend, or thank thee for 't;  
 For who that's noble will not prize brave death  
 Before a slavish bondage? Had I died  
 By mine own hand, 't had been a soldier's pride.

*Flor.* Although a prisoner, captive, and a Moor,  
 Yet use him like the noblest of his nation.  
 And now withdraw with him, till we determine  
 Of his ransom. [*Exeunt PIETRO and JOFFER.*]

*Enter Merchant and BESS; also SPENCER, ROUGHMAN,  
 GOODLACK.*

*Mer.* Way there, for the Duke's mistress!

*Spenc.* Hah! the Duke's mistress, said he?

*Goodl.* It was harsh.

*Bess.* Keep off: we would have no such rubs as these  
 Trouble our way, but have them swept aside—  
 A company of base companions,  
 To do no reverence  
 To a Prince's mistress.

*Spenc.* Hear you that?

*Mer.* Give back: you trouble the presence.

*Goodl.* This cannot be *Bess*, but some fury hath  
 stolen her shape.

*Rough.* It seems strange.

*Spenc.* But unto me most horrid.

*Bess.* Great Duke, I come to keep my promise with you,  
 If you keep your word with me.

*Flor.* These kind regrets are unto me more welcome  
 Than my late victory got at sea. Will't please you  
 Take your seat?

*Mer.* Is not yon *Spencer*? and that the Captain of the *Negro*?

*Spenc.* What shall we next behold?

*Flor.* Yet are you mine?

*Bess.* From all the world: great *Florence*, witness this,  
You ne'er had yet a voluntary kiss.

*Spenc.* 'Sfoot! I could tear my hair off.

*Flor.* Second your kindness: let these Princes see  
Your tempting lips solely belong to me.

*Bess.* There's one again. It surfeits me 'bove measure,  
To be a Prince's darling, and choice treasure.

*Spenc.* Hold me, *Goodlack*, or I shall break out  
Into some dangerous outrage.

*Goodl.* Show in this your wisdom, and quite suppress  
your fury.

*Flor.* Princes, I fear you have mistook yourselves  
In these two strangers; for I have little hope  
To find them worthy your great character.

*Mant.* There must be great presumption, that must  
force belief to that.

*Ferar.* Nay, more than presumptions, proofs,  
Or they will win small credit.

*Flor.* You had from us, lady, a costly jewel;  
It cost ten thousand crowns: speak, can you show it?

*Bess.* I kept it chary  
As mine own heart, because it came from you;  
But hurrying through the street, some cheating fellow  
Snatch'd it from my arm: therefore, my suit is,  
With whomsoe'er the jewel may be found,  
The slave may die.

*Flor.* His sentence thine; we never will revoke it.—  
Our merchant, search all our courtiers, and such  
Strangers as are within our Court.

*Mer.* Here's one, of no mean lustre, that this gentle-  
man wears in his hat.

*Flor.* Reach it the lady.

*Goodl.* This cannot be *Bess Bridges*, but some *Medusa*,  
Chang'd into her lively portraiture.

*Bess.* Princes, the thief is found. Whate'er he be,  
That's guilty of this felony, I beg  
That I may be his sentencer.

*Flor.* Thou shalt.

*Bess.* If you have any interest in his blood,  
His oaths, or vows, freely resign them, him  
And all at my dispose.

*Flor.* Have we not done 't?

*Ferar.* Who can with the least honour speak for him,  
The theft being so apparent?

*Clem.* Now, if she should challenge me with the purse  
she gave me, and hang me up for my labour, I should  
curse the time that ever I was a courtier.

*Bess.* Let me descend; and ere I judge the felon,  
Survey him first. 'Tis pity; for it seems  
He hath an honest face.—*The word was, never.*

*Goodl.* What, *Bess!* forget yourself?

*Bess.* An indifferent proper man, and take these  
courses?—

*You said you would not speak, nor look upon, nor touch  
your Bess.*

*Spenc.* I could be a new *Sinon*, and betray  
A second *Troy*, rather than suffer this.

*Bess.* Good outward parts; but in a foreign clime,  
Shame your own country?—*Never think of that.*

*Spenc.* I fear my heart will break,  
It doth so struggle for irruption forth.

*Flor.* When do you speak his sentence, lady?

*Bess.* You'll confirm 't, whate'er it be?

*Flor.* As we are Prince, we will.

*Bess.* Set forth the prisoner.

*Mer.* Stand forward, Englishman.

*Bess.* Then hear thy doom. I give thee back thy life,  
And in thy arms throw a most constant wife.  
If thou hast rashly sworn, thy oaths are free:  
Th' art mine by gift. I give myself to thee.

*Flor.* Lady, we understand not this.

*Bess.* Shall I make it plain?

This is, great Duke, my husband,  
Whose virtues even the barbarous Moors admir'd.  
This the man for whom a thousand dangers I've  
endur'd;  
Of whom the best approved chroniclers  
Might write a golden legend.

*Mer.* My lord, I know that gentleman  
For *Spencer*, and her husband; for mine eyes  
Saw them espous'd in Fez. That gentleman,  
As I take it, was Captain of the *Negro*;  
Th' other his Lieutenant.

*Clem.* And do not you know me?

*Mer.* Not I, sir.

*Clem.* I am Bashaw of Barbary: by the same token I  
sold certain precious stones to purchase the place.

*Flor.* Lady, you told us he was the author  
Of all your troubles, cares, and fears.

*Bess.* I told true: his love was cause of all.  
It drew me from my country in his quest,  
When I despair'd, and finding him in Fez,  
Oh! do but think, great Duke, if e'er you lov'd,  
What might have bought him from you.  
Had my *Spencer* been an *Eurydice*,  
I would have played the *Orpheus*,  
And found him out in hell.

*Flor.* We now perceive  
The cause of all these errors—his unkindness,  
Grounded on his rash oath, which we release:  
And all those virtues, honours, and renowns,



Which e'en the barbarous Moors seem'd to admire,  
We'll dignify, and raise their suffrage higher.

*All.* *Florence* is honourable.

*Flor.* Bring in the Bashaw. Call *Venturo* forth.

*Enter* PIETRO, JOFFER.

*Joff.* Duke, I am prisoner :

Put me to ransom, or to death ; but to death, rather ;  
For methinks a soldier should not outlive bondage.

*Spenc.* Bashaw *Joffer* ?—

Leave my embraces, *Bess* ; for I of force am cast  
Into his arms.—My noble friend !

*Joff.* I know you not ; and I could wish you did not  
know me, now I am a prisoner, a wretch, a captive, and  
such a one as I would not have my friends to know. I  
pray, stand off.

*Spenc.* Because you are in durance,  
Should I not know you ? No ;  
For then the noblest minds should friends best know.  
Have you forgot me, sir ?

*Joff.* No : were I in freedom, and my princely  
honours,  
I should then be proud to call you *Spencer*,  
And my friend ; but now——

*Spenc.* An English virtue thou shalt try,  
That for my life once didst not fear to die.—  
That for his noble office done to me,  
Embrace him, *Bess*, dear *Goodlack*, and the rest,  
Whilst to this Prince I kneel.—This was the Bashaw,  
King *Mullisheg* made him great Viceroy of Argiers :  
I know not, Prince, how he is fallen so low ;  
But if myself, my friends, and all my fortunes,  
May redeem him home, unto my naked skin  
I'll sell myself : and if my wealth will not  
Amount so much, I'll leave myself in hostage.

*Fer.* 'Tis the part of a most noble friend.

*Mer.* And in these times worthy admiration.

*Flor.* I wonder not the Moors so grac'd this nation,  
If all the English equal their virtues.  
For this brave stranger, so endear'd to thee,  
Pass to thy country, ransomless and free.

*All.* Royal in all things is the Duke of Florence.

*Joff.* Such honour is not found in Barbary.  
The virtue in these Christians hath converted me,  
Which to the world I can no longer smother:  
Accept me, then, a Christian and a brother.

*Flor.* Princes, these unexpected novelties  
Shall add unto the high solemnity  
Of your best welcome.—Worthy Englishman,  
And you, the mirror of your sex and nation,  
Fair English *Elizabeth*, as well for virtue  
As admired beauty, we'll give you cause,  
Ere you depart our Court, to say great Fez  
Was either poor, or else not bountiful.—  
Bashaw, we'll honour your conversion  
With all due rites.—But for yon beauteous lady,  
Thus much in your behalf we do proclaim—  
The fairest maid ne'er pattern'd in her life,  
So fair a virgin, and so chaste a wife.

## Epilogue.

Still the more glorious that the creatures be,  
They in their native goodness are more free  
To things below them ; as the sun we find  
Unpartially to shine on all mankind,  
Denying light to none.—And you we may  
(Great King) most justly call our light, our day :  
Whose glorious course may never be quite run,  
While earth hath sovereign, or the heaven a sun.

FINIS.

## N O T E S.

Page 93, line 19. And no pretended boldness.] To *pretend* was constantly used, of old, in the sense of to *intend*. The instances are too numerous to need citation. The word will be found again in this play.

Page 96, line 13. *Exeunt. Recorders.*] In the first part of this play the music was hautboys, but here "recorders" are heard, before the entrance of Mullisheg and his train. See "Hamlet," act iii., sc. 2.

Page 99, line 33. Forspeak me not.] *i.e.*, *forbid* me not, in this instance; but it sometimes means to *foretell* and to *bewitch*. Shakespeare, in "Antony and Cleopatra," act iii., sc. 7, uses it merely as *forbid*:—

"Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,  
And say'st, it is not fit."

Page 100, line 8. This royal purchase.] *i.e.*, this royal booty, or prize; a sense the word "purchase" often bears in old writers.

Page 106, line 14. Sellenger's round and Tom Tiler.] Two popular "fiddler's tunes:" Sellenger's round was also called "The Beginning of the World," and is mentioned by many authors. Tom Tiler is one of the dances played by "Old Father Rosin, chief Minstrel of Highgate," in Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub," act i., sc. 2. Edit. Gifford.

Page 118, line 8. Enter Porter.] The word "Porter" is inserted in the margin; and it is clear that his entrance is intended, as before, though it is not marked.

Page 119, line 11. In this fierce conflict brings it without all bounds.] In the original it stands, "brings 'em;" but the true reading must be what we have printed, in reference to the life of Spencer, which is brought without all bounds of pardon.

Page 123, line 2. Enter Mullisheg and Tota.] The entrance of Mullisheg only is mentioned in the old copy, but Tota is also on the stage, both at the same time stealthily quitting the apartment where they had slept.

Page 123, line 22. The entrance of Alcade, like that of some other characters in subsequent scenes, does not appear in the old copy.

Page 126, line 27. Enter Captain Goodlack, &c.] This scene, of course, takes place on board Bess's ship, the Negro, off Algiers.

Page 128, line 1. Some fifteen minutes.] In the original, this is made part of what Bess says, but it is clearly the reply of Goodlack.

Page 129, line 30. *Swoons.*] This stage-direction is necessary, as appears by the next speech of Bess, but it is not found in the old copy.

Page 134, line 9. His life is merely forfeit.] We only need say here, once for all, that, in our old writers, "merely" is commonly used for *absolutely*, as in this instance.

Page 136, line 25. Character thy lust.] *i.e.*, write thy lust in *characters*, or letters, upon my breast—a by no means unusual application of the word. So "Hamlet," act i., sc. 3—

"And these few precepts in thy memory  
Look thou *character*."

Page 136, line 28. *Kneels.*] Bess kneels to Mullisheg, but the necessary direction is omitted in the original.

Page 138, line 32. And sinks *into* the arms of Roughman.] In the old copy it stands, "*beneath* the arms of Roughman," which must be an error. She swooned, and Roughman received her in his arms.

Page 139, line 7. *Dumb show.*] We are to suppose that these various events were represented in some way, however imperfectly, to the eyes of the audience.

Page 140, line 3. All is lost!] Bess and her two companions enter, as after shipwreck, on the coast of Tuscany, here called "the coast of Florence."

Page 145, line 10. That I may call you servant.] The sense ought rather to be, "that I may call *me* your servant," or lover, which was the frequent meaning of "servant" at that time. The answer of Bess warrants our interpretation of the text; and omitting "me," in the next hemestich, into which it perhaps escaped from the line above, the measure is complete. However, Heywood's verse is often so confused and irregular, that the metre is a very unsure guide.

Page 145, line 27. Enter Clem, *solus*.] The *exit* of Clem has taken place, probably, when the banditti got the better of Roughman, but it is not marked in the old copy, and the insertion of it was necessary for the intelligibility of the scene. We must suppose that Clem comes sneaking in, again, when he sees the coast clear, not being aware of what had passed between the Prince of Ferrara, Bess, &c., after the banditti had been driven away.

Page 146, line 7. To satisfy colon.] The name of the principal intestine, and often used by our early dramatists for the stomach: thus Middleton, in "More Dissemblers besides Women," act iii.—"For colon is sharp set oftentimes." It is needless to multiply authorities.

Page 146, line 8. It is not now with me as when Andrea liv'd.] Clem has quoted this line before (p. 68), but without the obvious interpolation of "with me." It may be observed here, that in the copies of "The Spanish Tragedy" that have come down to us, the play does not open with any such line.

Page 146, line 12. An under-skinker.] *i.e.*, an under-drawer. See "Henry IV.," Part I., act ii., sc. 4. A *schenker*, in Dutch, means a person who fills the cups or glasses. It will be found that Clem obtains the office of an under-drawer.

Page 146, line 18. Enter Roughman, bleeding.] Roughman had been beaten off the stage by the banditti, on p. 141; and he, like Clem, returns to it, ignorant of what had subsequently happened.

Page 147, line 1. Enter Duke of Florence, Merchant.] This scene we may suppose to take place in the palace of the Duke.

Page 148, line 18. Enter Spencer and Goodlack.] The scene must have been some part of Florence, near the tavern where Clem has been hired, which Spencer and Goodlack just afterwards enter.

Page 153, line 13. *Flourish*. Enter Florence, &c.] The scene changes to the Court of the Duke of Florence, where he receives the Dukes of Mantua and Ferrara.

Page 157, line 28. Enter Roughman and Merchant.] The old direction only mentions Roughman, but the prefix, *Mer.*, immediately follows Roughman's first speech, and the Merchant must have entered with him. It appears afterwards that Roughman brought with him the head of the Captain of banditti.

Page 167, line 25. Enter Merchant.] He seems engaged in rather

incongruous duties for the Duke. His entrance is not here marked, but the prefix to the next speech but two shows that he was the person employed to attend on the heroine.

Page 167, line 32. Now shall I quite him home.] *i.e.*, *requite*, or *pay* him home—a sense the word “quite” (sometimes printed *quit*) often bears in Shakespeare. See “Henry V.,” act iii., sc. 2—“Hamlet,” act v., sc. 2, &c.

Page 168, line 4. Enter Clem, with his pots.] The scene necessarily changes to some street in Florence.

Page 169, line 6. In those extremities of passion.] The preposition “in” seems to have been accidentally battered out of the type, but a small part of the letter *i* is still visible.

Page 170, line 13. Base is the man that pays.] So Pistol, in “Henry V.,” act ii. sc. 1—“Base is the *slave* that pays.” Steevens supposed, with reason, that the expression was proverbial.

Page 171, line 19. Enter Pietro, Bashaw Joffer.] By the prefixes we find it to be Joffer, but in the stage-direction of the old copy he is merely called “Bashaw.”

Page 174, line 19. The word was, never.] Bess is repeating here and afterwards what Spencer had sworn. We have followed the old copy, by printing her quotations in italic, for greater clearness.











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